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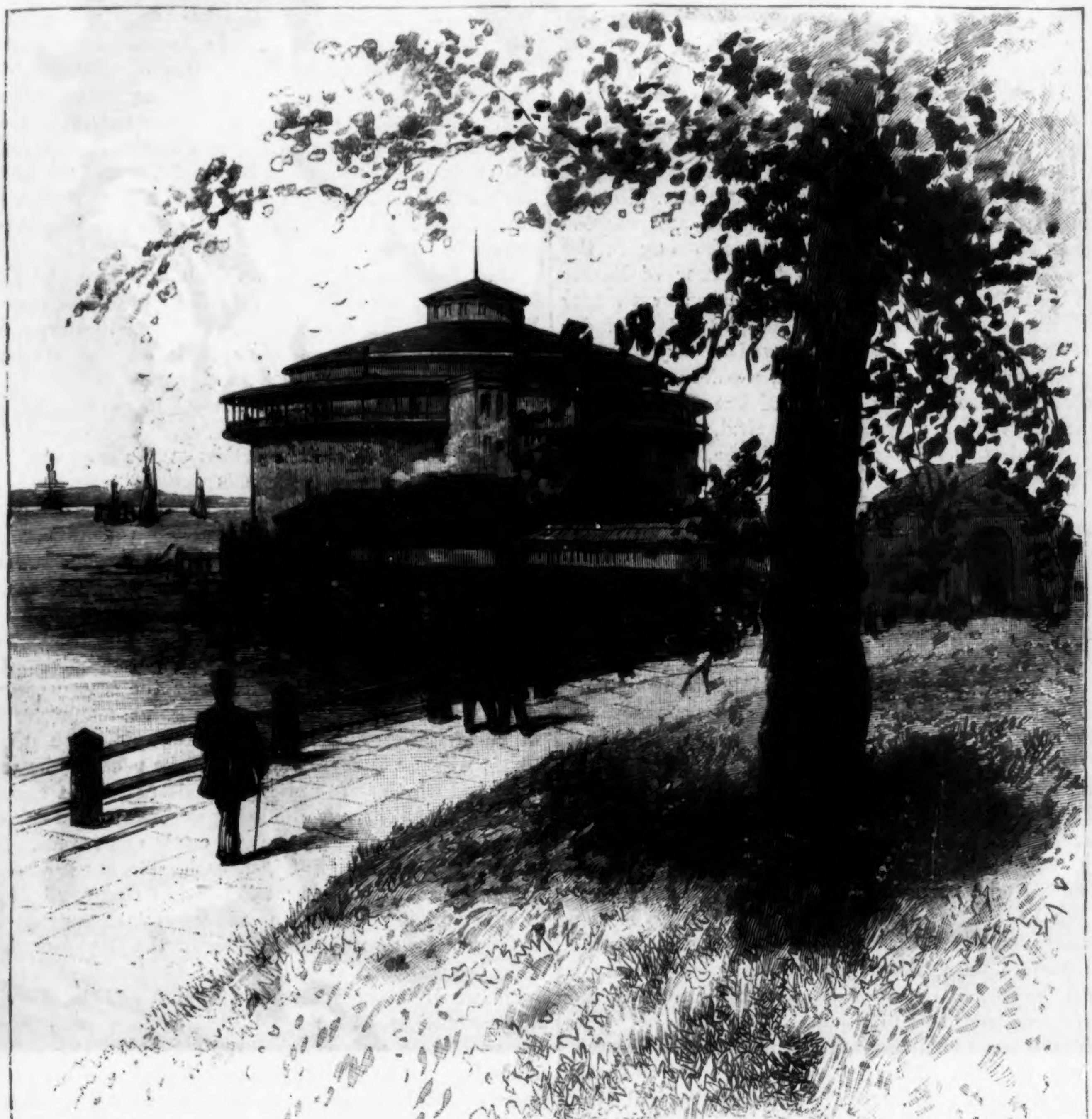
THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

IT was in the year of grace 1825, that Italian opera was first heard on the Island of Manhattan. The opera was Rossini's masterpiece, "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," and it was given by the famous Garcia Company at the Park Theatre. The cast included Angrisani as *Basilio*, Garcia as *Almaviva*, and the Signorina Garcia—afterward destined to electrify the world as Madame Malibran—was the *Rosina*. Garcia, an unrivaled tenor, took it into his impassioned head that Italian opera ought to make a hit in America. On the 25th of June Maria Felicita, his



THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.—THE OPERA HOUSE, CASTLE GARDEN.

daughter, aged sixteen, had created a furore in London as *Rosina*, having stepped from out the chorus to replace the celebrated Pasta. On the 29th of November in the same year, she took New York by storm in the same *rôle*, crossing the Atlantic minus steam, minus electric light, minus French cookery, and "all the luxuries of the season," and buffeted and beaten on the wide, wide ocean for weeks. The success of the venture was phenomenal, and the performances continued twice a week—to the end of August, 1826. Maria also appeared in "La Cenerentola," "Otello" "Semiramide," and the immortal "Don Giovanni," scoring a triumph in each and all. She was a contralto, with the full command of three octaves, and even more. She was a charming actress; was the possessor of wondrous dark eyes, glittering teeth and red, ripe lips, while her figure was simply perfect.

Her career was begun and shaped in New York, and in Gotham her talent was first recognized and awakened her to the consciousness of the possession of sustained power. In New York, too, she met her fate in the shape of a French merchant in shaky financial condition, M. François Malibran, aged fifty, who desired her money-spinning power more than her person, and who wooed and won her, despite the furious opposition of her passionate father. Garcia, sooner than give his consent to the marriage, broke up his opera company, and, with his family, repaired to Mexico. Maria Felicita, now Madame Malibran, pluckily studied English, and English song, and after a time appeared at the Bowery Theatre, then the "New York," and brand new to boot. She sang in the "Devil's Bridge," and then in "Love in a Village," operas dearly loved by our grandparents, and warbled to reedy tin-toned pianofortes. She also sang in the choir of Grace Church, then at the corner of Rector Street and Broadway. Monsieur Malibran, with true French financial "ardor," secured his particular plunder out of his wife's receipts, and behaved so very commercially that she broke away from him, repaired to Europe, bounded into the seventh heaven of fame, became a refulgent star, having only Sontag for rival, and at the age of twenty-nine was flung from her horse, dying of her injuries.

Mrs. Austin, a Spanish-Hebrew *prima donna*, came to us two years after Madame Malibran's departure, singing at the Park Theatre. She was of the Anglo-Saxon style of beauty, with blue eyes, golden hair and no angles. She appeared in "Artaxerxes," "Oberon," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Cinderella," "Tancredi" and "Dido." Mrs. Austin's rival appeared in the person of Madame Feron, who crossed the Atlantic, bringing a European reputation. She made her first appearance at the Park Theatre in November, 1828, as *Floretta*. Her style "united boldness, flexibility and finish." Her appearance was dark to swarthiness. Her last appearance was in 1833, as *Cinderella*, the *Baron Pompolino* being Master Burke, a boy of most extraordinary histrionic power, who, at this writing, and still a boy, vibrates between his picturesque farm and homestead at Batavia, N. Y., and his home in Washington, D. C. He is hale and hearty, and to those who enjoy his friendship the most charming and interesting of companions. As a violinist he reached a position to which few of the heaven-born craft dare to aspire.

A French opera company warbled in the Park Theatre. This was in 1830. They gave Boieldieu's "Jean de Paris" and Auber's "Fiancée." After this we had Mrs. Austin and Madame Feron in English opera, and then! hey! for Richmond Hill. The first complete Italian opera was given at the Richmond Hill Theatre, at the corner of Varick and Charlton Streets, on the night of the 6th of October, 1832, by the Montressor Company. The opera was "La Cenerentola." *The* sensation was the appearance, on the 17th of October, of Signorina Pedrotti as *Elisa*, in Mercadante's opera "Elisa e Claudio." She was a mezzo soprano, full of sympathy. She was handsome, superbly made, and had eyes. The town went wild over her. With this *prima donna* sang a *primo-basso*, a heart crusher, Signor Fornasari, handsome as a Greek god, with a noble voice. If the men of New York brain softened over Pedrotti, the women followed suit over Fornasari. The saying was that the Montressor Company "has taught the belles the road to Richmond Hill." The performances of this company, however, were so deplorably incomplete that it went to pieces. A Scotch *prima donna* now drew the town, Mrs. Wood, who had won some laurels in London as Miss Paton. She was a *bravura* singer, with a cavernous mouth and stalactite teeth. She had been married to a notorious scamp, Lord William Lenox, whom she divorced for brutality, to marry Joseph Wood, some time a prize fighter, but whose tenor voice lifted him over the ropes of the P. R., and on to the footlights. J. W.'s having given Lord William a "hiding" led to admiration on the part of the 'faire ladye.' The Woods became very popular, and brought out an English version of "Sonnambula," which became the rage, till its leading songs, "Still so Gently o'er me Stealing" and "Take now this Ring," became as ubiquitous as "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring" or "Here's a State of Things" of our to-day's Mikado. A row, in 1836, with a New York actress named Conduit, led to dire results, for the Woods were driven from the stage of the Park Theatre.

One Lorenzo Daponte, an Italian poet, a friend of Mozart, next succeeded in establishing Italian opera in New York. An association was formed, money subscribed, and an opera-house built on the corner of Church and Leonard Streets, and opened in 1833 by the Rivafinoli troupe. "The house," says Mr. Richard Grant White, in his admirable work, "was decorated by some of the most skillful artists of the day, who were brought from Europe for this special purpose. The scenery was painted by similar hands. It was crowned by a dome, and lighted by a splendid chandelier. In this house, first, there was a parterre (since queerly called a parquette) entered from the first balcony, so that ladies might sit in this part of the auditorium, which was not to be thought of when it was the old "pit." The seats in the parterre were mahogany chairs, upholstered in blue damask. In the first balcony the seats were mahogany sofas, upholstered in the same manner. The whole of the second balcony was occupied with private boxes, which ran from the front quite back to the vestibule, and which were upholstered alternately in crimson and in blue silk, the fronts being decorated with crimson silk curtains, caught up by gilt cords and tassels. The price of these boxes was $6,000 each. The house was carpeted throughout. The audience was composed of the most exquisite people in the city—"exceeding soft society." A writer in the *Mirror* of the day, remarking upon the audience, said: "As we looked at the pit at the opera, we drew a comparison between it and the House of Representatives, as we recollected to have seen it, and the result was unfavorable to the latter. For orderly demeanor and true gentlemanly breeding, the pit of the opera might be a pattern to our hat-crowned locomotive guardians of the public weal." Into the sacred precincts of the second tier the general public was not admitted.

That was reserved for subscribers, each of whom owned a box—it might be for one night, or it might be for ever. It was told of a man who had suddenly risen to what was then great wealth, that, having taken a lady to the opera, he was met by the disappointing assurance that there were no seats to be had.

"What! Nowhere?"

"Nowhere, sir; every seat in the house is taken, except, indeed, one of the private boxes that was not subscribed for."

"I'll have that."

"Impossible, sir! The boxes can only be occupied by subscribers and owners."

"What is the price of your box?"

"Six thousand dollars, sir."

"I'll take it."

And, drawing out his pocketbook, he filled up a check for six thousand dollars, and escorted his lady to her seat, to the surprise, and, indeed, to the consternation of the elegant circle, which saw itself completed in this unexpected manner."

The first performance took place in this Opera House on Monday, the 18th of November, 1833—the opera "La Gazza Ladra," with Fanti as *Ninetta*, and Schneider Maroncelli as *Pippo*. Madame Maroncelli won the day, or, rather, the night, and was known and welcomed for many years afterward as a teacher of music in Gotham. Her husband was the friend and fellow-prisoner of Silvio Pellico. This company faded away after giving sixty representations of various operas, and with the company faded the gorgeous Opera House, which passed into the hands of James W. Wallack, the father of John Lester Wallack. It was destroyed by fire in 1839.

English opera now had its innings, and a first-class second-class singer—Caradori Allan, a delicious soprano, and a beautiful blue-eyed, golden-haired woman—became the rage. She sang in "The Barber of Seville," "The Siege of Rochelle," "The Elixir of Love," and other light operas. Says Mr. White: "She often performed one little musical feat without making much fuss about it, as to which, nearly twenty years afterward, Jenny Lind's managers blew trumpets and beat drums—that of so mingling her voice with a flute accompaniment that it was difficult, indeed almost impossible, to tell one from the other."

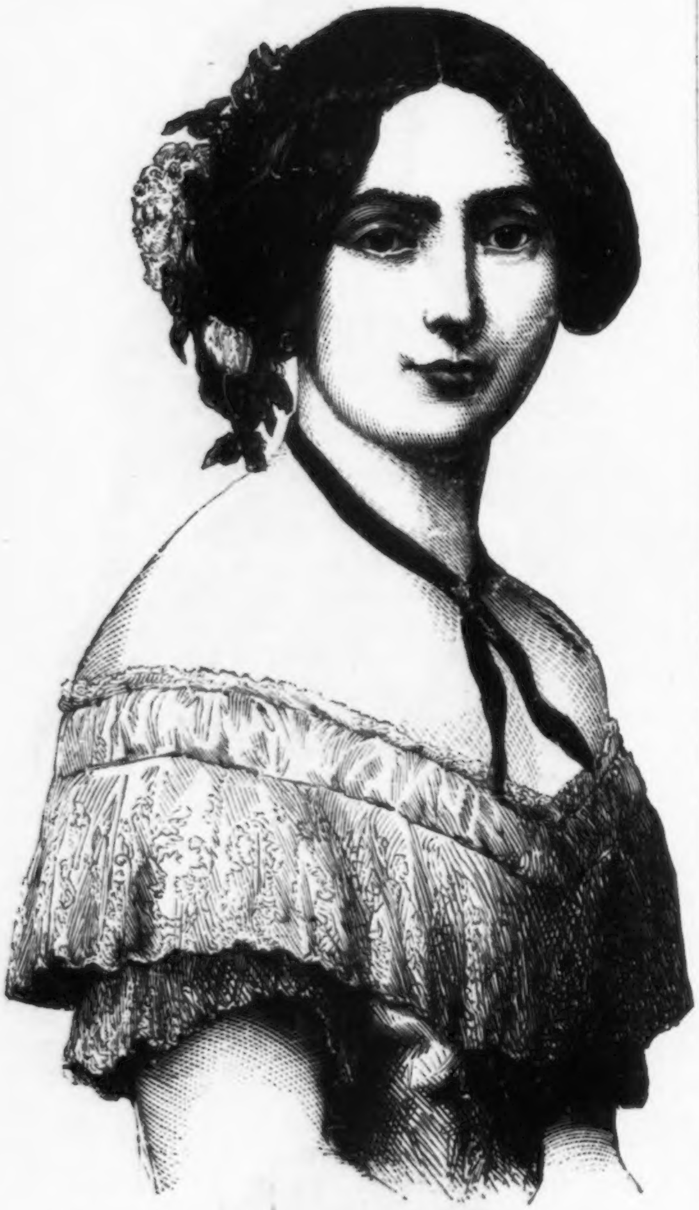
To Caradori, succeeded the Shireff, Seguin & Wilson English Opera Company in the National Theatre, *alias* the Rivafinoli Opera House. Jane Shireff, the *prima donna*, was a very fascinating singer, and a clever, well-built actress. Wilson, the tenor, was a trifle fat, but his voice was rich. The company appeared in "Amilie; or, the Love Test," and won its way to considerable popularity. At Niblo's Garden, Jane Shireff sang in "The Masked Ball," and other frothy operas. Where is the New Yorker in the fifties, or the New Yorkeress of uncertain age, who has not had a good time at Niblo's? *Ah! ma douce jouvance!* Fifty cents! No reserved seats! "First come, first served."

From Niblo's and Miss Shireff we are led to Beethoven's "Fidelio," produced at the Park Theatre in 1839. The *prima donna* was, save the mark, a Scotch woman named Inverarity, nearly six feet high, and, like Mr. Winkle's steed, displayed "great symmetry of bone." She was, according to dude language, "a stunning fine woman," but a little mature. Miss Inverarity was listened to on account of Miss Poole, the contralto, "a pretty, black-eyed, mischievous minx, as plump as a partridge, with a deliciously rich voice." The baritone, Giubilei, or, as he was vulgarly named, "Jew Billy," albeit he squinted, became as popular as Miss Poole. The little tenor, Martyn, was dwarfed in every way by the towering *prima donna*. This company gave "Fidelio," *ergo* they stand forgiven.

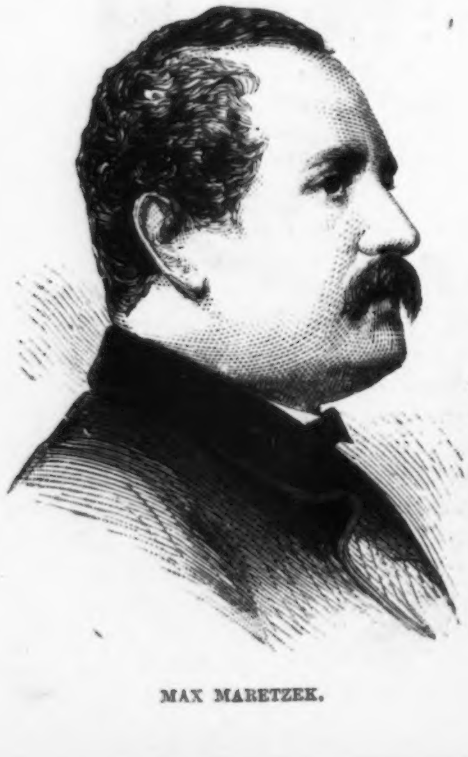
The Park Theatre, in which this grand opera was performed, is thus described. Read and inwardly digest, ye sensuous loungers on the velvet caressing cushions of to-day: "Its boxes were like pens for beasts. Across them were stretched benches, consisting of a mere board covered with faded, rotten moreen, a narrower board, shoulder high, being stretched behind to serve for a back. But one seat in the three or four benches was without even this luxury, in order that the seat itself might be raised upon its hinges for people to pass in. These sybaritic inclosures were kept under lock and key by a fee-expecting creature, who was always half-drunk, except when he was wholly drunk. The pit, which has in our modern theatres become the *parterre* (or, as it is often strangely called, the parquet), the most desirable part of the house, was in the Park Theatre scarcely superior to that in which the Jacquerie of old stood upon the bare ground (*par terre*) and thus gave the place its French name. The floor was dirty and broken into holes; the seats were bare, backless benches. Women were never seen in the pit; and although the excellence of the position (the best in the house) and the cheapness of admission (half a dollar) took gentlemen there, few went there who could afford to study comfort and luxury in their amusements. The place was pervaded with evil smells; and not uncommonly, in the midst of a performance, rats ran out of the holes in the floor and across into the orchestra. This delectable place was approached by a long underground passage, with bare whitewashed walls, dimly lighted, except at a sort of booth, at which vile fluids, and viler solids, were sold. As to the house itself, it was the dingy abode of dreariness. The gallery was occupied by howling roughs, who might have taken lessons in behavior from the negroes who occupied a part of this tier, which was railed off for their particular use." For ten long years, 1840 to 1850, this was the principal theatre of New York! In this classic house the poetry of motion was exhibited by Fanny Elssler, and Celeste and Augusta. Our old boys will recall the dancing of these earthly fairies.

The new National Opera House now beheld a fusion of the Inverarity and Seguin companies. Mrs. Seguin, soprano; Miss Poole, contralto; Mr. Horncastle, tenor; Guibilei, baritone; Mr. Seguin, bass. The venture was a success. "La Gazza Ladra," "La Cenerentola" and "Don Giovanni" drew immense and enthusiastic houses. It was in the same year—1840—that John Braham, then in his sixty-sixth year, visited the States. His supremacy as a tenor had not been questioned in Europe for decades. "*Non e tenore in Italia come Braham.*" He appeared at the Park Theatre in "The Siege of Belgrade," and failed. His daughter, after four tilts at matrimony, made a widower of Lord Carlingford. As a widow she was known in the crême of society, with the big S, as Frances, Countess Waldegrave, and to her hospitality, both at far-famed Strawberry Hill and the Chief Secretary's Lodge, in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, the writer even at this late hour maketh grateful obeisance. Signor Guiseppe de Begnis, the great *buffo*, held New York in admiration. He *was* a funny man, and "tickled to death" in "Il Barbiere" and "Il Fanatico per la America." He was so ill crossing to this country, that he never would re-face the voyage. He died worth $50,000, which Uncle Sam quietly pocketed, the worthy *buffo* being alone in the world.

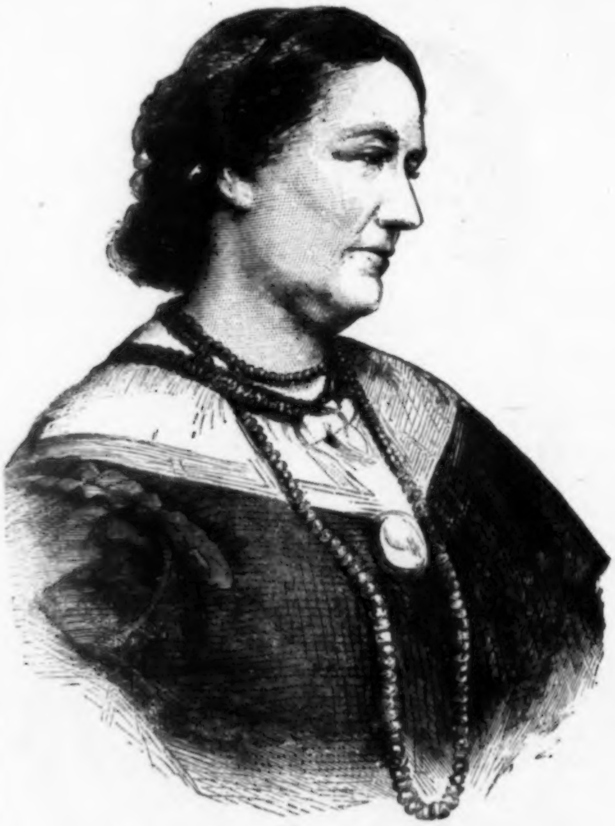
XUM



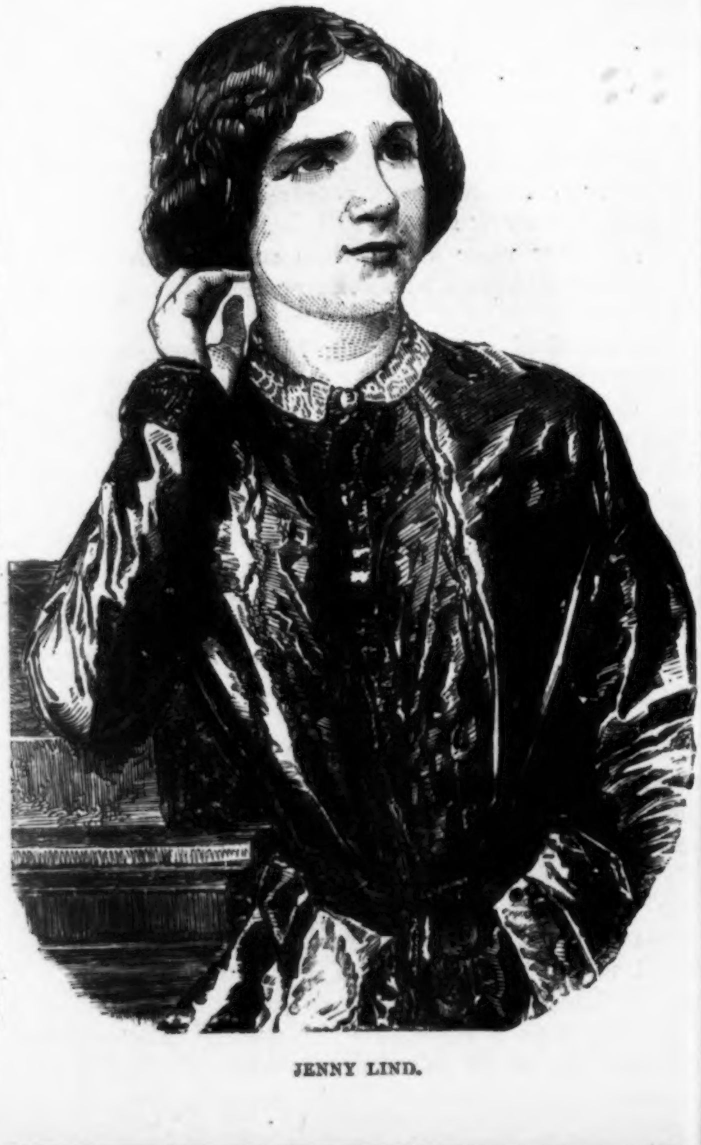
HENRIETTA SONTAG.



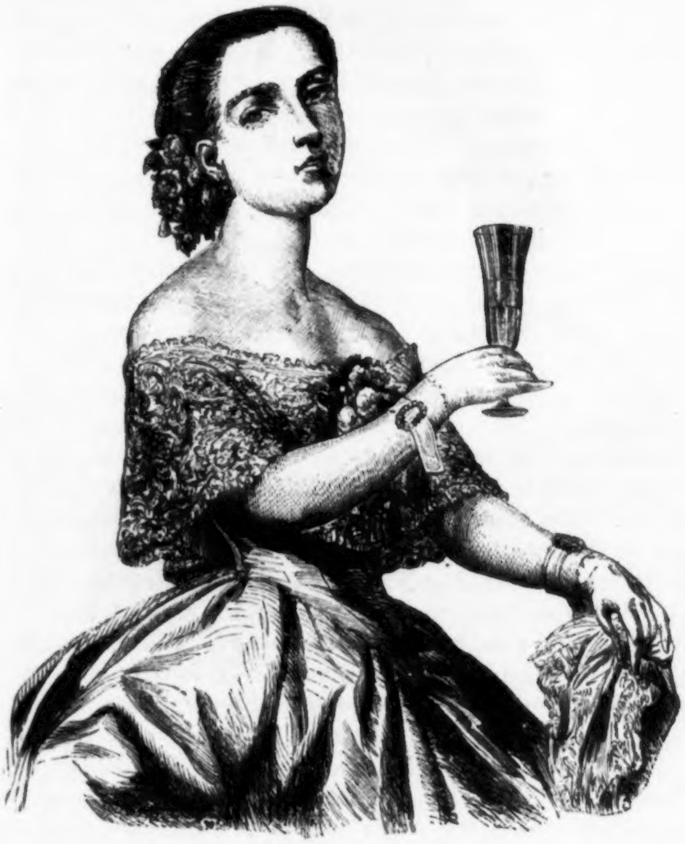
MAX MARETZEK.



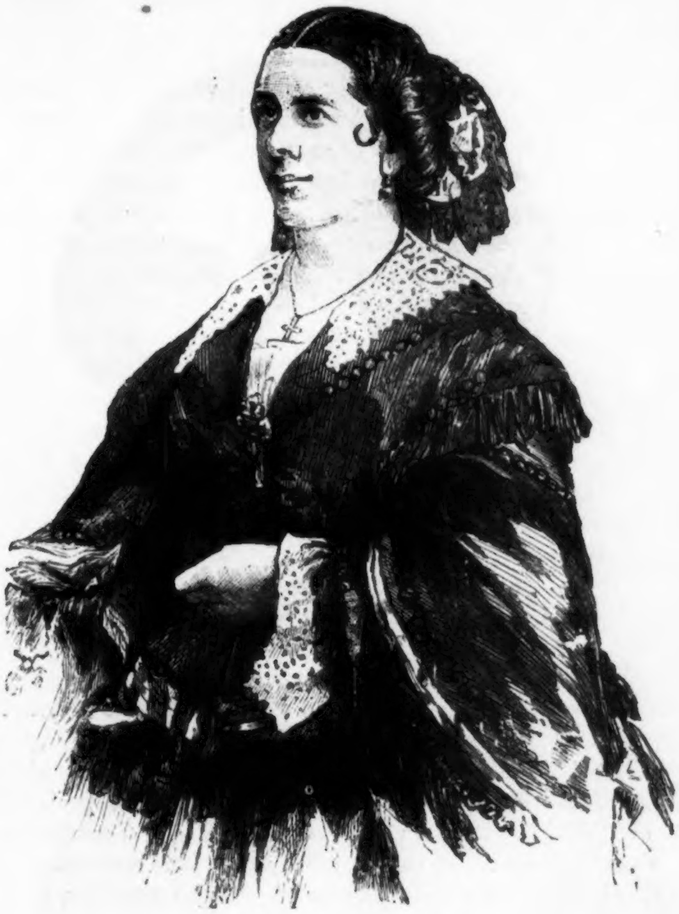
GIULIA GRISI.



JENNY LIND.



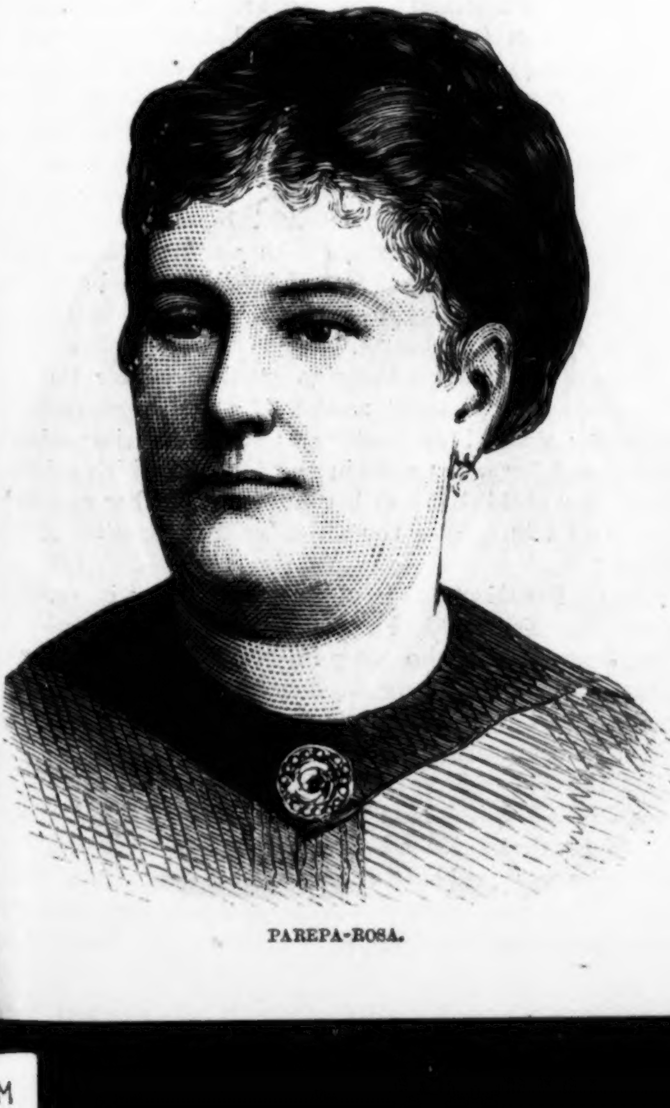
MARIA PICCOLOMINI.



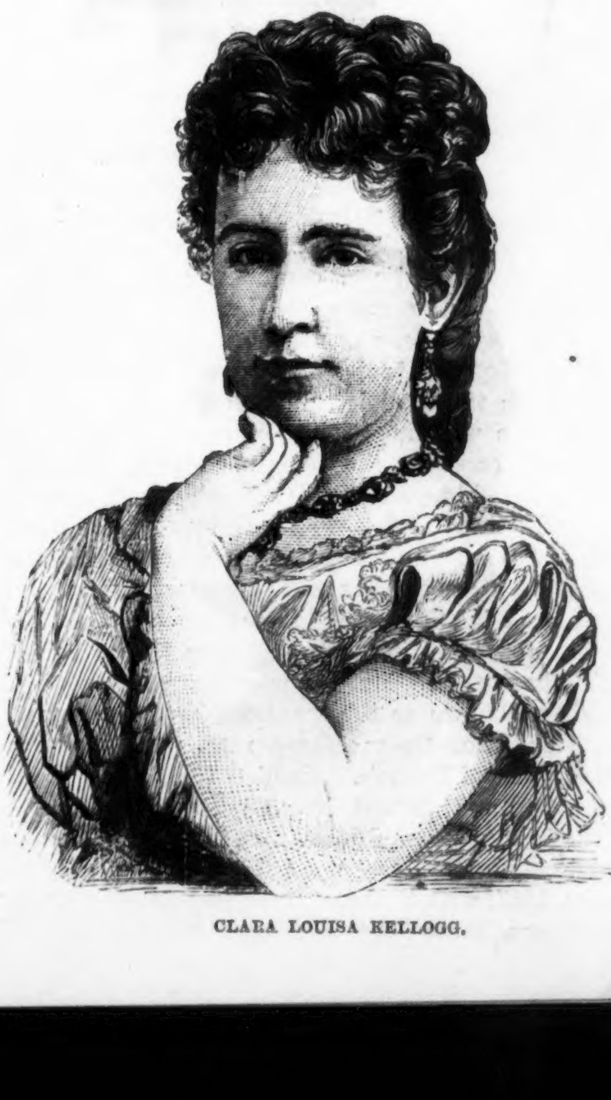
ANNA BISHOP SCHULZ.

A French company *en route* to La belle France from New Orleans took us in, to our great gratification, and Mlle. Calvé, the *prima donna*, became a favorite. This company gave us "Le Domino Noir," "La Fille du Regiment," "Les Diamants de la Couronne," and other sparkling little operas.

The next venture in Italian opera was made by one Ferdinand Palmo, a restaurant-keeper on Broadway,



PAREPA-ROSA.



CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG.

near Duane Street. He got hold of Stoppani's Arcade Baths, in Chambers Street, between Broadway and Centre Street, and having converted the building into the semblance of a theatre, boldly opened in February, 1844, with "I Puritani," the *Elvira* being intrusted to Signora Borghese, of whom it has been quaintly remarked, "One might be content never to hear a better *prima donna* if one were secured against hearing a worse." A tenor who produced a great impression, Antognini, made his appearance at Palmo's on the 13th of March, 1844, as *Oronubello* in "Beatrice di Tenda." His voice was delicious and of great power, while as a dramatic singer his only peer was Ronconi. Mr. White observes, "I have seen the blood fade not only from Antognini's cheeks, but from his very lips as he strode slowly forward to interrupt the nuptials in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and then flame back again as he broke into defiance of his foes." His voice, however, could not be depended upon, and he disappeared.

At the age of forty-three, the eminent French *prima donna*, Cinti Damoureau, appeared—July, 1844—at Palmo's. It was for this singing bird that Auber wrote "Le Domino Noir" and "L'Ambassadrice." In this year, too, Signora Pico, a swarthy, buxom contralto worked her way to public favor.

In November the Park Theatre rejoiced in the cabalistic "Standing Room Only" on account of the production by the Seguins of "The Bohemian Girl." Its success was phenomenal. It ran through the whole season, and through other seasons. Its airs became so popular, that they were heard from rosy morn to dewy eve—ay, and through the dark watches of the night. "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and "The Heart Bowed down with Weight of Woe," even penetrated to the wigwam of the Red Man.

Forty-seven was a red letter year for opera in New York. Palmo announced Clotilde Barili, a soprano; her brother, Antonio Barili, *maestro* and conductor; Benedetti, a tenor; and Sanquirico, a *buffo*. The Barilis were children of Catarina Barili, a *prima donna* of the old school. Catarina became the wife of a tenor named Patti, and by him, was the mother of Carlotta and Adelina Patti, *now* Madame Nicolini. The tenor, Benedetti, although possessing a Tartar-Chinese face, sang his way into the hearts of New Yorkers: "The women worshiped him, and the men forgave him this, and admired him." His *Edgardo*, in "Lucia," filled the house every time it was announced—filled? yea, crammed it to suffocation.

April brought us a company to the Park Theatre from Havana. With this company came Arditi and Bottesini. As a musical director, Arditi has no peer. The very rap of his *baton* on the desk has music and power and cult in it. Tedesco was the *prima donna*, "a great, handsome, ox-eyed creature, the picture of lovely laziness." "Ernani," "I Due Foscari," "Norma," "Mose in Egitto" and "Saffo" were produced by these artists.

Madame Anna Bishop next appears upon the scene. She was a little mature but well preserved, and gave us the great *scena* in "Tancredi" in superb style. In 1847 Palmo "busted," and in 1848 the Opera House became Burton's Theatre. To-day, the site is occupied by the establishment known as the American News Company.

The Astor Place Opera House rose, metaphorically, upon the ruins of Palmo's. Fashion took it up in the form of a corporation, and it was built on the eastern end of the triangle formed by Astor Place, Eighth Street and Broadway. It opened on Monday, the 22d of November, 1847, with "Ernani," the cast being: *Elvira*, Signora Teresa Truffi; *Ernani*, Signor Vietti; *Carlo V.*, Signor Avignone; *Silva*, Signor Rossi. It is asserted that so elegant and socially impressive a spectacle as that presented by the house on the rising of the curtain had not been seen before in New York, and has not been seen since. To the Astor Place Opera House is due that form of opera toilet for ladies, which is now peculiar to New York and some few other American cities: "A *demi-toilette* of marked elegance and richness, and yet without that display, either of apparel or trimmings, or of the wearer's personal charms which is implied by full evening dress in fashionable parlance."

The ladies of the audience who introduced this mode of apparel, as well as their cavaliers, became fascinated with Teresa Truffi, a beautiful warbler, who wafted her hearers away on a wave of emotion. She was magnificent in tragic parts, and is estimated as the greatest *Lucrezia* the American stage has ever seen. Rossi, of the handsome legs, sang the *Alfonzo* to her *Lucrezia*, and the "pair," not the legs, always filled the treasury in this opera. The Astor Place opera lasted a single season and up to bankruptcy. The Havana Company returned in 1848, and appeared at Niblo's, Arditi wielding the baton. A new tenor, Salvi, made his bow; his voice "had that mingling of manliness and tenderness, of human sympathy and seraphic loftiness, which, for lack of any other or better word, we call divine." Signora Steffanone, a soprano, also came to us with this company.

Max Maretzek rose in the musical world in 1848, and has since made name and fame as director and operatic manager. The Havana Company, who now paid us regular visits, were compelled this year to go to Castle Garden, the Park Theatre having been burnt to the ground just half a century after its opening. At Castle Garden, that gate to fortune of the surplus population of Europe, Italian opera was given by the Havana Company, and in its ranks sang Angiolina Bosio. New York recognized this gem, and set it right worthily. Bosio obtained a London engagement, and Grisi having refused to sing in "I Puritani," Angiolina undertook the *Elvira*, when modern Babylon pronounced her a great artist. Her *Zerlina* so delighted the subjects of the Czar, including the autocrat himself, that she was appointed *première cantatrice* to the Imperial Court. She died in St. Petersburg, in April, 1859, in the very prime of her life. Badiali, the great baritone, the musical manager of the Havana Company, received his first recognition in New York. He remained with us for a long time, and when wooed to London, and having created a *furore*, naïvely exclaimed, "I wonder that I never thought of coming to London before."

The year '51 heard Catarina Barili-Patti for the last time, and the "eminent mother of a still more eminent daughter, uttered the last notes of an expiring school, and closed her own career in the town in which Adelina Patti, her child, but not her pupil, began her splendid career of triumph as the most brilliant vocalist of the day."

Teresa Parodi would have made a greater impression upon New Yorkers had not every ear been strained to hear Jenny Lind, who sang in Gotham from May until June in 1851, but only in concert. All interest was centred in her, and any star in the musical firmament paled in comparison to this great luminary.

On the 23d of June, 1852, Alboni appeared at Metropolitan (or Tripler) Hall in "Semiramide." Before the end of the first act she had won New York. This gifted *cantatrice* was probably the greatest singer since Malibran. She sang great contralto parts as they had not been sung since the time of Pisaron, the finest con tralto and the ugliest woman that ever trod the Italian stage." She was very, *very* stout, and the jokers had it that "she was not all bony, but all fatty." Another joke of the period was, "Why is Jenny Lind like a good mutton chop?" "Because she is neither Alboni nor Grisi." Alboni sang at the Broadway Theatre in "La Cenerentola," "La Figglia del Reggimento" and "La Sonnambula." The stage did not increase her attractions. She was a superb singer, the finest singer of half a century; but no actress, no great opera *prima donna.* In "The Daughter of the Regiment" she has been compared to a young Falstaff in short petticoats. New York has the honor of having witnessed Alboni's only performance of "Norma." "Excepting Malibran," observes White, "no singer, not even Jenny Lind, did so much as Alboni did to elevate and purify the taste of the higher class of music lovers. She became the model, the standard by which others were to be tried." Alboni left these shores in '53 to marry the Conte di Pepoli, and later on to retire into private life.

It was on the 27th of September, 1852, that Sontag, the rival of Malibran, made her first appearance in America at Metropolitan or Tripler Hall. She was born in 1805, so it will be easily perceived that she was not a "flower of Spring." Married secretly to Count Rossi, a Sardinian noble, she retired into privacy, only to burst forth after a seclusion of twenty years, with a voice not a whit impaired. The Revolution of '48 ruined Rossi, and the "Countess" stepped back into the "Henrietta Sontag" of the olden, golden time. Sontag was forty-seven when she came to delight us. Her voice was "an absolute soprano, of full but not of extraordinary compass or remarkable power. Its peculiar beauty lay in its quality, that angelic tone which it had exhibited in her childhood." It is told of her that at eight years of age she stood upon a table, and there sang the grand aria of the "Queen of Night in the Zauberflöte," doing this in childish simplicity, "her arms hanging beside her, and her eye following the flight of a butterfly, while her voice, pure, penetrating and of angelic tone, flowed as unconsciously as a limpid rill from a mountain side." In her person she resembled her voice, "not grandly beautiful, but very pretty, bewitching in her ways, and always elegant." Her complexion was fair; her large eyes were a soft, pale-blue; her hair a light auburn, and her hands and feet were American. The young violinist, Paul Jullien, appeared at her first concert. Sontag appeared in opera at Niblo's, and looked older on the stage than in the concert-room. *Rosina* was her best character. Her dramatic powers were in nowise great, and she failed to impress an audience. She died of cholera in Mexico, in June, 1854.

The 4th day of September of the year that beheld Sontag pass away in the halls of the Montezumas, proved a remarkable date for the music-loving people of Gotham, as it witnessed the first appearance, after the heralding of fifteen years, of Mario and Grisi. It was at Castle Garden, and the opera was "Lucrezia Borgia." The price of the seats had been raised to three dollars, and the choice of them put up at auction. Grisi was received with enthusiasm, but there was a queer little misunderstanding between her and her audience. Mr. White thus describes the *scene:* "*Lucrezia* enters upon the scene masked, and, as often as Grisi attempted to go on with the performance, such applause broke forth as made it impossible for her to do so. She had to courtesy again and again profoundly before her audience ceased this demonstration of welcome. The case was that the people who gave her such an unusual welcome thought that courtesy would dictate to her the removal of her mask for a moment, that she might receive and acknowledge their greeting in her own person." It was in "Norma" that Grisi "caught on," and although the great Tietjens trod upon her kibes in this majestic *rôle*, Grisi has never yet been eclipsed.

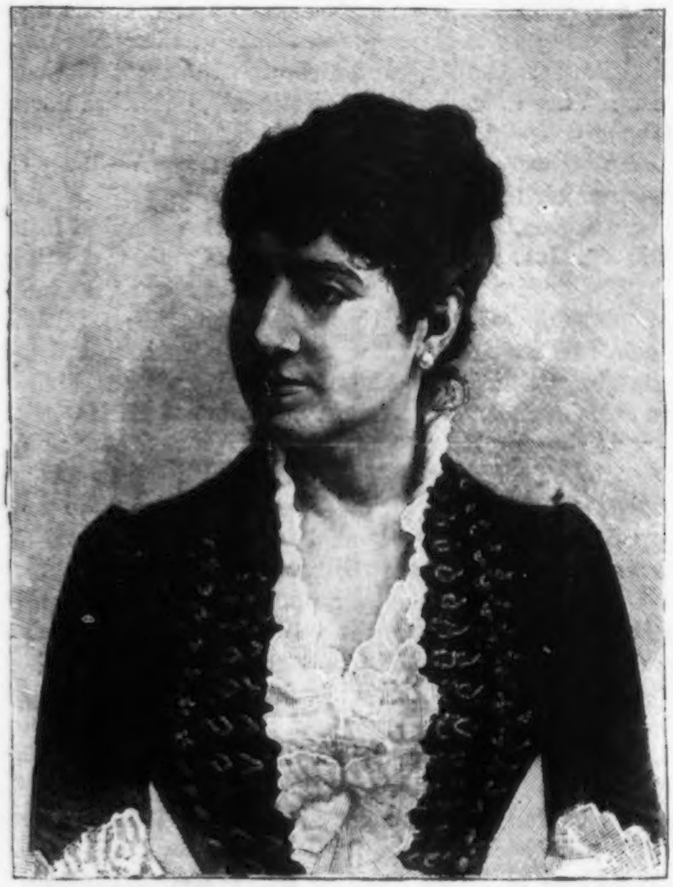
And now we come to the opening of the Academy of Music, which took place on the 2d of October, 1854, the opera "Norma," with Grisi and Mario transplanted from Castle Garden. Strange to say that on this opening night the audience was neither very large nor very brilliant. The operas "La Favorita," "Don Giovanni" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" were given. To hear and *see* Mario sing "Spirto Gentil" or "Fra Poco" was laying up a delicious memory for ever. Mr. James H. Hackett, father of the late Recorder Hackett, imported Mario and Grisi on spec. He made his contract with the managers of the Academy (a few New York gentlemen who had stepped in to sustain and conduct the new enterprise), and was secured, as were the artists, against loss. But notwithstanding the celebrity of the artists, the money received at the performances was not sufficient to meet the expense involved, It was found that "even with a continued succession of the largest audiences which had yet gathered in the Academy (and they had been large as well as brilliant), the management would be a loser of about $2,000 weekly. The Academy was opened with Grisi and Mario on the 2d of October, 1854; by the middle of December the virtual bankruptcy of the management was admitted, and the artists were withdrawn. Boston was fascinated by Grisi, while the daughters of the Hub went wild over Mario. The pair returned to New York and gave "Norma," "La Favorita," "Don Giovanni" and "Semiramide" at the Metropolitan Theatre. Grisi's semi-barbarian Assyrian queen was considered by New York as being almost equal to her Arch-Druidess. Mario "died but yester e'en," at Rome, as a whisper of the world sadly told us. A noble, one of the handsomest men who ever trod the stage, and one of the most superb and sympathetic tenors. His children by Grisi were facetiously termed Marionettes.

Signorina Vestvali, six feet in her stockings, caused a tremendous sensation by her rich contralto and superb appearance as a martial *Arsace* in "Semiramide." Señorita Soto, a young, dark Spanish dancer, full of lazy coquetry, attracted the town by her lithe dancing in this same opera. The 19th of February, 1855, saw the portals of the Academy of Music swing open under the management of the Norse violinist Ole Bull. In his corps of artists were Clotide, Patti, Vestvali, Brignoli and Badiali. Ole Bull's management lasted nearly two months, then—closed doors and empty exchequer.

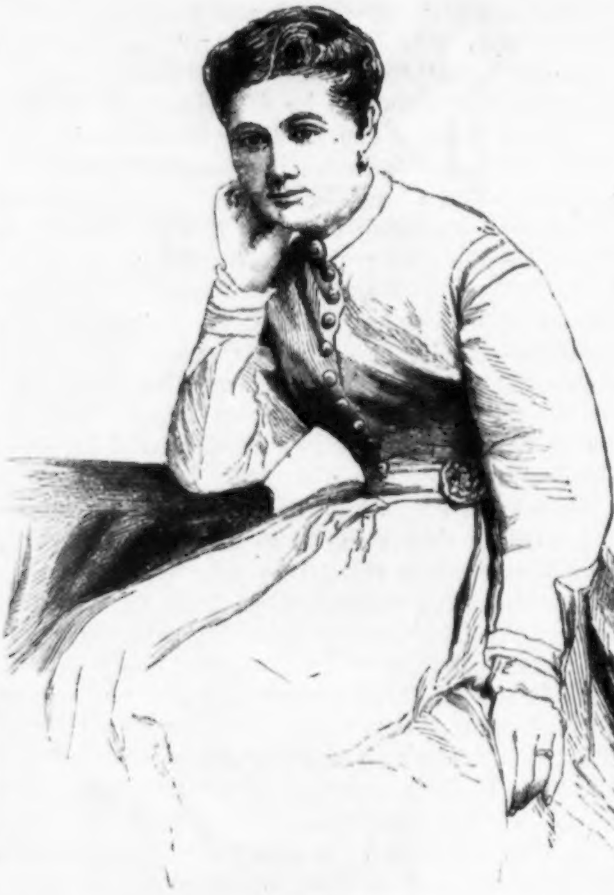
English opera came to the front in '54. Miss Louisa Pyne appeared on the 9th of October at the Broadway Theatre in "Sonnambula." Her voice was a light soprano of exquisite quality, more than common compass, and very flexible, while her execution was delicate and finished to the hightest degree. She was not beautiful—she was colorless. Miss Pyne sang in "The Bohemian Girl" and Wallace's "Maritana," Wallace conducting, as did Sir Arthur Sullivan a few weeks ago the "Mikado," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. A sojourn of two years in the United States made for Louisa Pyne many admirers and many friends.

Does it appear thirty years since "Il Trovatore" was produced at the Academy of Music? *Eheu!* Such is the fact. The curtain rose upon this bouquet of *immortelles* on the night of the 30th of April, 1855. Amodio, a fat baritone, the voice of almost unexampled richness

XUM



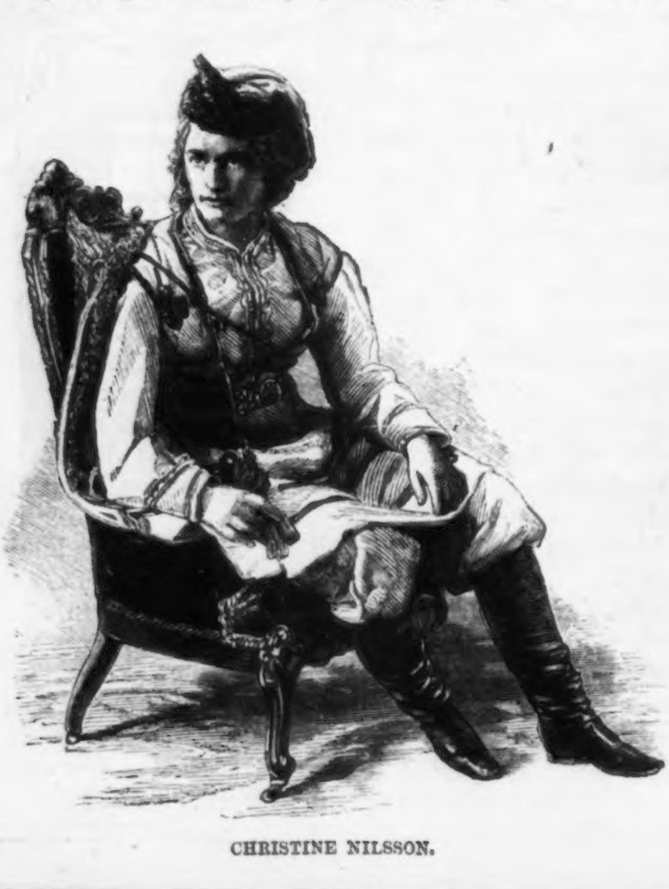
ADELINA PATTI.



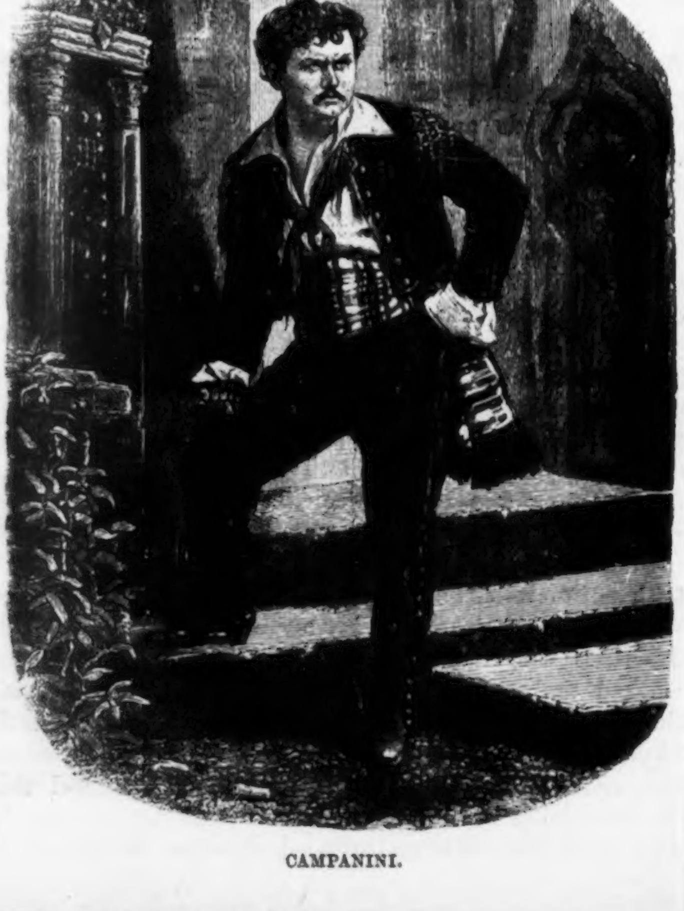
MINNIE HAUK.

and sweetness, made his first bow with it, and became one of New York's standing favorites. The *Leonora* was Signora Steffanone; the *Azucena*, Signorina Vestvali; while the *Manrico* was Brignoli, whose sweet little tenor still rings in the hearts of many of our youthful matrons and uncertain aged maids. His voice has been compared to the bleating of sheep made musical.

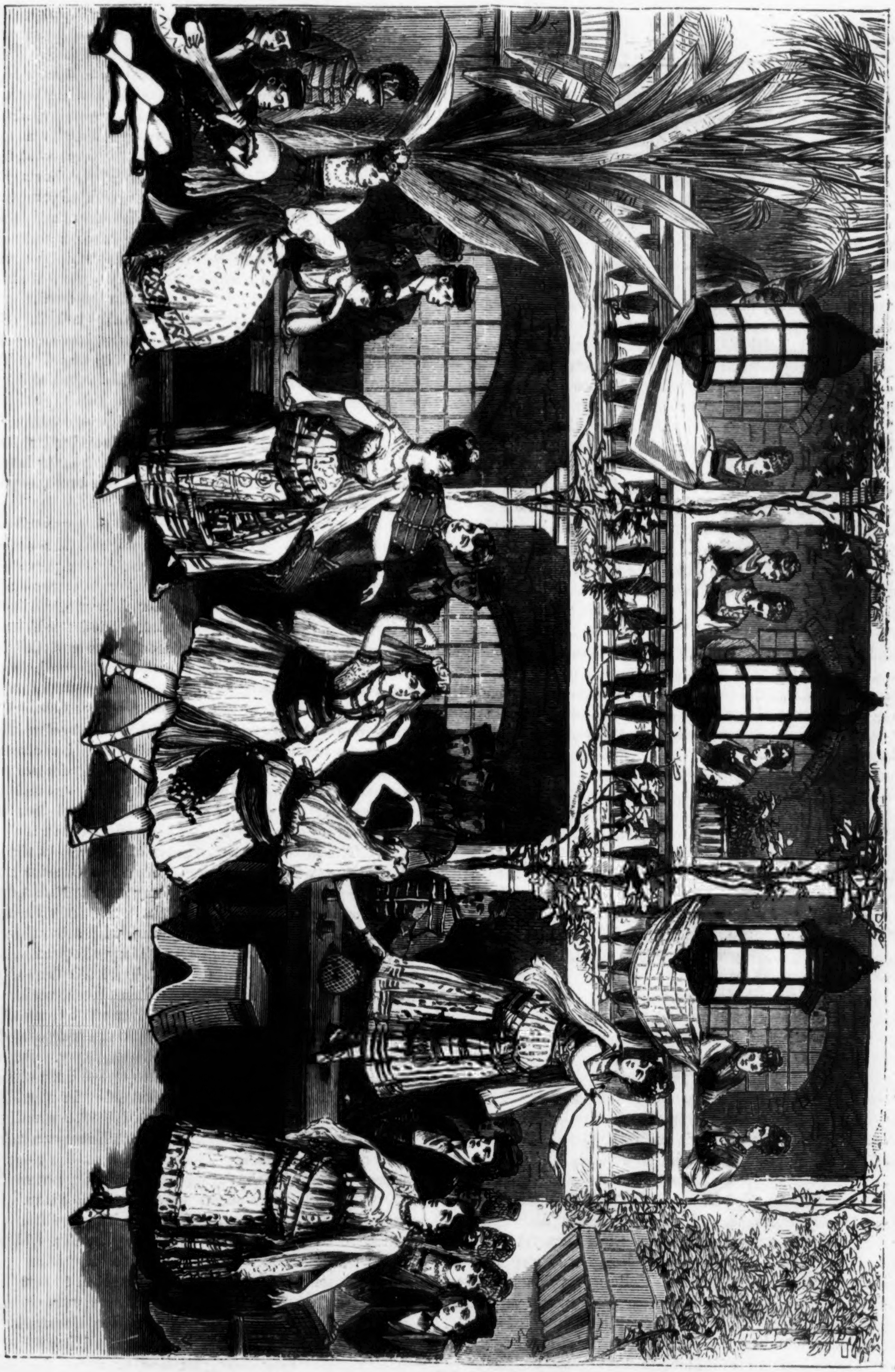
The La Grange Company took the boards at the Academy, Mme. La Grange being a soprano of extraordinary compass and very pleasing quality. A notably good tenor came with the company, Mirate. The Academy was closed on the 31st of December, 1855, and re-opened in March, 1856, with La Grange, Amodio, Brignoli and Badiali. The season of 1857–58 produced two veritable artists—Mme. d'Angri and Carl Formes. Mme. d'Angri scored a success as *Azucena* in "Il Trovatore."



CHRISTINE NILSSON.



CAMPANINI.



MINNIE HAUK IN "CARMEN."

XUM

Formes scored *Leporello* in the "Don." The season was closed, and it was one of the most prosperous that the Academy had as yet seen, by the production of Mr. William H. Fry's grand opera, "Leonora," a work containing much promise.

At Burton's Theatre in Chambers Street, *née* Palmo, in the Spring of 1858, Ronconi made his first appearance as *Dr. Dulcamara* in "L'Elisire d'Amore." He leaped with one bound into favor. He also sang in "Il Barbiere" and in "Linda di Chamouni." "His singing and action were alike, in the largest, noblest style; his every accent, his every gesture was simply and nobly pathetic." He has been named the Salvini of the operatic stage. We now come uptown from Burton's Theatre to the Academy, and find that the season of 1858 opened with a very strong company, under the *baton* of Maurice Strakosch. Among the members of the company were: Mme. Gazzaniga, Mme. Patti-Strakosch, and Signor Brignoli. This season also rejoiced the hearts of the men of New York—alas! the immaculate waistcoats of those nights will not button now!—by the appearance of one of the most bewitching of that nearer, dearer, clearer heaven of stars, yclept woman, in the person of Maria Piccolomini. She was eighteen on the night of the 20th October, 1858, when she gave her first cough as *Violetta* in the "Traviata," a cough that caused every man in the audience to wish that he were running a drugstore filled with never-failing drops and lozenges. She hadn't much voice; her soprano was light, but then—she flirted with every one of us. "She played the coquette on the stage; she played the coquette with her audience; her very grief was coquettish; she was tragic with an alluring glance; and she died in the most piquant manner." I repeat, that she flirted with every man of us, and not one of us that did not flatter himself—well—that he was more killing than he had heretofore imagined himself to be. In "La Figglia del Reggimento" her "Rataplan" set all our hearts beating the very "devil's tattoo"!

In 1858 the first complete performance in America of Mozart's "Zauberflöte" was given.

In 1859, on the night of the 24th of November, Adelina Patti made her *début* at the Academy of Music as *Lucia* in the "Lammermoor." "Her *début*," I quote Mr. Richard Grant White, "it need scarcely be recorded, was a very remarkable performance, considering her age—she was but sixteen years old. Her voice was a flute-like, flexible soprano, which she delivered with purity and managed with great taste and skill. Still, she was not, even in vocalization, a *prima donna;* moreover, her voice lacked amplitude, richness, power; and her manner, although not awkward or constrained, was that of a very young girl." But her capabilities were at once recognized by her audience, and her future was foretold by her critics. It has been remarked of her that she was "one of those rare singers who appear at long intervals on the musical horizon, to revive not only the hopes of managers, but the enthusiasm of the public." Of Patti it is needless to speak. She commands $5,000 a night. This "fixed fact" knocks criticism to smithereens.

In 1860 New York witnessed the *début* of one who had been justly characterized as "the most distinguished artist that any one of the United States has yet given to the lyric stage," Clara Louisa Kellogg, who appeared as *Gilda*, in "Rigoletto." Miss Kellogg's voice has been noted as high soprano, very clear, very pure, very fine, close and firm in quality, and capable of the most exquisitely delicate and tender inflections. Miss Kellogg is the only *prima donna* of celebrity that may be properly called American, adding, however, Miss Phillips, Miss Cary and Madame Nevada. But Canada has given the world one *prima donna*, who made her *début* at the Academy of Music in December, 1874, whose position is second only to that of Patti, namely, Albani.

Madame Nilsson came to us puffed as a Jenny Lind. Her singing was never either very astonishing or very touching, but it was always correct in expression, always in good taste. Her *Margherita* in "Faust" is a most finished performance, but she shows her powers at their highest and best as *Elsa* in "Lohengrin." On her second visit to us she appeared in this *rôle* with Signor Campanini, a tenor, who was the best of his time, and is still a fine dramatic singer, albeit his voice is worn and never was very sympathetic in quality. I am told by a most intimate friend, who visited him last August, that the year's rest has brought back that richness to the great tenor's voice which of late it has so sadly lacked. Pauline Lucca has charmed us with her large, luscious voice, so full of warmth. Her saucy *Cherubino* was delicious, but she was no *Margherita*. Her *Carmen*—I heard her in Vienna in '82—was simply perfection.

The Autumn of '65 brought Mlle. Parepa before the New York concert-going public, her conductor being Carl Rosa, afterward her husband, and a little later, a widower. She sang in opera, "an ample dame, copious of voice and of person."

Madame Tietjens came to us when she was already under the shadow of her fatal illness, and she sang in the concert hall when she should have "torn passions to tatters" on the operatic stage. Her *Norma* was on a par with that of Grisi's, as was also her *Lucrezia*, while her *Semiramide* was a performance that riveted itself in the memory, becoming part of its most treasured dainties. There is no *prima donna* of the present day who could hold a candle to Tietjens when dramatic action is essential to operatic *rôle*.

The greatest living *impressario*, Lieutenant-colonel Mapleson, who has discovered all the talent that has charmed the world for the last twenty years, took possession of the Academy in the Autumn of 1878, and opened with Bizet's opera "Carmen," Arditi wielding the *baton*. *Carmen* was Minnie Hauk, who has only one rival in the *rôle*, Lucca. The music has a character of its own—a rhythm and a swing which captivates. Madame Gerster made her first appearance at the Academy on the 11th of November, as *Amina* in "Sonnambula." She took the town by storm. Her voice is a true soprano, with a bewildering flexibility almost dazzling. The history of opera in New York has since been written by Colonel Mapleson, if I except the *fiasco* of the Metropolitan Opera, under the management of Mr. Abbey, and the German operas of last season. To Colonel Mapleson New Yorkers owe a debt of gratitude they never can sufficiently repay. By this gentleman's enterprise and pluck they have been enabled to hear all the leading artists and artistes in the world. He has, since the memorable year of 1878, annually returned, bringing with him the highest European talent, and at a cost that wrote "Bankruptcy" on the *façade* of the rival house. He has stopped at nothing, not even at paying Patti $5,000 a night to cater to Gotham. The artists that appeared at the ill-fated Metropolitan were all discovered by him, and bought up by Mr. Abbey at ruinous salaries. Mr. Abbey played a desperate game and lost, deservedly lost, for it was resolved to crush out Colonel Mapleson at any price. It was war upon an individual, but that individual, like Joe Bagstock, was "devilish tough," knew his business, and stuck to his gun. Colonel! long may you live to cross the ocean, bringing with you tenors and sopranos and bassos; and, of one thing you may be very certain, you will never again meet a rival *impressario* in Italian opera in Gotham.

The vast but not architecturally imposing Metropolitan Opera House, on Upper Broadway, was completed in 1883, and paid for by seventy wealthy business men of New York city, who subscribed $20,000 each for the purpose. New York did not need another opera-house. The new establishment was built, and hitherto has been supported, rather by private means than by public patronage. The primary motive for this munificence was the fact that the number of available boxes at the old Academy of Music was insufficient to accommodate the large and increasing class of wealthy persons whom either fashion or a genuine love of music attracted to the opera. The Metropolitan Opera House is neither a type nor a model of its class; but in size it is all that the enthusiast for bigness could desire. The auditorium is actually the largest in the world, for it slightly exceeds both the San Carlo of Naples and La Scala of Milan. There are three tiers of boxes, besides a half-tier of baignoirs on the parquet floor, and a colossal gallery at the top of the house. The number of boxes is 122. The number of seats in the house is 3,045. The lobbies, saloons, assembly-rooms, dressing-rooms, corridors, staircases, vestibules, exits, carriage-entrances, etc., are constructed on a generous scale. The upholstery and decorations of the house are elegant as well as comfortable, although they fail to give that general effect of coziness, warmth and color which we look for in such a place. From an artistic and financial point of view, the initial season of Italian opera proved an exceptionally bleak one for Manager Abbey. The fortunes of the house being speedily placed in other hands, it was given over to grand opera in German, with a fair measure of success. The experiment is being repeated in an enterprising and artistic spirit this season, with a prospect of gratifying results.

Besides the Mapleson Troupe and the German Opera, New York now enjoys a third—that under the musical direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, which proposes to give, at the Academy of Music, during a season of fifteen weeks, grand opera sung by Americans in the English language. This is the famous organization which Mrs. F. B. Thurber, Manager Charles E. Locke, and a large number of wealthy and artistic New Yorkers have labored so enthusiastically to develop. It evidently has great triumphs before it. It is the first practical step toward the establishment of a National Conservatory, which, in its turn, will furnish material for a National Opera.

For the first season of "Opera Sung by Americans," a large number of singers, all American either by birth or education, have been engaged.

The company, as now organized, includes, among other well-known singers, Pauline L'Allemand, Mme. Hasbreiter and Emma Juch, sopranos; Mathilde Phillipps and Jessie Bartlett Davis, contraltos; William Candidus and Charles Turner, tenors; George Sweet, William H. Lee and Alonzo E. Stoddart, baritones; Myron W. Whitney and John Gilbert, bassos; together with a full, well-trained chorus and ballet.

The grand orchestra is the unrivaled one of Theodore Thomas. The Associated Artists of New York give their aid in the preparation of the *mise en scène.* The repertoire is a large one, rich in novelties. It includes "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Nicolai), "The Taming of the Shrew" (Goetz), "Lakmé" (Delibes), "Orpheus and Eurydice" (Gluck), "Oberon" (Weber), together with the favorite operas of Wagner, Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Gounod, etc.

THE FALLING STAR.

When the stars above me hover,
In the still and solemn night,
And the sky is all illumined
With its myriad streams of light,
Oft I muse in silent reverie,
Wondering what these lights can be,
Ever shining pure and calmly
In that gorgeous canopy.

Oft across the starlit heavens
Darts a fragment of a light,
Falls into the dusky umbrage
Of the cloudland of the night;
Lost and broken stars I deem them
Hurled a-down the vault afar;
Never twinkling in their falling—
Sad mementoes of a star!

Fallen stars, for ever banished
From the realms of perfect peace,
Scorching fires for ever molten,
In their fall, which ne'er shall cease;
Whilst alone their sisters shimmering
Still revolve around their goal;
Heedless of their lost companions
Cast from out the Silver Scroll.

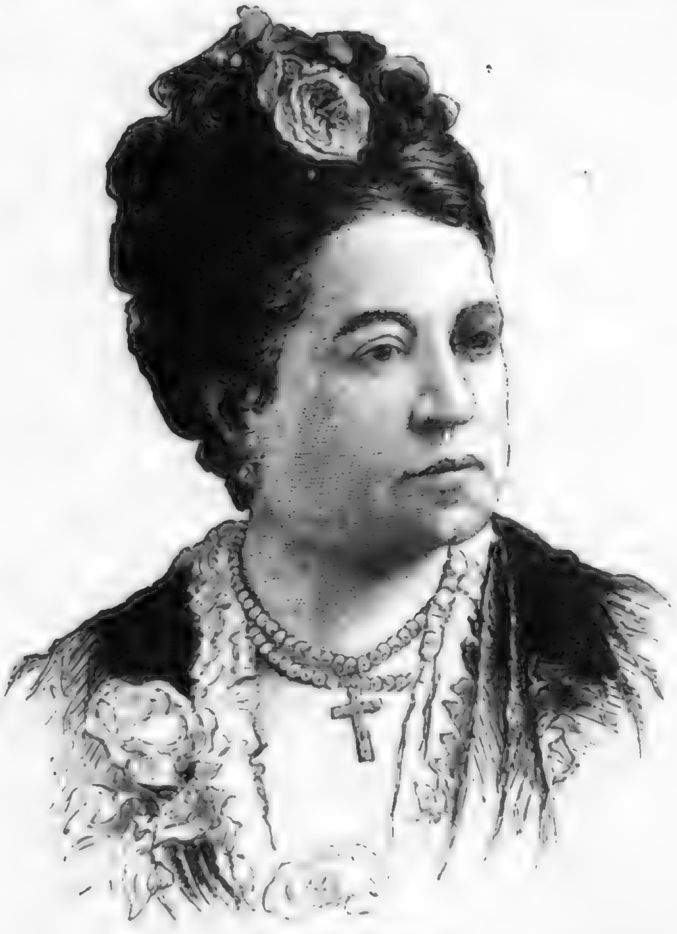
A FAMOUS SHIP OF THE "OLD NAVY."

By W. S. Hughes.

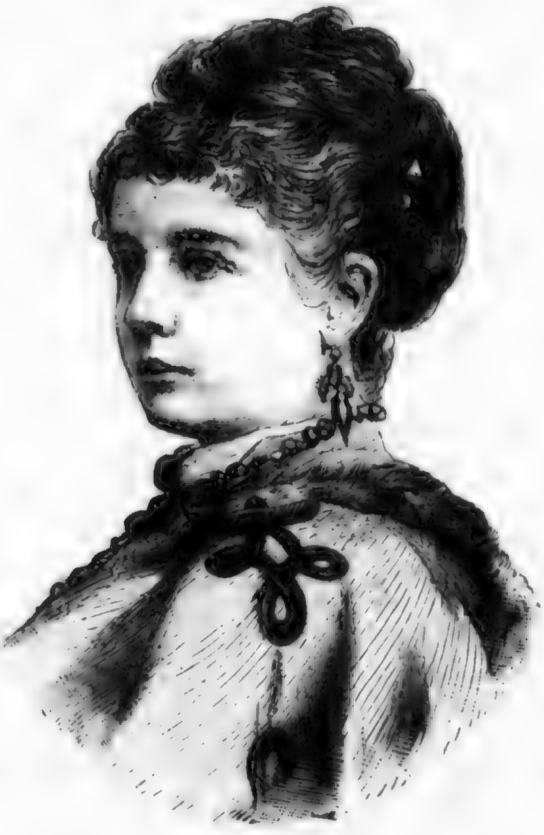
No vessel of the "Old Navy," excepting alone the *Constitution* ("Old Ironsides,") sheds a brighter lustre upon the early naval history of our country than the frigate *Essex.* She was built in the year 1799, and, under the command of Captain William Bainbridge, saw her first service in the following year, being employed in convoying American merchant-ships through the Mediterranean, which then swarmed with Tripolitan pirates. Returning to the United States, after a prolonged cruise in Europe, we next find her—at the beginning of the second war with England—under the Command of David Porter, the father of the present Admiral of the Navy. Her new captain took her for a short cruise along our Atlantic Coast, and, between the 3d of July and 13th of August, 1812, captured seven English brigs and two ships. One of the latter was a British man-of-war, the *Alert,* carrying 20 guns and over 300 men.

The battle with the *Alert* lasted but eight minutes The crews of the two vessels were nearly equal in numbers, but the armament of the *Essex* was much the superior. Captain Porter had disguised his ship by masking her gun-ports, so as to give her the appearance of a merchantman; and, upon sighting the *Alert,* he kept the *Essex* away, pretending to make every effort to escape, while still allowing the English ship gradually to approach within short range of his hidden guns. Suddenly the British frigate hoisted her colors, and, with a cheer from her crew, poured a broadside into the supposed American merchantman. The gun-ports of the *Essex* instantly opened and sent forth such a terrific response to the unsuspecting enemy that her crew were panic-stricken, deserted their guns, and immediately hauled down their colors in token of surrender. The capture of the *Alert*—the first man-of-war taken from the British in the war of 1812-15—brought the name of the *Essex,* and that of her gallant young captain, into prominence before the people. They were names that were yet to become inseparably linked together, and famous throughout the whole country.

On the 28th of October, 1812, still commanded by Porter, the *Essex* sailed from the Delaware upon one of



TERESA TIETJENS.



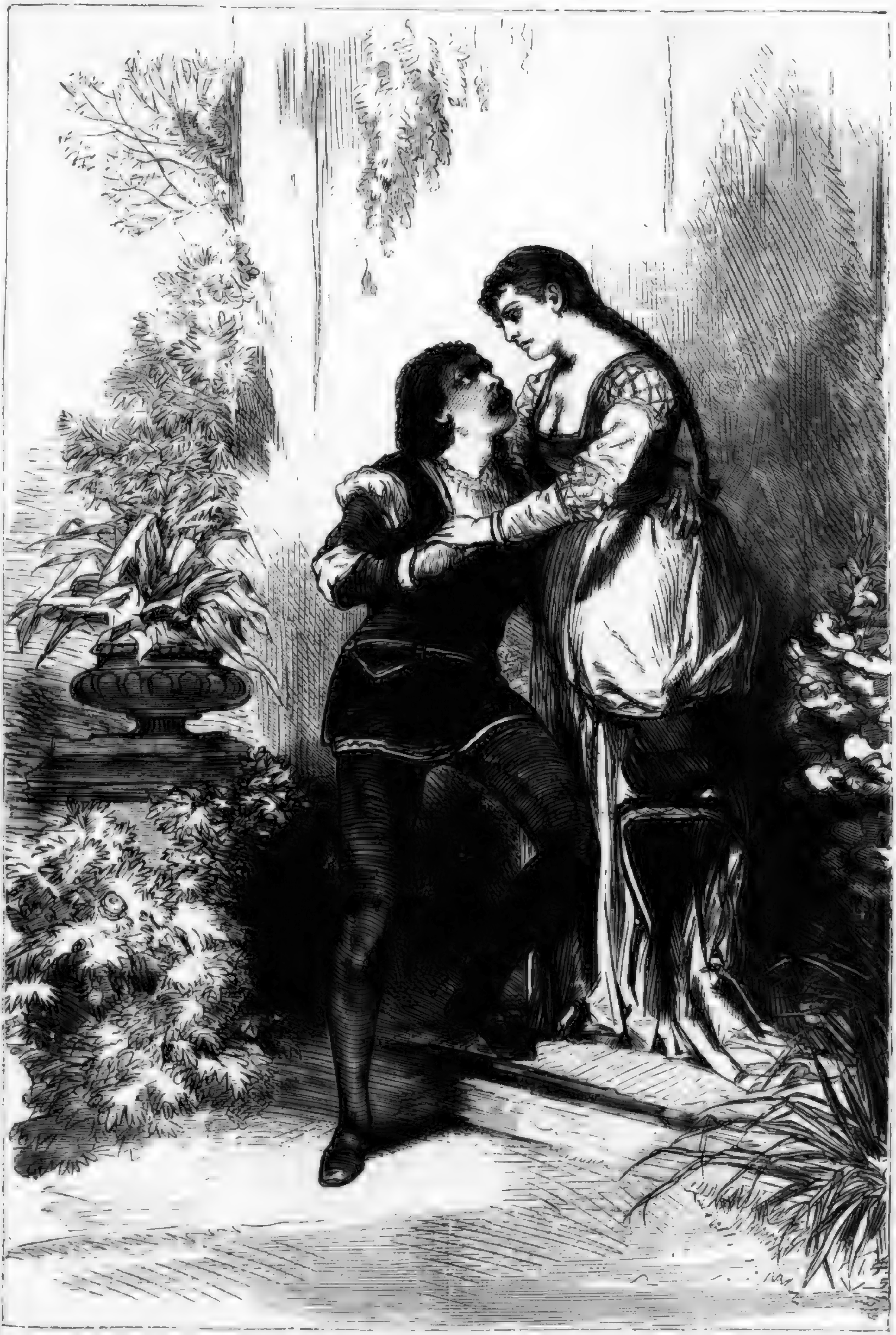
PAULINE LUCCA.

the most memorable voyages ever made by a naval ship. She was armed with 32 guns, and carried with her a crew of 318 persons, including her captain, 5 lieutenants, and 12 midshipmen. Among the last was the late Admiral Farragut, then a boy but ten years and one month old. Flying from her masthead the *Essex* carried her battle-flag, bearing the significant motto, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." Captain Porter was directed to proceed with his ship to the east coast of South America—touching on the way at Porta Praya, in the Cape Verde Islands, and at Fernando de Narouha, a penal colony of Brazil, off the Brazilian coast—keeping a lookout for the *Constitution* and the *Hornet*, under Commodore Bainbridge, whose squadron he was to join. In the event of not falling in with Bainbridge, Porter was allowed by his orders to act upon his own judgment. He failed to find his superior officer at the Cape Verdes, and, continuing on his course, he soon after came across and captured the British brig *Nocton*, of 10 guns, having on board $55,000 in specie. The capture of the *Nocton* was effected in a rather novel way. Not wishing to damage any more than was necessary what he knew must eventually become his prize, he directed that the fire of his cannon should be withheld, and only a volley of musketry discharged at the enemy. The volley killed one man, whereupon the brig surrendered.

THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.—COLONEL MAPLESON.—SEE PAGE 1.

Placing a prize-crew on board the *Nocton*, Porter sent her to the United States, where, unfortunately, just as she was about to enter the safety of one of our own ports in the Chesapeake, she was recaptured by an English frigate.

Proceeding on her cruise, the *Essex* came in sight of the brown, sun-scorched peaks of Fernando de Narouha, not far from the equator. The countries of South America and their dependencies were at that time greatly under the influence of England, while the United States, as a national power, was almost unknown. So strongly was Brazil then under British rule, that Porter had serious doubts of being able to obtain at Fernando de Narouha necessary supplies of provisions and water



THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.—PAULINE LUCCA IN "FAUST."—SEE PAGE 1.

unless he practiced some deception as to the character and nationality of his vessel. He adopted a ruse that proved completely successful. Disguising the *Essex* as a merchantman, and hoisting English colors, he sailed boldly into the harbor, and sent his first-lieutenant on shore to say that the ship was the *Fanny*, of London, badly in need of supplies. Anxious to curry in any way the favor of Englishmen, the natives at once furnished an abundance of provisions. Sailing from the island, the *Essex* a few days later captured, without firing a shot, the English schooner *Elizabeth*. But their voyage had thus far proved less exciting than the adventurous crew of the *Essex* had anticipated; hence her captain, after searching in vain a few days longer for Bainbridge, resolved to act with the discretion allowed him by his instructions, and to carry out a long-cherished project—that of showing our flag upon the waters of the Pacific. No American man-of-war had ever rounded the terrible "Cape of Storms," as Cape Horn was then called by sailors, and Porter determined that the *Essex* should have the honor of being the first to appear on the Pacific. The *Essex's* crew hailed with delight their commander's determination. The Pacific was known to be dotted with beautiful islands, inhabited by strange people, and its tranquil waters had long been the favorite cruising-ground of British whalers. The voyage around Cape Horn was a boisterous one, often calling into use the skill of the *Essex's* officers, or the energy of her crew, to avoid disaster. But it was accomplished without accident, and on the 5th of March, 1813, five months after sailing from the Delaware, Porter anchored his ship at the Island of Mocha, near the mainland of southern Chili. The island was uninhabited by man, but contained vast numbers of birds, seal and wild hogs, whence the *Essex* soon replenished her store of supplies, and then continued on to the port of Valparaiso. At the latter place Porter was surprised and delighted to learn that Chili had renounced her allegiance to Spain, and hence looked upon the United States as her friend. The *Essex's* arrival was hailed with pleasure by the Chilian authorities, and the people themselves vied with each other in showing courtesies to her officers and crew. A continuous round of social festivities was kept up on shore in honor of the presence in their harbor of the first United States man-of-war; but, pleasant as was such hospitality to men who had so long been confined to ship life, Porter remained in port only a few days. On leaving Valparaiso the *Essex* sailed northward along the coast of Chili, and on the following day captured a Peruvian pirate, the *Nereyda*, rescuing twenty-three American sailors who had been taken by her from whaling-vessels. Soon after she recaptured the American whaler *Barclay*, which had been taken possession of by pirates. With the latter vessel as her consort the *Essex* now set her course for the Galapagos Islands, then known to be a favorite resort of English whaling-ships. Two weeks later she had added to the list of her prizes three more English ships, the *Montezuma*, *Georgianna* and *Policy*, which, with their cargoes, were valued at over a million dollars, a much larger sum then than now. At the Galapagos Islands the *Essex* replenished her supply of fresh provisions. "Besides vast numbers of turtles," says "Porter's Memoirs," "the iguana, a large, repulsive-looking lizard, much prized by epicures, abounded in the islands, and myriads of fish of black, red and yellow colors swarmed around our boats and were captured with the greatest ease. Aquatic birds (penguins, pelicans and others), frequented the islands in great numbers, and were an acceptable variety to the sailors, who are not often particular about their eating. Many a savory mess of 'Galapagos mutton,' as the jolly mariners called the tortoise flesh, was cooked on the hill-sides or on the beach in extemporized fireplaces."

On the 21st of May the *Essex* and her prizes left the islands—setting their course for the port of Tumbez, in the Bay of Guayaquil—and soon after the little fleet was augmented by the capture of the British whalers, *Greenwich* and *Atlantic*, both fine vessels, the latter mounting six 18-pounder guns. A short time previous to the *Essex's* departure from the islands, Lieutenant Downes, the first-lieutenant of the *Essex*, had been placed in command of the prize *Georgianna*, and sent on a short reconnoitering cruise to some of the more distant islands of the group. Thence, he was to proceed to Valparaiso for a supply of fresh water, and afterward rejoin the fleet at Tumbez.

No event of importance occurred on the voyage to the mainland, and on the 19th of June the fleet entered the Bay of Guayaquil, anchoring off the village of Tumbez on its south shore. Here Porter landed his numerous prisoners, on condition that they would not again serve against the United States until regularly exchanged. Many of the men who had been taken from the prizes proved to be, or *claimed to be*, Americans, and volunteered to serve under Porter.

The great majority of these volunteers were really Americans who had been captured from our merchant-vessels by the British whalers, the latter always well-manned and heavily armed. Of those who *claimed* to be Americans, in at least one case, there could have been no doubt; for Porter naïvely remarks in his journal that: "This person, when asked if he was an American, answered: 'An' faith, yer honor, I'm nothing else, an' was born in New Yorrk before I came over from ould Ireland,' after which conclusive evidence he was enlisted with the others. . . . . In fact, we suspect that the motto on the *Essex's* flag, 'Free Trade and Sailors' Rights,' had a good deal to do with winning the British sailors' hearts and enticing them away from their 'loyalty.'"

About a week after Porter's arrival at Tumbez, four vessels were seen entering the bay. They proved to be the *Georgianna*, under Lieutenant Downes, with three new prizes: the *Hector*, mounting eleven guns, and the *Catherine* and *Rose*, each armed with eight guns. The latter two ships were captured without firing a shot; but the *Hector* had shown a stubborn resistance; her captain refusing to surrender until his vessel had received five broadsides, and had become almost a total wreck, with the loss of eight of his crew.

At Tumbez the prize *Atlantic* was fitted up as a man-of-war, mounting twenty guns. Christening her the *Essex, Jr.*, she was placed under the command of Lieutenant Downes with a crew of sixty men. Many of the original officers of the *Essex* were necessarily distributed among the fleet, in charge of the numerous prizes; one being under "Parson" Adams, as the chaplain of the *Essex* was called by the sailors, while another, the *Barclay*, was commanded by the late Admiral Farragut, then a boy scarcely eleven years old. On the morning of the 30th of June the fleet sailed out of the Bay of Guayaquil. The *Essex, Jr.*, in company with five of the prizes, was to make a coasting-cruise to the southward, along the mainland of South America, as far as Valparaiso, and thence to rejoin the *Essex* at their old rendezvous in the Galapagos, while the *Essex*, with the *Georgianna* and *Greenwich*, sailed directly for their destination.

Soon after, the *Essex* and her consorts captured three English ships, one of which, the *Seringapatam*, mounting 14 guns, had been built and fitted out as a man-of-war,

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and had long been a terror to our merchant-ships on the Pacific. These last captures ended the commerce-destroying career of the *Essex*. Porter had now either captured or driven from the rich whaling-grounds of the Pacific nearly every English vessel engaged in that trade. He had inflicted upon the enemy, in the loss of ships and their cargoes, damage amounting to more than $12,000,000, and had taken prisoners 360 British seamen. The visit of the *Essex* to the Pacific was to England a complete surprise. The British had adopted the policy of arming their whalers with guns and authority to prey upon our defenseless and unsuspecting merchantmen; but the timely arrival of the *Essex*, under such a man as Porter, had given a sudden and unexpected change to affairs. American merchant-vessels that before the arrival of the *Essex* had been forced to abandon their trade and seek the safety of the neutral South American ports, now recommenced their legitimate operations.

After waiting several weeks at the Galapagos Islands, Porter was joined by Lieutenant Downes with the *Essex, Jr.*

Downes had left his prizes safely moored in the Harbor of Valparaiso, and he brought the important news that two British men-of-war, the *Phœbe*, 36 guns and 320 men, and the *Cherub*, 32 guns and 180 men, had been dispatched to the Pacific with orders to capture the *Essex*. This information determined Porter to sail for the Marquesas, in order, before being discovered, to have time to refit the *Essex* and prepare for the encounter which he knew must come.

The Marquesas are among the most charming of the many groups of beautiful islands scattered over the broad surface of the Pacific, and Porter's men were delighted with the prospect of a visit to them. The interest of the men was heightened still more, on the voyage, by a communication from their captain informing them that, while the main object of his visit to the islands was to put the *Essex* in proper "fighting-trim," he was also desirous that they should have such relaxation and amusement as, from their good conduct, they had richly deserved.

On the 23d of October the ships anchored at Nooaheeva Island, one of the most delightful of the Marquesas. The shores were thronged with natives whose curiosity was greatly excited by the arrival of the vessels, and who by friendly signs invited the strangers to land. "The young girls were well-formed and handsome," says 'Porter's Memoirs,' "with smooth skins and a complexion not darker than our American brunettes; but this rose-colored view of the situation may have been due to the fact that our people had seen no women for a long time, and that sailors under such circumstances look upon all women as angels." No wonder the "susceptible" mariners formed tender attachments among the Nooaheevan girls! "When, on the eve of departure, Porter forbade his men leaving the ships, the girls lined the shore and importuned the captain not to take away their sweethearts. They gayly exhibited their grief by dipping their fingers in the sea and letting the water trickle from their eyes like tears, or threatened to beat out their brains with a spear of grass."

Early in December the *Essex* was thoroughly ready for action, and on the 9th, leaving behind the prizes with orders to proceed to the United States, Porter sailed with the *Essex* and *Essex, Jr.* to meet his antagonists.

In a heavy squall off Valparaiso the *Essex* and her consort became separated, and the masts and sails of the former were badly damaged. While the *Essex* was in this crippled state, the *Phœbe* and *Cherub* suddenly appeared, and both opened the attack. A furious battle ensued. Though the *Essex* suffered terribly, so effective was her fire, that after half an hour the British vessels were compelled to withdraw for repairs. They soon, however, renewed the unequal contest, and choosing a position beyond the range of the *Essex's* guns, yet best suited to their own "long 18-pounders," they poured broadside after broadside into the helpless frigate. The carnage on board the *Essex* was frightful. She was on fire in several places; more than half her crew and nearly every officer was either killed or wounded, when Porter, at last, to save the lives of the rest of his brave men, hauled down his flag and surrendered.

The career of the *Essex* was now for ever closed, and her little consort, the *Essex, Jr.*, was soon after captured.

After the transfer of the prisoners-of-war to the *Phœbe*, an amusing incident took place: "On the *Essex* was a favorite pet pig which one of the young sailors of the *Phœbe* brought from the *Essex*, and as he came on board shouted, 'A prize!' 'a prize!'"

Young Farragut, who was among the prisoners on the *Phœbe*, claimed the pig as his own.

"No," said the English sailor, "you are a prisoner, and so is your pig."

"We always respect private property," said the brave boy, and seized the pig with the determination not to let go unless compelled by superior force.

"This," says Farragut, in his journal, "was fun for the oldsters, who immediately cried out:

"'Go in, my little Yankee; if you can whip Shorty, you shall have your pig.'

"Agreed," said Farragut.

A ring was formed, and at it they went.

"I soon found," says Farragut, "that my antagonist's pugilistic education was not equal to my own. In fact, he was no match for me, and was compelled to give up the pig, which I took under my arm, feeling that I had in some degree wiped out the disgrace of our defeat."

The American prisoners were treated with the greatest consideration by the officers of the *Phœbe*. Captain Porter and his crew were soon transferred to the *Essex, Jr.*, and permitted to return to the United States under parole. They sailed from Valparaiso on the 27th of April, 1814, and, on the 5th of July, arrived off Sandy Hook. Porter was received in New York with the greatest honors. The streets of the city were gayly decorated with flags, and the cheers of thousands of his fellow-countrymen greeted him as he drove to his hotel. At Philadelphia, like demonstrations were made, and the people, removing the horses from Porter's carriage, united in hauling the vehicle through their streets; and, at Washington, a new ship was built, christened the *Essex*, and placed under his command.

AN ANEMONE'S LIVE MORSEL.

In one of the departments of an aquarium, the interior being plainly visible through the plate-glass room, are a number of sea anemones, or sea sunflowers, about three or four inches in diameter, clinging to pieces of rock, and among them several young halibut. Near the front, in plain view of the writer, the other day, was a halibut about five or six inches long, in a natural horizontal position, with his nose just touching the centre or mouth of the anemone, apparently feeding. Looking closer it was observed that the anemone was in motion, and for a short space it was doubtful whether the fish or the anemone

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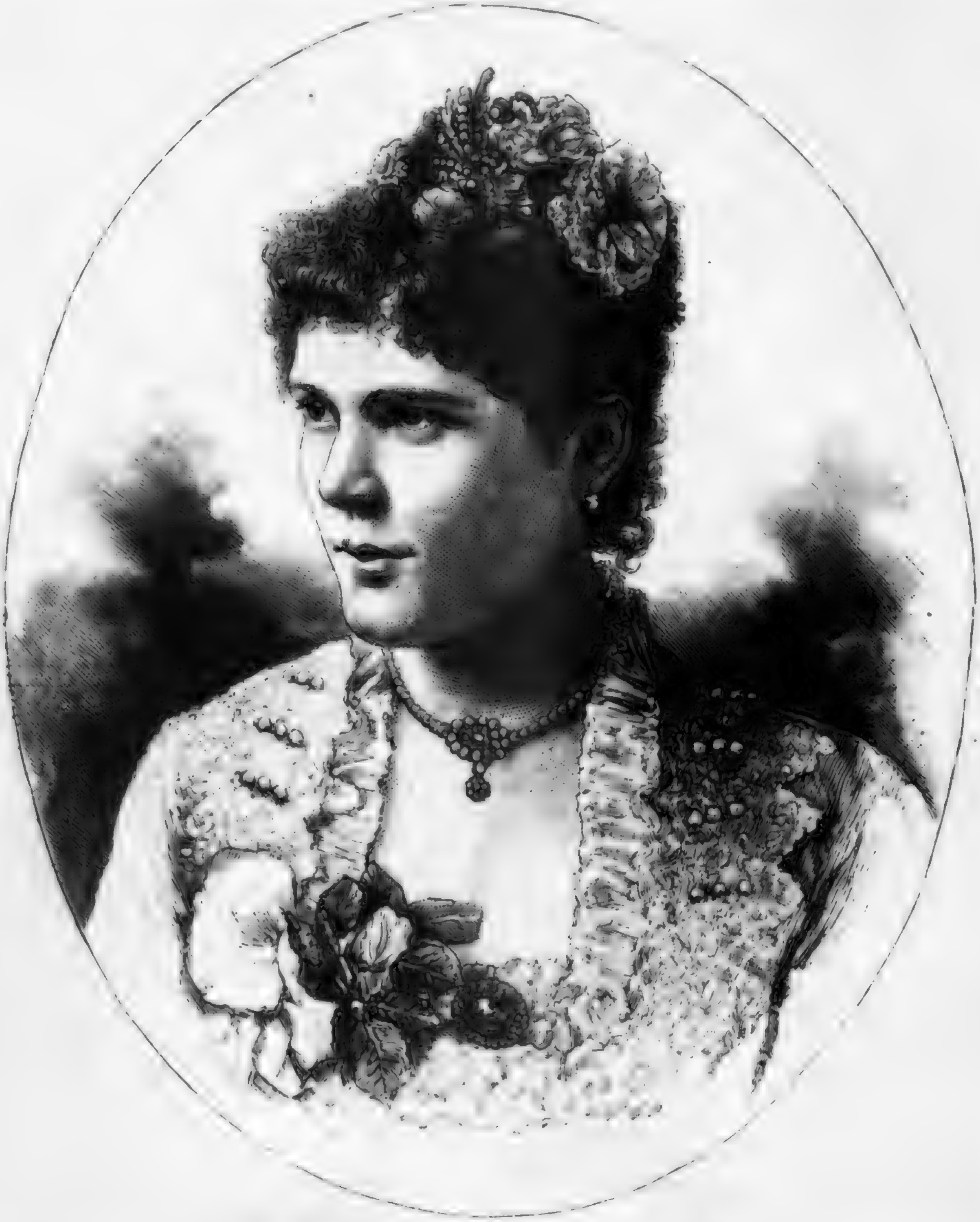
was the eater. Presently the ineffectual struggles of the fish to release himself denoted his capture.

It seemed that the finny marauder had pushed his nose against the innocent-looking mouth of the plant in pursuit of food and was caught. The face of the anemone, which had previously been flat and circular, like its namesake, the sunflower, became concave, and closed upon and around the head of the fish, elongated itself for the purpose, and in about five minutes the head was covered entirely to the gills. While closing, the plant raised the fish to a vertical position. Soon the head was covered to the gills; its respiration almost stopped.

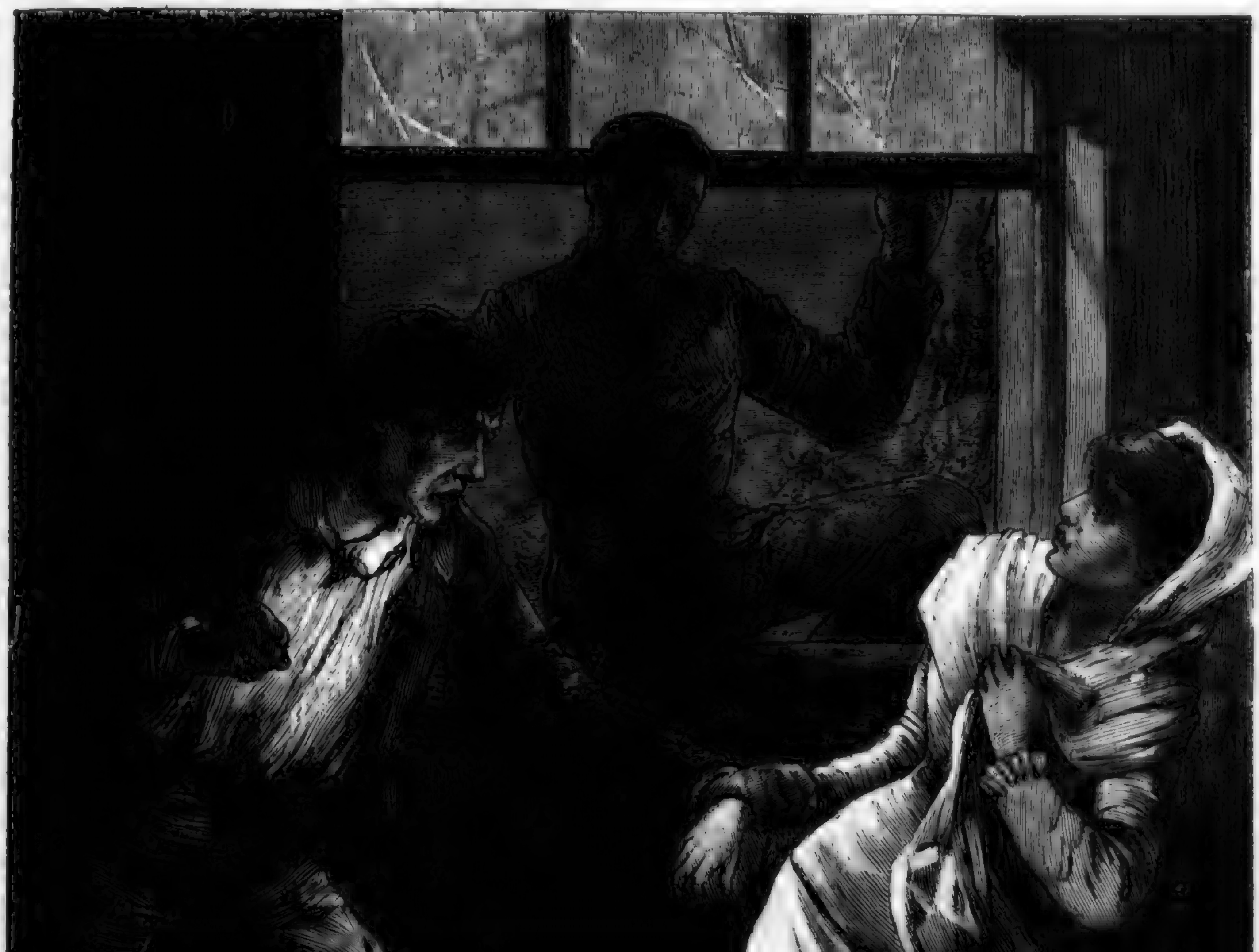
At this juncture the writer's pity for the fish prevailed over his curiosity, and he released the prisoner. In two minutes more it would have passed, or at least so much of it as would have answered the purpose, into food for the anemone.



THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.—ETELKA GERSTER.—SEE PAGE 1.

Augustus was told of an extravagant Roman knight who had wasted all his property. When his goods were sold by auction, Augustus commissioned a person to bid for his pillow. Being asked why he wished to have this article of furniture in particular, he replied, "Such pillow must be very desirable upon which a man so deep in debt could sleep so soundly."

Good intentions are no justification for doing what we know to be wrong.



THE GILFORTH GHOST.—"LEARY DROPPED THE BOX WITH A CURSE, AND SEIZED HER BY THE ARM, HIS FACE DISTORTED WITH ANGER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

By Florence M. Fulton.

I.

Oh! the deathly, dreary world—Summer's fled;
Oh! the cruel heart-despair—hopes are dead.
All the world is drowned in tears—tears of rain;
Night is o'er me; when will Dawn come again?
Dark without and dark within is my life;
When will Death, the crown of all, end the strife?
Flowers have sadly died away—gentle friends;
Piercing wind with baleful power storms and rends.
Little warblers of the grove, silent all;
Winter covers heart and home like a pall.
Gloom and pain are all around, chilling aye;
Night is long, and sad, and drear; bright the day.
Not a gleam of light, but all gray and cold;
Low'ring clouds with ne'er a warm ray of gold.
Music hushed and laughter stilled—Winter's reign—
Sunshine gone, and leaving only bitter pain.

II.

Summer friends have passed away, all untrue;
Friendship could not bear the storms as they grew.
Stand they by you, if you keep in the sun;
Fortune frowns, then count your friends one by one.
Let them go! they are not worth calling friend—
Word that means standing by you till the end.
Let them go! Cowards leave a sinking ship;
Not a friendship theirs of heart, but of lip.
Let them go to pastures new, bright with gold;
Let them live their sunny life, shunning cold.
Friendship, like the hothouse flowers, just for show,
With no strength to brave the storms—let them go!

III.

Heart grows warmer with the thought, I have *one*
Who will be a friend for aye, shade or sun.
Thought that wakes the dull, dead earth—past is night;
Through the eastern gates of morn breaks the Light.
Fled is now the dreary dream; day is here,
Songsters' voices trilling out sweet and clear!
Flowers awake in beauty fresh ope their eyes;
Dawn dispels the midnight grief, sorrow dies.
Yes, our Life is worth the living: rich are we,
If we count as friend one soul, frank and free.
Earth grows lovely as I think, such have I,
Who will true and faithful be till I die.

THE GILFORTH GHOST.

By Emma A. Opper.

It was a ghost that nobody knew anything about; and it was perhaps for that very reason that it was so universally and so firmly believed in. Nobody had seen it; but almost everybody was convinced of its existence.

Old John Gilforth had bequeathed it. He had lived a solitary life in his rambling old house, and died quite alone. He had not had an over-abundance of worldly goods, despite his wide extent of shingles, and the ghost was probably the most substantial of his legacies. If it were indeed the ghost of poor old Gilforth, there was nothing to be feared from it; he had been noted for his unsocial habits, but for nothing more alarming.

But who ever heard of a ghost's being regarded with pitying leniency and friendly forbearance and an entire absence of prejudice? The Gilforth ghost was held in a deep and fearful awe, of which the most sanguinary of shades might have been proud.

There were those who professed a scornful disbelief in the ghost, and in whom any mention of it stirred no profounder emotion than a contemptuous amusement.

The disbelievers were, of course, among the younger generation of the townspeople—disbelievers, as a rule, are of the younger generations.

Kitty Clark was perhaps the boldest of these, and that was not at all surprising. She was the gayest of the clique of bright young girls who enlivened the town with their frolics; she was the prime mover in their escapades, the founder of many a daring scheme; and she always did things boldly, and nothing by halves.

She had gotten up and successfully carried through a festival for the benefit of the town poor; she had taken care of old Mrs. Jackson through a long illness, the poor woman being friendless, and had had her for a sort of pensioner ever since.

On the other hand, she had presented herself at Squire Barr's, one evening recently, in a tattered dress and dilapidated bonnet—the squire being a noted miser—and had returned to the group of giggling girls around the corner of the house, waving a two-dollar bill exultantly; her unworthy object having been to outwit the squire; and she had lately refused Addison Marsh, with his bald head and his snug property, in the most hard-hearted and uncompromising manner, though, to be sure, none of the girls had wondered much at that.

To Tracy Matson she was particularly and entirely charming. Her brown eyes and her fresh lips, and her pretty airs and graces, had probably done their part for her; but Tracy was certain that it was not her prettiness alone that infatuated him.

Kitty's kindness of heart was known to everybody, and to Tracy among the rest. To be sure, when the subjects were brought up she rather laughed at her country-house festival and the pensioning of old Mrs. Jackson, but this smiling self-disparagement was an added charm in Tracy's eyes. And the half-amused admiration with which he regarded her independence and her daring was quite enough to complete his captivation.

Of course everybody knew it! What else was to be gathered from the fact that Tracy's gray colt was beginning to stop of its own accord at John Clark's front gate?

But everybody was not quite so sure of Kitty's views, nor was Tracy himself. She had chatted and walked and driven with him; but in quite the same way, as far as he knew, had she chatted and walked and driven with Addison Marsh, to the final undoing of that ill-fated person.

The mere fact of Addison's refusal might have been regarded as encouraging, and so Tracy sometimes thought. But that, after all, was rather a negative comfort.

The gray colt was standing at the familiar gate on a certain warm September evening, with his head dropped lazily and an air of feeling very much at home, and his master was sitting on a rail of the front veranda, with Kitty Clark smiling up at him from the top step.

They had been discussing the latest event—an event which had all but paralyzed the easy-going little town—the robbery of Squire Barr's. It had taken place two days ago, and had been a success in every particular.

The squire had always been distrustful of banks, and all his money—and everybody knew that there was no small amount of it—had been hoarded, in the form of bonds and greenbacks, in a wooden box, which he kept in a closet in his room; and this it was that had been taken—nothing else.

There were not many who had not known about it; the squire, on rare occasions when his self-congratulation at getting ahead of the banks had gotten the better of his usual prudence, having disclosed the fact of its existence to a few confidential friends, and the confidential friends, in a like spirit, having passed the information along, so that Squire Barr's box had come to be a well-known article.

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The squire was plunged to the depths of misery and despair. There was not the slightest clew. His fortune was lost to him for ever, apparently.

He had dragged himself to the Post Office and tacked an offer of reward, scrawled in a trembling hand, upon the door, and had taken to his bed immediately after in a prostration of misery.

But, in the minds of people generally, pity for the squire was distracted by a horrified admiration for the great cleverness of the burglar. For the possibility of his being in their midst had suggested itself to nobody, and his knowledge of the squire's box and its hiding-place was regarded as nothing less than supernatural.

"Poor old thing!" said Kitty, with more compassion than politeness; "I'm dreadfully sorry for him!"

A recollection of her recent raid upon the unfortunate man floated through her careless little head, and gave her a slight twinge of compunction.

"Dreadful thing for him!" said Tracy, oracularly.

He was thinking more of the novel charm of Kitty's passing seriousness than of the squire's misfortune.

"Leary says," continued Kitty, "that there is no hope of his ever finding it. Leary's real good-hearted. He went down to see the squire last night, and expressed his sympathy."

The subject of her remarks came round the corner of the house at that moment, and paused with a smile and nod.

He was a thick-set young fellow, with a wide-brimmed straw hat pushed back from rather a good-looking face. He had presented himself at John Clark's back door some six months ago, with a small bundle in the conventional red handkerchief, and asked for work.

Kitty's mother had taken an immediate fancy to him, and her father being equally well impressed with his pleasant face and his quiet ways, he had been chopping and sawing in the woods beyond the house ever since with perfect satisfaction to everybody, and had become very popular in the neighborhood.

"Kitty says you've been down to see the squire," Tracy called out, with his eyes fixed admiringly on the top of Kitty's head.

"Yes," responded Leary, with an immediate clouding of his good-humored face, and withdrawing his hand from his pocket to stroke his chin with sober regret; "he seems to take it pretty hard. I'm powerful sorry for him!"

"No clew yet, I suppose?" said Tracy.

Leary shook his head hopelessly.

"I'm afraid there *won't* be. I spent an hour there studying things over and trying to see the light, and all to no good. It's the provokingest thing I ever came across; nothing to get hold of, and it riles me all up."

His expression was so queer a mixture of concern and honest indignation and baffled anxiety, that Kitty laughed softly as he walked slowly away, shaking his head.

"We ought to be quite happy now," she said, smiling up at Tracy, brightly. "We have two mysteries—the Gilforth ghost and the Barr burglary. Could we desire anything more?"

The Gilforth ghost was a favorite joke between them, and Tracy laughed.

"Do you know," pursued Kitty, looking up at him, with a sudden assumption of seriousness, "that I always had an idea—a horrible, lurking suspicion—that you are not quite so skeptical about the Gilforth ghost as you pretend to be?—that you half believe in it!"

She threw out her chin in pretty defiance as she said it.

Tracy laughed again. These sudden assaults of hers always delighted him. But Kitty was quite unsmiling.

"I don't believe, for instance," she went on, with a well-assumed air of believing what she said, "that you would care to go to the old house alone after dark. Would you, now?"

"Alone after dark!" repeated Tracy, in a hoarse whisper, and forcing a tremble. "I am about to faint."

Kitty looked a little discomfited.

"But, seriously," she said, in an injured tone, "you would not quite enjoy it? Just think; with everything still and dark and shadowy; with the old house a long black mass before you; with the poplars hemming you in, and the wind moaning through the boughs of that big mountain ash. Confess! Wouldn't you half expect to see the ghost?"

"What shall I do," said Tracy, in a tone of tragic despair, "to dispel those vile suspicions—to convince you that, so far from fearing the Gilforth ghost, I love him as a brother?"

Kitty laughed, rather shamefacedly.

"I don't know," she said, meekly.

"Shall I bring you a shingle from the house?—a bunch of berries from the mountain ash? That would be a case of the glove and the lion's den, and you know how disastrously that turned out for the lady; but I should be vindicated."

"Very well, then," said Kitty, skeptically. "You may do it if you dare. I shall be proud to wear it."

"What—the shingle?" said Tracy, with an accession of interest.

"The berries," responded Kitty, severely.

"Oh, to be sure, madam!" he continued, jumping off the rail and striking a tragic pose. "You have said the word—I go! This night shall see the dark deed—yea, by me halidom! Dark enough now?"

"Oh, yes," said Kitty, glancing round at the gathering shades, and trying not to laugh. "But I don't believe you'll do it."

But he was down the steps already, waving his hat and uttering a sepulchral "Adieu!"

"You wont't go!" Kitty called after him, defiantly.

He jumped into the buggy, and the gray colt trotted off. He smiled to himself as he drove along the quiet road. It was so very much like her!

Of course it was all nonsense, and perhaps he would be making a fool of himself to pay serious attention to it.

But it would cost him nothing, and if there had been any slight foundation of the truth in her words—if she really knew him so little as to credit him with a lurking belief in the Gilforth ghost—he would be raised considerably in her estimation. And could there be a greater inducement? Tracy felt that any opportunity for gaining her favor was not to be lost.

He pictured to himself his presentation of the bunch of berries. Kitty would probably take it coolly. She would smile and thank him with all imaginable calmness, but she would feel defeated and apologetic; and in that reduced state she might be disposed to listen favorably if he were to say anything especial. Tracy was beginning to think it time that something special should be said.

The gray colt turned his head and pricked his ears inquiringly, as Tracy turned him in the unfamiliar direction of the old Gilforth House.

It stood in one of the less frequented streets, some six rods back from its broken-down fence. A thinly wooded pasture lay upon one side of it, and a neglected cornfield upon the other.

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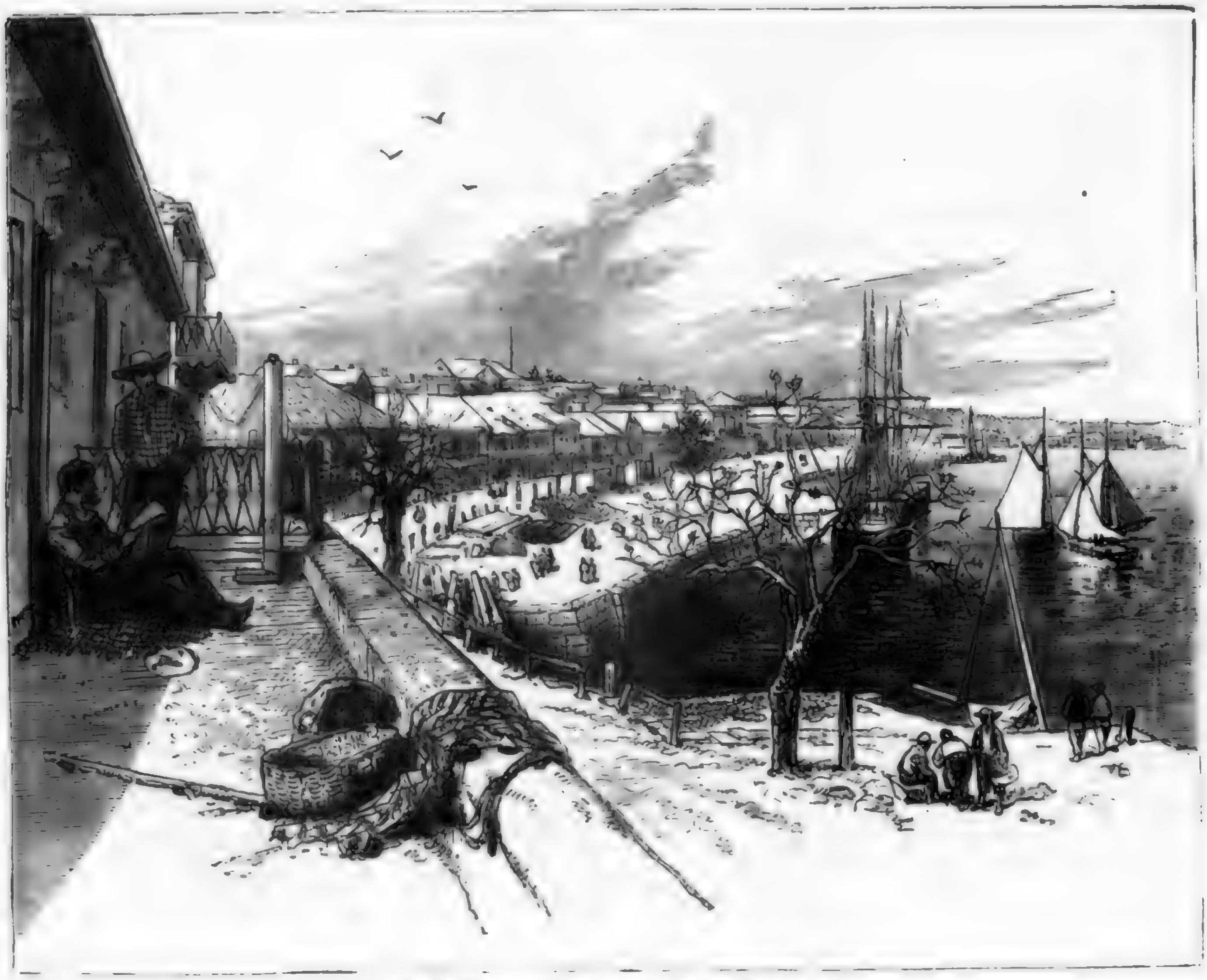


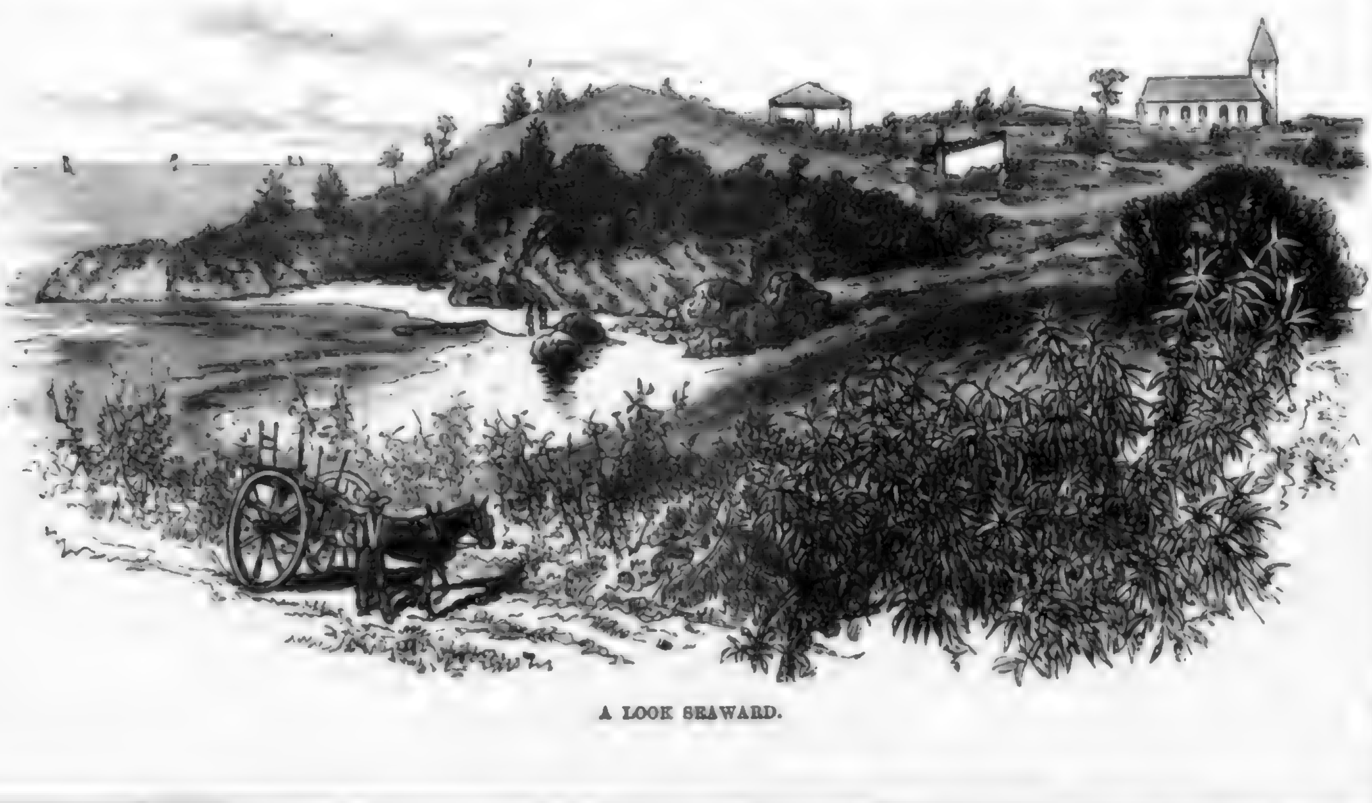
HAMILTON HARBOR, BERMUDA.—SEE PAGE 22.

The old house itself, with its strange, rambling length and its awkward angles, was almost hidden by the trees standing thickly around it.

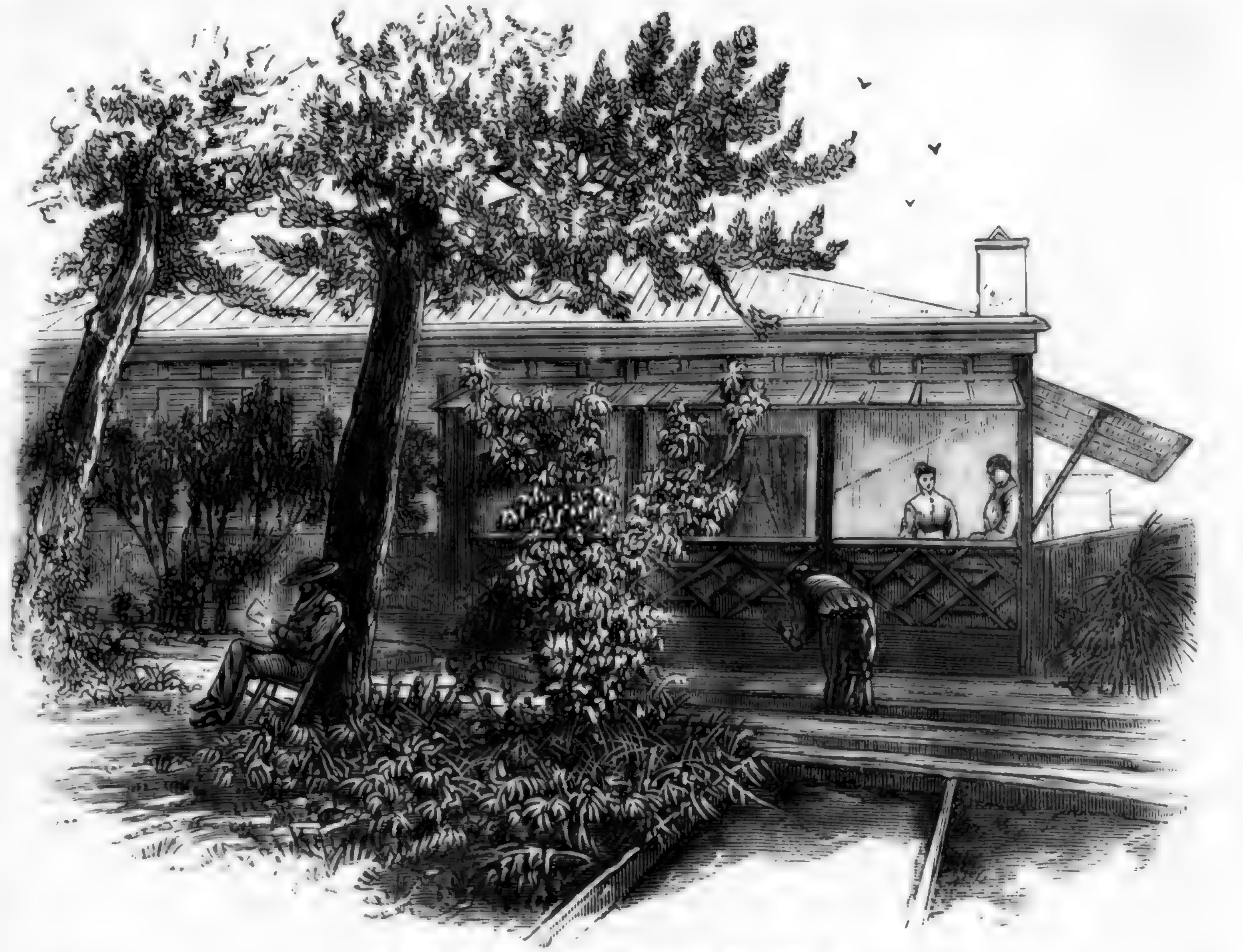
A belated cow looked up from the straggling pasture and lowed a mild surprise, as Tracy hitched the colt to the fallen fence.

The moon came out for a moment, and spotted th ground with bulky shadows, and left them in darknes again; a crow in the tree-tops, roused at the sudde brightness, gave forth a drowsy caw; the gray col turned his head from side to side, and moved uneasily

"It's ghostly enough, to be sure," said Tracy to him



A LOOK SEAWARD.



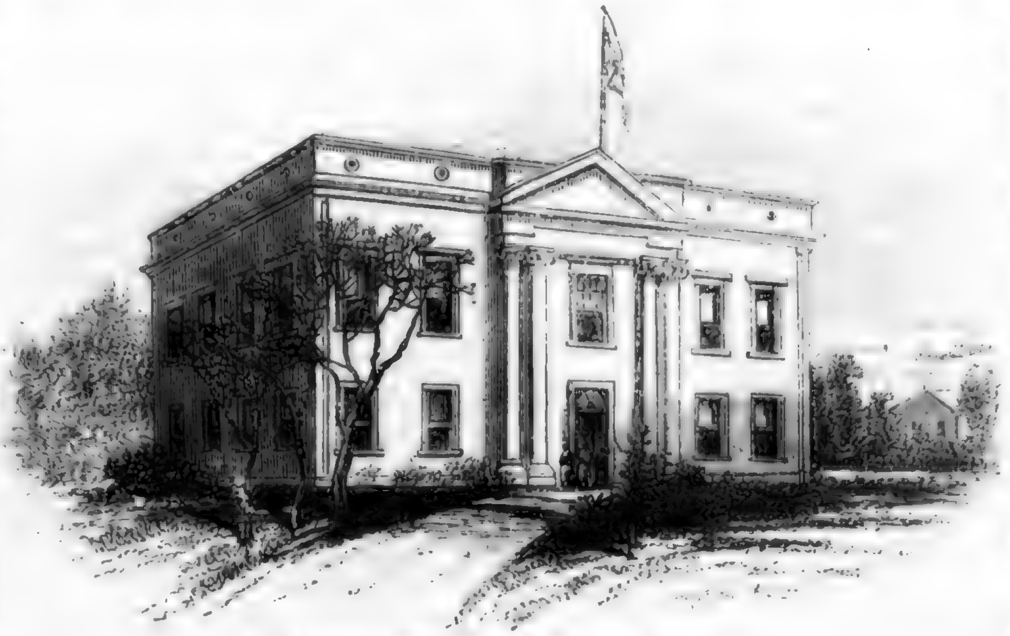
A BERMUDA HOUSE, WITH VERANDA.—SEE PAGE 22.

self, as he moved the old gate on its rusted hinges, and made his way through the tangled grass of the overgrown path.

But he was thinking more of the possible beauty of the place after a course of improvements, than of its present ghostliness.

The mountain ash, a tall tree with a profusion of the thickly bunched scarlet berries, stood close to the house, with its branches rustling against the broken lights of a window. Its lower boughs were not far above his head, and Tracy leaped up and pulled them down.

He could feel the cool clusters among the leaves, and he filled his pockets with them—she should have ample proof.



THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS, HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

He paused when he had finished, and stood looking round him contemplatively. If the trees were to be thinned out and the grounds graded, it might really be made a respectable place.

The house, of course, would have to be torn down——

He stopped short in his meditations, with his eyes riveted to the window before him, and a strange chill creeping over him. A white form, tall and straight, was standing within, its pale draperies sharply defined against the dark inner walls of the room. He clutched the sill with a hand that trembled in spite of himself, passed his hand across his eyes with a vague idea of sweeping the sight away, and looked again; and as he looked, the figure threw its white arms upward, and a stifled shriek fell upon his ears.

* * *

Kitty had sat in rather

uneasy reflection after the gray colt had trotted away. She could scarcely congratulate herself upon the success of her little challenge; it had been rather *too* successful.

Of course he would carry it through. She knew him well enough to be certain of that. Perhaps she was conscious of a little feminine gratification that he should be led into doing anything so absurd merely to satisfy a supposed whim of her own.

She wondered whether he were there yet, and whether he would not feel at least a little timid, and then she started up with a sudden inspiration.

Of course, what fun it would be! It was queer she had not thought of it before.

She flew up to her room eagerly, and opened her closet-door and pulled over its contents with nervous haste. There was no time to lose. Her hands flew swiftly for a moment, and then she stood before her glass and gazed at herself with delighted eyes.

She was clad in a trailing white dress that swept away behind her, a white shawl lay over her head and shadowed her face, and her dark eyes looked eagerly out from beneath it. She caught her trail in one hand, and ran lightly down the stairs.

She felt a guilty exhilaration as she ran down the walk, closed the gate behind her softly, and flitted swiftly down the road. The prospect of a fresh escapade delighted her. She wondered what the girls would say when she told them about it; but she would not tell them if it were not entirely successful.

She paused a moment for breath as she turned into the lonely street of the old Gilforth house, and ran on with a rising enjoyment of her frolic.

The place was before her at last, and she stopped with a timidly beating heart. How dark and ghostly it was with its shadowy, straggling form and the thick blackness of the trees around it!

She peered into the darkness. Yes, there was a black bulk by the fence, and she could hear a restless whinny. She was in time. She paused a moment, and then stepped over the broken bars of the fence, and tiptoed softly through the shadowy line of the trees to the back of the house.

She groped for the latch of the door, and pulled it open easily. She felt a thrill of pride as she stepped inside; not many of the girls would have dared to do it.

A board creaked under her foot; a window rattled, and a rat scuttled down the wall. Something struck her like a sound of heavy breathing; but she smiled the notion away. She stepped into the little front room; that was the room where poor John Gilforth had died, alone; and looked about curiously.

There was one chair standing before the broken window, and she went toward it; and then, in a moment, she had found herself standing motionless—cold and faint and trembling. A shadow in a corner of the room had moved with a muttered sound, and was coming toward her.

The moon struggled out from behind its cloud, and shone full upon it—upon a short, bulky form, with a wooden box held tight in its trembling hands; upon the white, terror-stricken face of—Leary!

He gazed for a moment in panting silence; then dropped the box with a curse, and seized her by the arm, his face distorted with anger.

She felt a dreadful, sickening fear as she looked into the evil, threatening face; she threw up her arms wildly, and uttered a terrified cry.

Nothing was quite clear after that. She was dimly conscious that something came crashing through the window; that the dreadful grasp was loosened from her arm, and that there was a heavy fall; and that she sank against something or somebody with a strange singing in her ears.

She was lying on the old parlor-sofa when she came to herself. There was something cool and wet upon her head, and a smell of camphor in the room.

The first rays of the dawn were struggling through the shutters, and her mother sat beside her.

There was a bunch of red berries in a vase on the mantle, and it had all rushed back over her in a moment. She raised herself on her elbow, weakly.

"There!" said her mother, soothingly, beginning to wield the big fan she held.

"Where is Tracy?" said Kitty, faintly and anxiously. "Is—is he all right?"

"Oh, yes," replied her mother. "He cut his wrist breaking through that window; but he didn't make much of that. He left those berries for you."

Kitty smiled faintly.

"But it wasn't Leary, was it?" she said, slowly. "It *couldn't* have been Leary."

"But it was," said her mother, in a crestfallen way. "I never was so upset in my life; and your father's just done for! I declare, Kitty, I could 'most wish you had not found him out. I did think such a sight of him. But I suppose the squire is glad to get his money back."

The squire *was* glad to get his money back; so glad that, after Leary's trial was safely over, and that worthy had received a sentence satisfactory even to the squire, he insisted upon presenting Tracy with twice the reward he had offered.

Nobody was surprised, therefore, when that young man completed the purchase of the old Gilforth place, and set about improving it; nor at the announcement of his engagement to pretty Kitty Clark.

"But I shall have to confess to you, Kitty," he said, with a laugh, when they had gone one day to note the progress of the building—"I shall have to confess that your suspicions were quite just, for one dreadful moment that night, when you rose before me, tall and white, and threw up your arms with a shriek; for that moment I believed quite thoroughly in the Gilforth ghost."

BERMUDA.

By Henry R. Dorr.

Bermuda sits alone in the ocean, 700 stormy miles from New York, and 625 from Charleston, in the same parallel of latitude. The ships of the Quebec Steamship Company sail once in two weeks from our metropolis, bearing Bermudaward hundreds of tired men and women who have heard glowing reports of the nerve-bracing powers of the beautiful Summer Islands, and long for the peace and serenity of which ocean travelers tell.

The Atlantic is dark and billowy, the Gulf Stream tempestuous as the English Channel from Dover to Calais; but the passenger who climbs wearily to the swaying deck when the lighthouse on Gibb's Hill looms into view, beholds a wide expanse of azure waters, deep, delicious and at rest, encircling with all its varying tints the low islands of his dreams.

It was not long ago that few people left the common water ways of journeying to visit these small neighbors of ours; but now (and some persons will say "More's the pity!") large hotels overlook the great Sound, and the American is a familiar figurein the streets of Hamilton the White.

XUM

The deep, rich color of the Bermudian sea begins just where the leaden-black disappears. The islands seem brown as the Autumn leaves of New England at first, but when the negro pilot can be seen putting out to sea to guide the steamer safely among the treacherous reefs, the green hue of the cedar-trees appears, and soon the snow-white houses of coral-stone glisten among them like huge blocks of Italian marble.

Tradition says that there are 365 islands in the group—one for every day of the year. Possibly there are a thousand, if every tiny rock that lifts its head above water at low tide is counted. They lie in the shape of a shepherd's crook, stretching from northwest to southwest, in latitude 32° 20 N. and longitude 64° 41′ W.; and the area of all is just nineteen square miles.

There is certainly one middle-aged man in Hamilton who has never made the great journey from his home to St. George's, twelve miles away, and looks forward to it much as you anticipate, citizen of these States, a journey to China when your ship comes in!

The New York steamer, coming from the northeast, sails around the Island of St. George's, past the quaint white town which was old when our New England colonies were young, and enters the great Sound where the dockyard of Her Majesty on Ireland Island is alive with ships in stocks and busy workmen everywhere. The blue Bermudian sea is still as mirrored water there; and the only sounds to be heard, breaking strangely on the stillness, come from the hammers of the carpenters and the engine of the small steamer *Moondyne*, puffing its way from Hamilton to get the semi-weekly mail.

If the tide is right, we can sail at once to the "Continent" and the City of Hamilton, taking a tortuous course among the small islands, dodging the coral reefs and sunken rocks, past the powder magazine, where guards walk slowly to and fro all day, along the shore of Fairy Land, and at last into the Harbor of Hamilton. The dock is alive with negroes and donkeys, both of the drollest sort. "How's onions?" calls some one from the shore; and a spirit of rare delight fills all the place when the monosyllabic but sufficient answer comes from a lusty throat, "Up!"

"Onions is up" means a great deal to the tiller of Bermuda's shallow soil; shallow to be sure, but wonderfully productive year after year.

Though there may be 365 or more islands in this singular group, as I have said, only six are inhabited. The largest are the Mainland, St. David's, St. George's, Somerset and Ireland. Upon Boaz Island, lying between the two latter, are the great prisons where English convicts were once confined, now transformed into barracks for the royal troops.

There are only two villages in the islands, though scarcely a foot of the tillable land is uncultivated. St. George's is the oldest; and this suggests the interesting history of the Summer Islands.

It was in 1515 that Juan Bermudez sailed from Cuba for Spain with a cargo of hogs. His ship, the *Garza*, wandered somewhat from her course, and finally the islands rose into view above what the Spaniards had looked upon as an empty ocean. Bermudez judged that the islands were uninhabited, and he sent a few hogs ashore, to breed and multiply. Just as he was preparing to land himself, a gale from the north blew up, and he was forced to set sail without once placing foot upon the land of his discovery. He had with him, however, Gonzalez Oviedo, the historical writer, who has left us a quaint account of the voyage and islands as seen from the *Garza*. The Spaniards did not try to settle there, though the King of Spain granted the islands to Ferdinand Camelo, a Portuguese. Camelo sailed for the Bermudas in 1543; he landed on the south shore, and carved in the rock his initials and the date of his appearance. The letters can still be seen, say the natives; though I never could discover them.

People in the old world, who had heard vague reports of the small islands far away, held them in superstitious awe as the abode of devils and monsters, a place of enchantment where ghosts dwelt in darksome caves, and the lives of men were not safe.

Fifty-eight years afterward, Henry May, an English Buccaneer, who happened to be on board a French ship, was wrecked upon the Bermuda coast. A few seamen and the officers got ashore, and after working for five months, constructed a rude ship, in which they sailed away. They found the islands covered with a heavy growth of cedar trees. A great drove of enormous hogs, descendants, doubtless, of the ones which Bermudez sent ashore, were running wild all about. Spiders crept over the rocks and the shaggy trunks of the green trees.

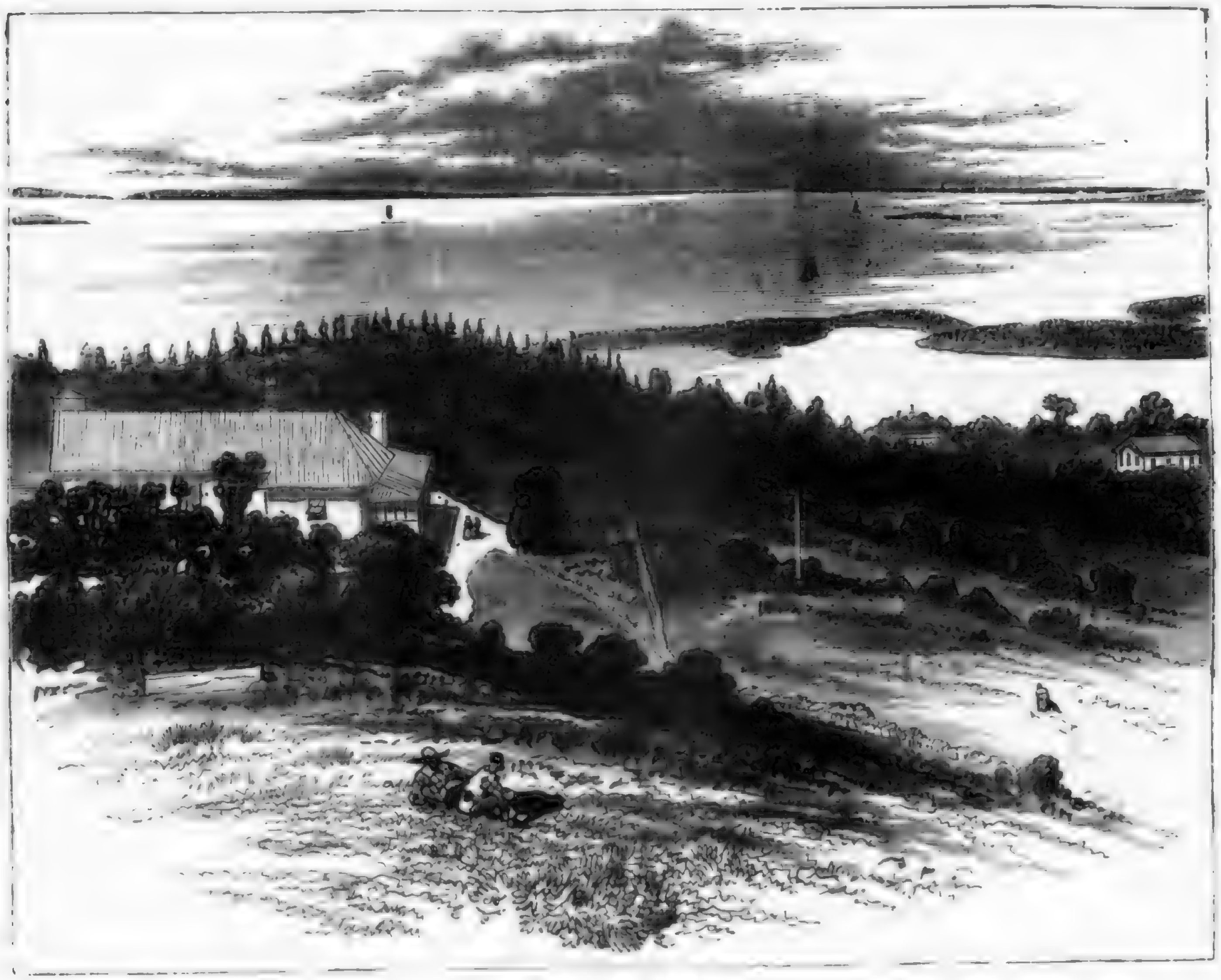
May's story of the wonderful beauty of the Bermudas stirred the spirit of adventure among the English, and, in 1609, when Virginia was beginning to be colonized, Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers sailed on a voyage of discovery with a fleet of nine ships. A great storm came up, the ships were widely scattered, and the vessel of the leaders, fittingly named the *Sea Adventure*, sprung a leak, and after a time was run ashore upon the Bermuda coast. The entire crew escaped. Turtles and shell-fish furnished food for the castaways, and they set about building ships. Many of the crew did not want to leave the island to which disaster had brought them. After the weary weeks upon the turbulent ocean, the islands seemed like Eden to them; and they were willing to live and die in that land of perpetual Summer. However, Sir George and Sir Thomas wanted to get to the colony in Virginia, and they blocked successfully the plans of several conspirators. On the 10th of May the boats were finished, and with a fair wind they sailed for the New World. The reached Jamestown after a pleasant voyage of thirteen days, and found the colonists there in terrible straits. Supplies were gone, and famine was upon them.

Sir George, who was a man of rare nobility, started back to Bermuda to found a settlement from whence supplies might be sent to the stricken colonists; but old age was upon him, his exertions had worn him out, and he had scarcely reached the islands when he died. His companions were terror-stricken, and, imagining the islands accursed, sailed away for England with the embalmed body of their leader. His heart, however, was buried in the little village which bears his name; and on a marble tablet there may be read this inscription:

NEAR THIS SPOT
WAS INTERRED, IN THE YEAR 1610, THE HEART OF THE
HEROIC ADMIRAL
SIR GEORGE SOMERS, KT.,
WHO NOBLY SACRIFICED HIS LIFE
TO CARRY SUCCOR
TO THE INFANT AND SUFFERING PLANTATION
NOW
THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.
TO PRESERVE HIS NAME TO FUTURE AGES
NEAR THE SCENE OF HIS MEMORABLE SHIPWRECK OF
1609,
THE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THIS COLONY FOR THE TIME BEING CAUSED THIS
TABLET TO BE ERECTED.
1876.

This memorial was raised by the good Governor

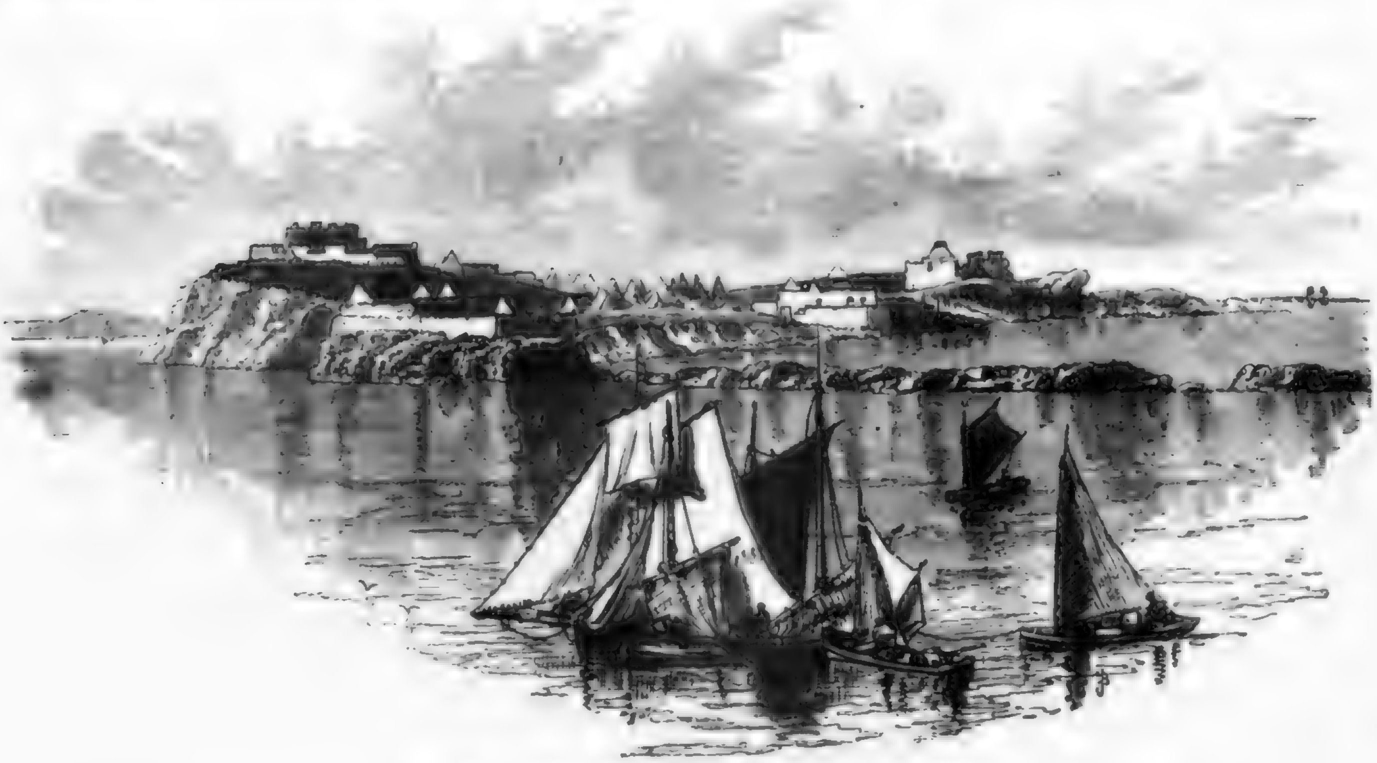
XUM



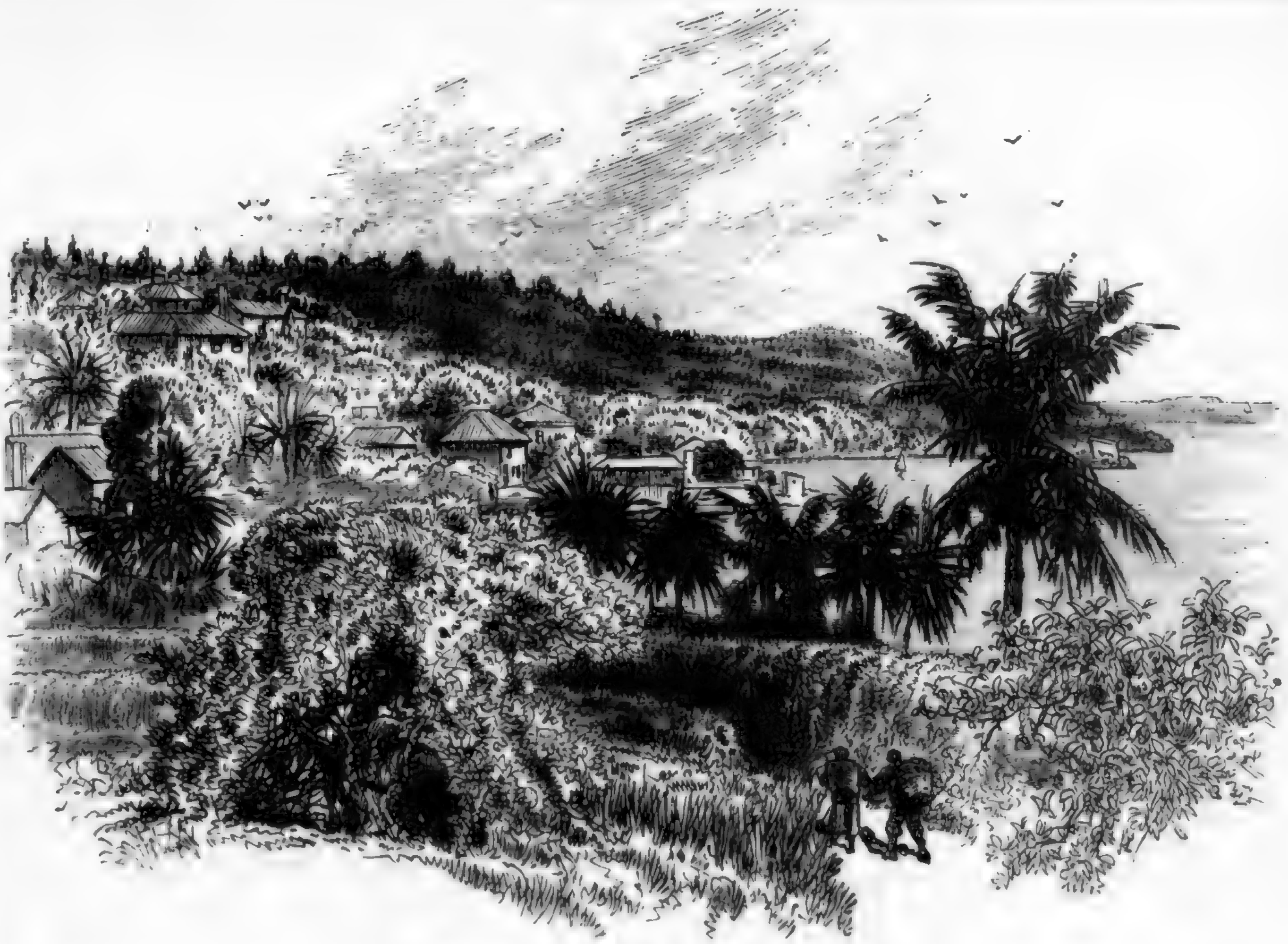
A VIEW FROM GIBB'S HILL.

Lefroy, whose name Bermudians always mention with affection and respect.

The travelers who returned to England told marvelous stories about the fertility of Bermudian lands. In 1610 a colonization company was formed in London, and sixty emigrants, in charge of Richard Moore, who was ap-



ST. GEORGE'S ISLAND, WITH ITS FORTIFICATIONS.



A VIEW FROM THE NORTH SHORE OF THE ISLAND.

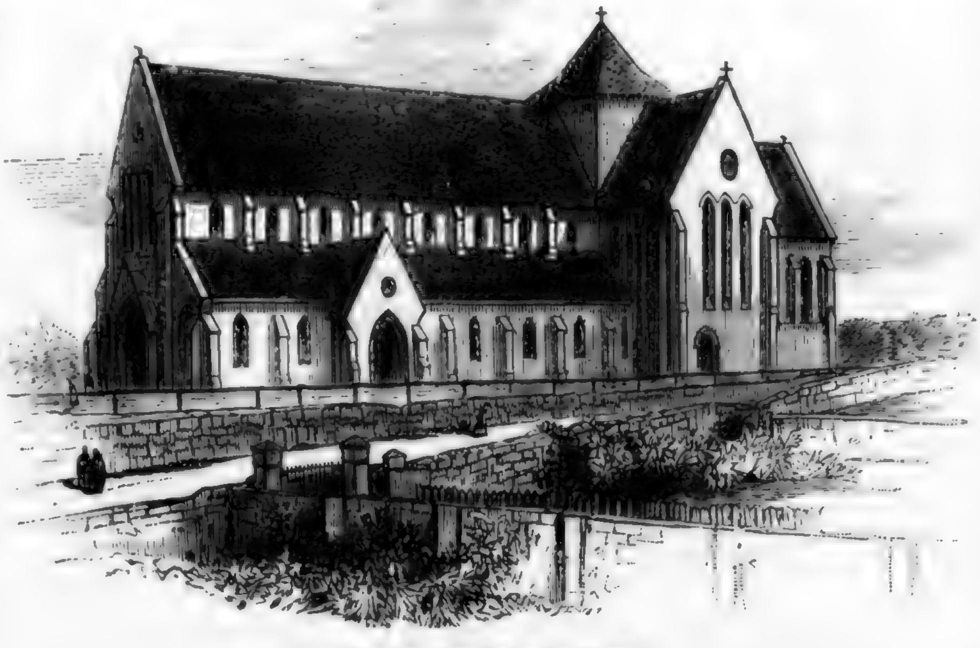
pointed governor of the islands, were sent out to the new land. Moore founded and named the town of St. George's; and for many years afterward the Bermudas were known upon maps as the Somers Islands. For 200 years St. George's was the capital of the country.

Governor Moore built forts for the protection of the harbor, and he had need of them; for pirates were common, and their ships often tried to enter the port. Emigrants came in numbers of 200 or 300 a year, when matters were fairly settled, and they quarreled constantly among themselves. Moore was not much of a governor, say the records, and after a time the English Government sent out Daniel Tucker, who was something of a tyrant, but full of energy. The cedars being the only native trees, Governor Tucker sent to the West Indies for pawpaws, pineapples, bananas, palms, sugar-cane and oranges; and also introduced slavery by procuring two bondmen, an Indian and a negro.

Tucker abused the settlers and treated them very much as slaves, and some of them ventured to sea in leaky ships, preferring the chance of drowning to such an existence as the stern commander led them.

About the year 1620 Tucker was recalled, and Governor Butler sent over in his stead; and this gentleman summoned a General Assembly, consisting of bailiffs, burgesses, clerks and secretaries. He also built forts, and undertook to connect the islands by bridges.

During the year that followed, the Bermudians multiplied and suffered much, as did the colonists in America. They had good governors and bad, and when the Revolutionary War began, the sympathies of the islanders were largely with the rebels in the colonies. General Washington wrote them a letter,



TRINITY CHURCH, HAMILTON.

and a large amount of powder was obtained from them, with which the American troops were able to make the British evacuate Boston.

At the close of the eighteenth century the Bermudians were prosperous and happy, the islands were blooming with fruits and flowers, and it seemed that the time of misery and starvation was ended. Since that time the Bermudians have multiplied largely in numbers, and their relations with our Government have always been cordial, save when the Civil War was raging, and the islands were the rendezvous of blockade-runners.

As time passed, hundreds of slaves were bought by the islanders, and they were kept in servitude until the liberation of all bondmen in the British Colonies took place. The war of the Revolution proved the importance of Bermuda as a naval station, and in 1810 the British began to build a dockyard on Ireland Island, and erect forts along the coast. It turned out to be a slow and expensive business; and in 1842 convicts were sent over to be used upon the works. Three hundred came in the first ship, and within six years there were 1,500 of them there. As time passed the beautiful islands became an awful penal colony—the home of more than 9,000 convicts. Many of them died with yellow fever in the dark hulks of stranded ships, where they were kept, and after a time their importation ceased, to the delight of the native-born Bermudians, who felt that their presence was like a fearful pestilence in the Isles of Summer.

Bermuda is the top of a submarine mountain about three miles high. The coral insects built up with their minute bodies to the very surface of the sea, and then the waves did the rest of it—washing into the central "pond" fragments of shells and corals, and forming, as ages passed, the peaks upon which the Bermudians have their homes. If the ocean could be emptied, the white houses of the island would rest high and dry upon a tremendous mountain, three miles from the bottom lands below. Fifteen miles to the north of the islands rises to-day a solitary rock, all that is left of a sunken Bermuda, over which the cedar trees waved their branches no one knows how many centuries ago.

When the erudite Mr. Wiggins manufactured his great storm a few years ago (in which, by-the-way, the present writer happened to be at sea), many of the Bermudian negroes thought, in fear, that the islands would all be submerged, and the lighthouse on Gibb's Hill left as a solitary monument, marking the place where once the islands raised their low hills above the wide waste of waters.

When the Bermudian wants to build a house, he scrapes away the earth, digs out the coral stone beneath, and uses it for bricks. This coral rock is soft when first exposed to the air, but as time passes it grows hard as marble; and the oldest house is always the strongest.

The excavation made by removing the stone, leaves a capital cellar. Building material is cheap, when it can be had for the digging, and so it happens that all Bermudians can dwell in marble halls. The stone house is the rule, the wooden dwelling a curiosity, in Bermuda.

There are no minerals on the islands, no stream of fresh water, no fresh water ponds. "What do you drink, and how do you live, then?" asks the stranger. "Very comfortably," says the native. According to a Government regulation every house must have its water tank; and it rains so often in the islands that there is an almost constant trickling from the clean stone roofs into the cool, delicious reservoirs below. The soil is always moist enough, and seems never to "run out," as would naturally be expected in so old a country. Almost everything grows upon it, except our apple trees, and the gardener tries faithfully to raise this northern fruit beside the waving palm and the banana stalk hung with its golden fruit.

I landed in Bermuda one day in March. The voyage had been rough, and the mercury was far below zero when I left New York. What a contrast, then, to wake up in Summer sunshine, to feel the warm breezes blowing from the sea, to behold streets lined with flowering oleanders, and hear the songs of birds upon the Pride of India trees.

It was in Hamilton, the capital city, a place of 2,000 people. The traveler who has just left our bustling America, is struck with the fact that no one seems in a hurry. At ten in the morning, scarcely half of the stores on Front Street, facing the bay, are open; and often at noonday the doors of the business houses are locked, while the proprietor goes away to take a rest. It is said that one merchant there has not had a consignment of goods since 1858, and still thinks that business is capital. It does not cost much to live in Bermuda, unless you happen to be a tourist.

Hamilton itself is interesting, but the country places far more attractive. The drives are beautiful, the landscape superb, every one courteous, and the air a very tonic, which sends the blood thrilling through the veins.

"You must see the north shore," says a friend who came to Bermuda before me, "and then you must go to St. George's, and everywhere else!"

This was indeed a programme with a vengeance; but when I thought that nineteen square miles might easily be covered in eight weeks, I took courage. However, there is probably no inhabited place of the same area in the world where there are so many things to interest. The wonders of the sea, the beauties of the land and sky, are on every hand, and no lover of nature in her most beautiful shapes and phases can suffer ennui there.

It was only a short walk to the north shore, where a stiff wind was blowing, which rustled the leaves of the palms, and sent the small ground doves, which were creeping about and cooing softly, to the shelter of the rocks and banks. Far out to sea the white caps were visible, and beyond them, on the horizon line, a tint of rose, delicate and illusive. Nearer was the deep blue of the ocean above the reefs; and in the quiet bays, at the foot of the cliffs, an emerald green possessed the water, and the ripples that burst in wavelets against the rocks, threw into the air millions of jewels more beautiful than those encircled by bands of gold. Far away to the right lay St. George's, dimly visible, and to the left loomed up the fortifications on Ireland Island, opposite rugged Spanish Point. Now and then white sails flew past in the distance, and one great ship came into view.

The road from Hamilton to the North Shore is picturesque and beautiful. To make it level passages have been cut through the hills, and often the walls thus made on either side are twenty, thirty or forty feet high. Flowering shrubs and the curious air-plant grow in the crevices, and the effect is unique and rarely beautiful.

Bermuda is divided into parishes—"tribes" they used to be called in the old days—and it is only a stone's throw from Hamilton to Paget. A negro ferryman, with a calabash cup for his contribution-box, rows slowly back and forth across the harbor all day long, and the landing-place is at a beautiful spot beneath the trees. The walk to the South Shore from there is shady and cool, leading past Paget Church, and through a lane to the blue ocean. On the South Shore is a smooth, hard beach, over which

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sea-bubbles, like marbles of amber, are rolled by the prevailing wind. At each end of the beach are huge cliffs, and here and there tremendous rocks that are slowly wasting away before the waves.

Tradition says that Shakespeare, having read Sir George Somers's account of the Bermudas, made the islands the scene of "The Tempest," and that *Prospero's* very cave was situated on this South Shore, where *Caliban* climbed over the rocks, and witches cast their spells.

The belief that Bermuda is the actual scene of "The Tempest" is founded largely on the reference in these lines, where the spirit tells his master that

> "Safely in harbor
> Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
> Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
> From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid!"

Song, *Ariel:*

> "Come unto these yellow sands,
> Full fathom five thy father lies;
> Of his bones are coral made:
> Those are pearls that were his eyes,
> Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

One of the loveliest excursions in Bermuda is from Hamilton to Tucker Town, and from there through Castle Harbor to St. George's. With a single square-sail set, we started in a whaleboat one bright April day from the little dock in Tucker Town, bound first for Castle Island. We beat about for a long time, and finally landed on the point of the mainland. We found rude steps cut in the rock, and clambered up to the smooth plain above, where grasses were growing, and innumerable seagulls flying over head. Under this point is a cave, known as the "Queen's White Hall," on a level with the sea. We entered this at low tide, and found therein a hard sand floor. Seagulls nest in the Hall, and their piercing screams and fluttering wings soon drove us out with fingers in our ears.

It was a short sail from there to Castle Island, upon which are built great fortifications, now in ruins. Early in the seventeenth century, when the buccaneers made constant raids upon Bermuda, the Government built these great forts, commanding the entrance to the harbor. Once, however, the bold pirates captured the island, and for a long time held the fortifications. The deep paths worn in the coral stone by their heavy boots as they walked back and forth across the island can still be seen, now partly hidden from view by waving grasses.

Beyond Castle Island are Nonesuch and Cooper Islands. These we passed swiftly, for the wind was fresh, and rounding St. David's Head, a magnificent promontory, against which the waves beat with terrific force, we entered the Narrows and sailed along the coast to St. George's, and finally ended our excursion in the quaint hotel overlooking the bay.

Near St. George's is the Island of St. David's. Every one must go there before he leaves Bermuda, to see the old lighthouse which casts its warning glow over many miles of sea, and to talk with the aged negro, who, with only a solitary donkey for companionship, has never left the little island even to visit St. George's, plainly seen across the water.

It is twelve miles from St. George's to Hamilton. The road is as smooth as a floor, now through great walls of solid rock, now along the brilliant sea, and then through groves of palm, cedar and orange-trees. On the way is a place called the Devil's Cave, a fit abode for such monsters as the ancient readers of Bermudian tales supposed to dwell in these islands. It is a great cave in the rocks, filled with water which runs beneath the island from the sea, rising and falling with the tide. It is alive with groupers whose half human faces are appalling, with small sharks, a devil-fish or two, and schools of angel-fish, looking strangely out of place among "the toilers of the deep."

The coral reefs are full of interest. Williams, a negro of magnificent form and features, who is gaining as wide a reputation as far-away Moses, knows where the rarest corals lie, and enjoys a coral search as much as the novice. He took me to the inner reefs one day, and with a sea-glass I looked for hours into the blue depths. One can seen the bottom of the harbor distinctly beneath forty feet of water in Bermuda, so clear it is, and free from floating weeds and refuse. There were corals in all conceivable forms and shapes; certain growths in the form of elk horns, others in the shape of bells, and huge pieces of brain coral, delicately fashioned, and surrounded by sea-grasses, among which floated fishes of brilliant coloring. Once a huge shark sailed by, guided by a striped pilot-fish, the "sergeant major" of Bermudians; and the angel-fish, radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, swam fearlessly to our boat.

But it is not on the inner reefs that one sees the rarest of the coral formations. Eight or nine miles from shore are the outer reefs, where coral-hunters have not gone, and thither, with pilot Scott of Mangrove Bay, we sailed to see the wonders of the deep. From the yellow beach, past Daniel's Head, ruggedly facing the incessant rush and sweep of the billows, and on and on to the far-away buoy at Chubb's Cut, where lies the channel for ocean steamers.

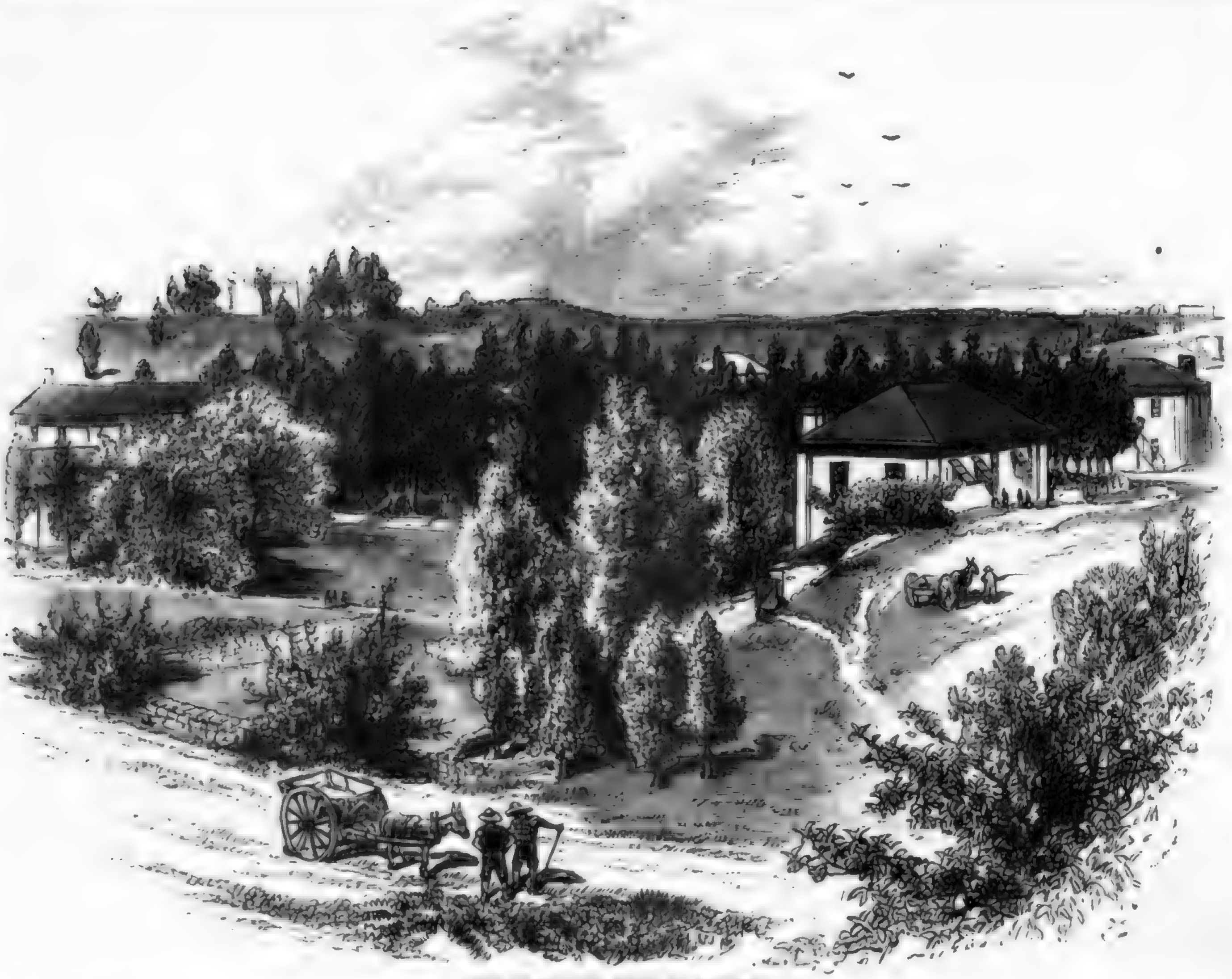
It was smooth and clear that day. Scarcely a ripple stirred the placid ocean, and for an hour or more we looked down upon the most wonderful of coral shapes. The sea-urchins and sea-anemones grow there to enormous sizes, the former with silvery spines more than a foot in length, protecting the creatures very effectively from the assaults of larger things in search of prey.

We wished to stay there until the sun went down; but the islands were so far away that only the white houses could be seen, and they looked like a little Venice in the sea. A strong wind blew up, the waves grew large and boisterous, and pilot Scott had to stiffen his muscles and beat the water quickly to save our small craft from capsizing. It was dark when we reached Mangrove Bay and crossed to Boaz Island, where the *Moondyne* was waiting for her evening passengers to Hamilton.

Bermuda contains caves of the most marvelous beauty. None are of great extent; but when one climbs down into the cool depths of Walsingham Cave near St. George's, and lights his cedar boughs beside the underground lake of salt sea water, he thinks of the wonderful grottoes of Eastern tales. It is still as a dungeon; and the lake, under the light of the blazing boughs, glistens and shimmers like a great emerald in a setting of the whitest marble.

To see one cave is to see them all—Jacob's, Convolvulus and the rest.

The Governor of Bermuda is appointed by the Crown, and the people, under a property qualification, choose a Council and House of Assembly, which meet in a large Government building. Their sessions are long and exciting. Strict party lines divide the voters, and no American legislator can improvise more flowery and inspiring periods than the assemblyman of the islands. The governor has the power of veto; and after all the



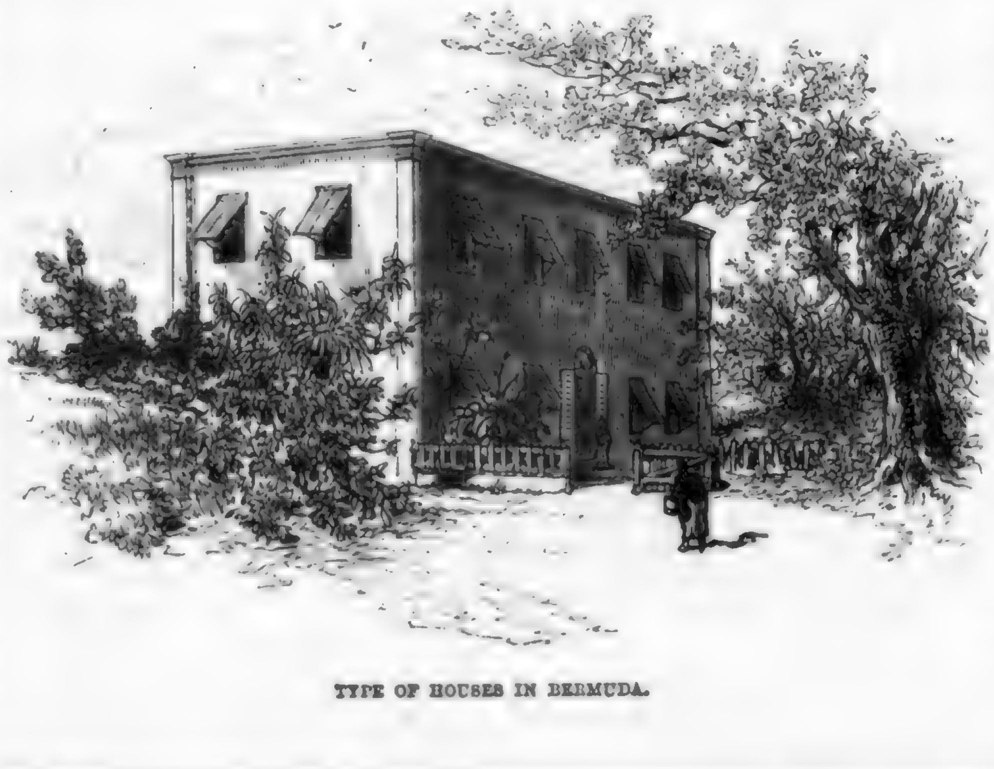
THE BARRACKS NEAR HAMILTON.

talking about popular rights and the terrible corruption of the opposition or the Government, as the case may be, a scratch of his pen settles it.

Bermuda is garrisoned by regular troops, and the officers have gay times and nothing to do except at the stated parades. Realizing the importance of the place as a naval station, strict discipline is maintained among the soldiers, and the fortifications are always being strengthened and enlarged. The foreign power which attacks the islands will find "a hard nut to crack."

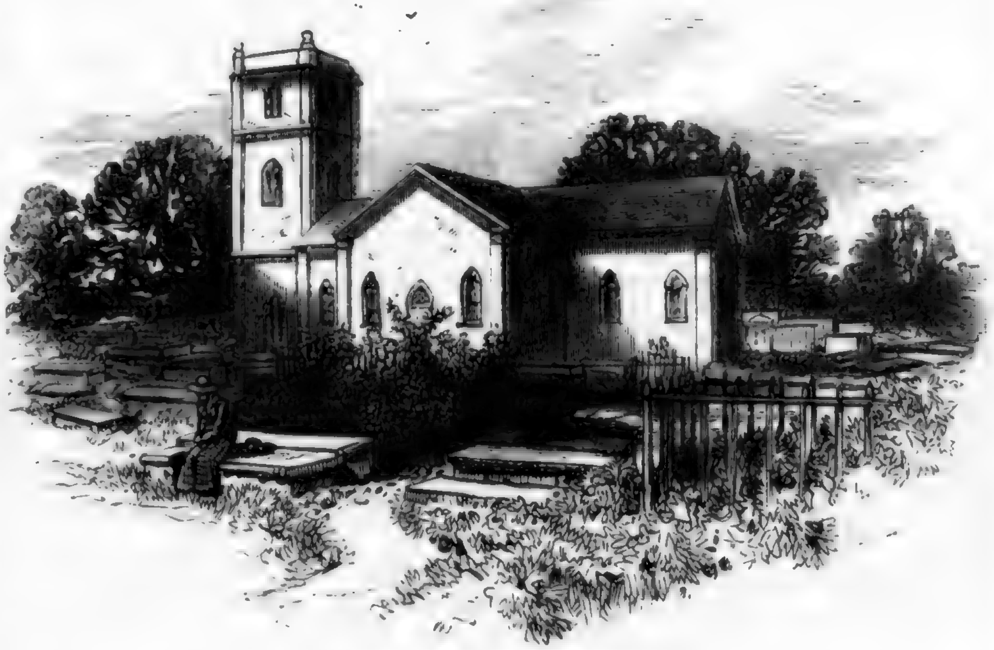
The Bermudian people are universally hospitable and courteous, whites and blacks alike. The slaves were emancipated so long ago, that the slave spirit is outgrown, and the negroes have equal rights with the whites, and all citizens respect them. There is no squalid poverty among them, and they are happy and contented, with a bearing very different from that of their fellows among us.

Bermuda has her pet traditions, and she is very proud of them. Not only did Shakespeare visit her in spirit, but Edmund Waller the poet, and Tom Moore himself once dwelt in the happy islands. Moore was appointed Registrar to the Admiralty and now and then had to try a captured sailor or two, while he prayed and waited for a war with Spain which was to make him rich and content. Tom Moore led a not unpleasant life in the islands, but his letters home were full of longing and complaints. There were no



TYPE OF HOUSES IN BERMUDA.

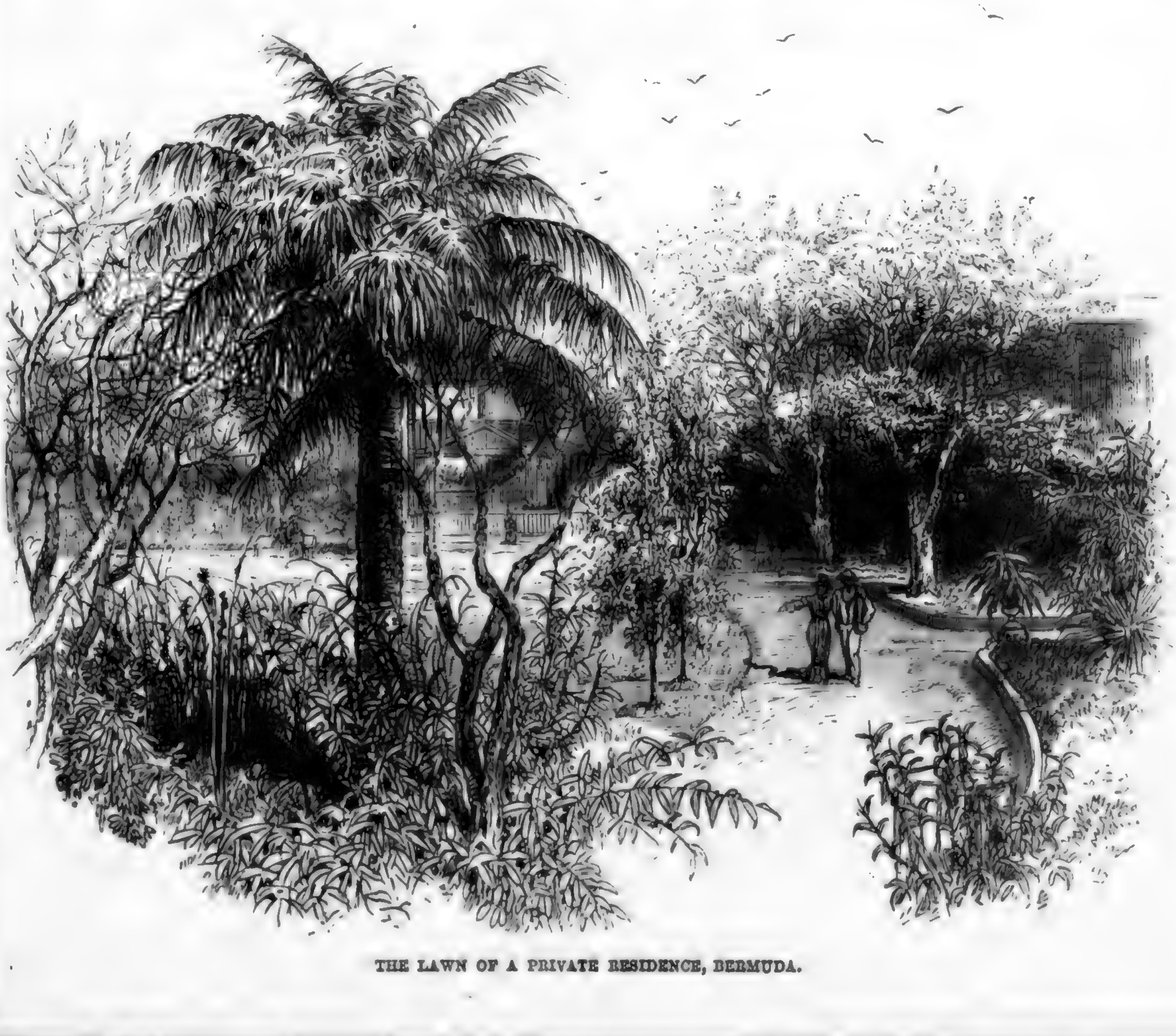
beautiful women in Bermuda, at least none save one — the "Nea" of his songs — whom he tried to coax in verses from her happy clime. The people were not educated, and knew nothing of dancing except what might have been taught now and then at long intervals by a stranded dancing master, thrown overboard like Jonah. It is truth to say that the worst of Moore's poems were written in Bermuda; but that is nothing. They were good enough, and the islands were honored by his presence for about a year, when he tired of his duties, and set sail for New York. He found that city more unbearable than the Summer Isles, and hied himself away to England.



A COUNTRY CHURCH, BERMUDA.

Few people will be as fastidious as the poet; they will find in Bermuda the rarest enjoyment, delighting in the sea and air and sky and earth; with a climate whose restorative powers can scarcely be excelled. There the tired American, weary with the work of trade and offices; weary of the feverish struggle and competition ever going on around him, will find among the cedars of these isles the rest and strength and happiness which will cause his Bermudian days to be held in blessed remembrance for ever.

Surely if he visits the islands he will not accuse us of exaggeration.



THE LAWN OF A PRIVATE RESIDENCE, BERMUDA.

XUM

A SONG BEFORE THE MIRROR.

Young men, I am surprised indeed
A flower like me so sweet should show,
A flower like me should bud and blow,
And run to seed, and run to seed.

You think I shall expensive be
In bonnets and in dresses fine,
And things that follow in that line—
Hair-dressing, shawls and pin money.

So let me hasten to unfold:
These are a temporary prop
That I shall easily let drop
When put into another mold.

Long while in bud, when Summer came
I made the air quite fragrant near;
And Autumn—how I dread to hear
The mention of that horrid name!

There is a line beyond to go—
I do not the equator mean,
But quite another kind of seam,
Woven with number three and "O"—

A bourne from whence a bright return
To Hymen's land is very rare;
It is a fate, I do declare,
I have not half deserved to earn.

Young men, I am surprised indeed
A flower like me so sweet should show,
A flower like me should bloom and blow,
And run to seed, and run to seed.

A MATCH-MAKING SCHEME.

By Christian Reid.

I.

Oliver Hammersley had been wandering about Europe for a good many years, with the idleness of one who, having no particular object in life, is rather at a loss what to do with himself. He possessed what are known as "cultivated tastes," and he extracted, no doubt, a good deal of gratification from their cultivation; but he had no such passion for knowledge, no such love for art, as to find in either a satisfying end for his energies of mind or body. To a gentleman of ample means and such a disposition, there is always the resource of pleasure, but no one has ever been able to affirm that it is likely to prove very satisfactory in its final results; and after some time there gradually arose in Mr. Hammersley's mind a conclusion akin to that which King Solomon long ago set forth for the instruction of the world. It chanced that just at the time when this conviction of the vanity and emptiness of things in general was pressing upon him most strongly, his trusted man of business in America died, and, relieved to be called upon by something in the form of a duty, he sailed for his native shores, and in due course of time appeared in the Atlantic city which was his nominal home.

His arrival made a slight sensation. The time had been when society was in a certain sense at his feet, and when much had been expected from one who had inherited an old name and a large estate. But he had disappointed those expectations. He had not married any of the women who were considered suitable to him, he had shut up his house, he had lived abroad, and rumors had come of his being in the train of more than one of those foreign enchantresses, whose fame now and then reaches even republican ears. Altogether, he had behaved in a manner which caused society to shake its head over him; though it was not difficult to foretell that the same society would welcome him warmly when he returned from voluntary exile, still wealthy, still handsome, and still a bachelor!

His immediate relations and friends were unfeignedly glad to see him, for he was a man whom every one who knew him intimately, liked. Among these relatives the person whom *he* liked best was his cousin, Laura Archer, a gay, pretty girl whom he had petted ever since the days of her childhood, and who on her part described herself as "perfectly devoted" to him. Nor was the phrase in this case unmeaning. She was as fond and as proud of him as possible; but soon after his return she was struck by something in his face and manner which made her sure that he had exhausted much of his capacity for enjoying life. "I suppose a man does become honestly *blasé* after a while, when he has nothing to think of but his own pleasure," she said to herself. And then followed a natural feminine conclusion: "He ought to marry."

It was easier to decide this, however, than to tell *whom* he ought to marry. Laura went over the whole list of her acquaintances, but could think of no one who united all the qualities necessary for Mrs. Oliver Hammersley. Beauty, intelligence, grace and high-breeding—all these things were essential, and if any one fancies that such a combination is easily to be found, even in the highest ranks of fashion, he or she can best discover the difficulty by attempting to find it. Laura was almost in despair when she received a letter from her friend Helen Vivian, concerning whom it is now essential to say a few words.

Miss Vivian had been for a period of not less than five or six years, perhaps the most beautiful and certainly the most brilliant woman of her day. The only child of a father who idolized her, and who had given her every advantage, she had achieved a social reputation wide enough to satisfy the most exacting vanity. But this reputation was not at all that of a coquette. Although said to be the most fascinating of women, she was also said to be the most difficult to please, and no man had ever been able to affirm that he had succeeded in pleasing her. Her friends deplored this as unfortunate when by the sudden death of her father she was left in a very unprotected position. Though not a wealthy man—proving, indeed, to possess very little fortune—he had always lived in public life, had surrounded his daughter with every luxury, and had taken pride beyond expression in her beauty, her wit, her social triumphs. On his death she entered the family of an uncle, where all these conditions were reversed, and where she found herself surrounded by an atmosphere of jealousy which not even good-breeding was able to conceal. Perceiving it, she tried to fall into the background; but her position had been won, her reputation was assured, and after her first mourning was over she found that nothing would avail to secure seclusion for her. Go where she would, do what she would, she monopolized attention to the complete eclipse of her more ordinary cousins, and the consequences of this were so unpleasant on both sides, that at last she thought, "I will go away for a time. Perhaps something may occur; things may be better when I return."

So it came to pass that she wrote to her friend Laura Archer that she would spend a month or so with her. The letter came to Laura like a ray of inspiration. She clasped her hands. "Why have I not thought of it before?" she said. "Here is the woman!"

A day or two later Mr. Hammersley entered his cousin's pretty sitting-room, where she played at many occupations. China-painting, oil-painting, brass-hammering and wood-carving had each in turn its day. At the present she was engaged in nothing more formidable than artistic embroidery, and she looked up from a large piece of Kensington work to say:

"Oh, Cousin Oliver, how glad I am to see you! I have been wishing for you! I have some news to tell you!"

"Good news, I hope!" said Mr. Hammersley, sinking into a chair. "I am rather dull, and anything interesting will be welcome."

"It is *very* good news to me," said Laura, "and I think it will be likely to interest you; at least I know that you are always interested in charming women, and the most charming woman I know is coming to see me."

Mr. Hammersley did not look at all electrified by the announcement. "I am not sure that I am very much interested in charming women," he said; "who is she?"

"Helen Vivian. Of course you have heard of her, but I doubt if you have ever seen her."

"No," he answered, with awakening animation; "I have never seen her, though I have heard much of her. Is it possible she is unmarried yet? She was a reigning belle when I was in America four years ago."

"That was in the days of her glory," said Laura. 'Poor Helen! she has been under a cloud of late. When her father died all her brilliant life came to an end—for a time. But I hope she is herself again now." Then this transparent schemer ended, fervently: "I am so anxious for you to see her!"

"Don't be!" said Mr. Hammersley, smiling. "If ever I had a fancy for women of her order, I have outlived it altogether. Nothing pleases me less now than what is called a belle."

"But if a woman is brilliant and beautiful she will certainly be admired; and if she is admired people will call her a belle," said Laura. "How can she help it? I assure you that Helen never seeks admiration."

"Ah!" said her cousin, smiling still; "perhaps I am a little skeptical, but I do not think that fame comes unsought, even to beautiful women. However, I am not venturing to condemn young ladies who are belles—I am only saying that the type is not according to my taste, which, unfortunately, grows more fastidious every day."

"You are are very unjust," said Laura; "but I will not be vexed. It is only necessary that you should see Helen to laugh at your own words."

"That is very likely," said Mr. Hammersley. "I have often had to laugh at them, and to eat them, too. Can you bring your friend out to Artondale for a week or so in June? I will have a party of pleasant people to meet you, and the place is looking lovely this Spring."

"I shall be delighted to do so; but don't let any stupid people creep into the party!"

"You can make the list yourself. I am rather out of date in social matters. I shall only make one contribution in the person of a young foreigner who is at present staying with me."

"Who is he? You have not mentioned him before."

"No." Mr. Hammersley was silent for a moment, then he said: "The fact is, there is a story connected with him which I would not have known on any account; but I will tell it to you in strict confidence, because I really believe that, although a daughter of Eve, you can keep a secret."

"Try me!" said Laura, proudly. "You have no idea *how* close I can be!"

"Well, the young man is a German—Count Rudolph von Wildenort—whom I have known for some time as a rather reckless *viveur*, and whom I chanced to meet a month or so ago on the eve of blowing out his brains. It would be a long story to tell how I gained his confidence and learned that he was on the point of absolute financial ruin—more than that, he was not able to pay certain debts of honor, and hence suicide was the only alternative—to his view. I had always liked him, and my sympathy was excited. There were excuses for his folly. He was young, mercurial, tempted in many ways, and I felt inclined to be a little quixotic. I induced him to defer blowing out his brains; I lent him the money to pay his debts, and I brought him off to America in order that he might have time to reflect and decide on his future."

"My dear cousin," said Laura, with kindling eyes, "how kind, how generous you are!"

"No," he said, quickly, "don't put the matter in that light. I should never have told the facts to you; I should have left you, like the rest of the world, to imagine that Von Wildenort is merely a distinguished foreigner traveling in this country; but you will be thrown with him closely. He is very attractive and——"

"And you are afraid that I might fall in love with him," said Laura, laughing.

"I would not bring you into such an association without telling you the truth," said her cousin, gravely. "That told, I am sure that I may trust your good sense and discretion. But remember—not a word of this to any one!"

"You can trust me implicitly. I would not give a hint for the world. It is so pleasant to feel that one knows more than any one else. But you should not keep such an interesting person hidden, you should present him to me."

"He has not been in good spirits since his arrival. The uncertainty of his future preys upon his mind, I think, and he seems to shrink from society; but you will meet him when you come out to Artondale, if not before."

II.

In the course of a few days Miss Vivian arrived. Laura received her with effusion, and decided at once that retirement had added to her beauty.

"If Cousin Oliver does not surrender as soon as he sees her," that eager girl said to herself, "I shall give him up in despair, and hope that he may die a miserable old bachelor."

The gentleman thus consigned in case of insensibility did not make his appearance for two or three days after Miss Vivian's arrival. This, however, was not from any indifference with regard to her, but was owing to the fact that he was out of town. Laura waited for the meeting with some anxiety, but was wise enough to make no effort to bring it about, and at last it occurred in a sufficiently accidental and auspicious manner.

The occasion was a boat-race, when all the fashionable world was fringing the shore of a beautiful water-stretch, along which the needle-like boats would presently dart. During the hour of waiting, which preluded the final fifteen minutes of excitement, the Archer carriage was surrounded by a constant though shifting throng. Laura herself was pretty and popular; but Miss Vivian was the chief attraction, as she sat in her tranquil beauty and grace, dressed most becomingly, with a Gainsborough hat framing her lovely face. In the midst of the interchange of gay words and laughter, Laura's bright eyes roving here and there over the crowd. suddenly caught

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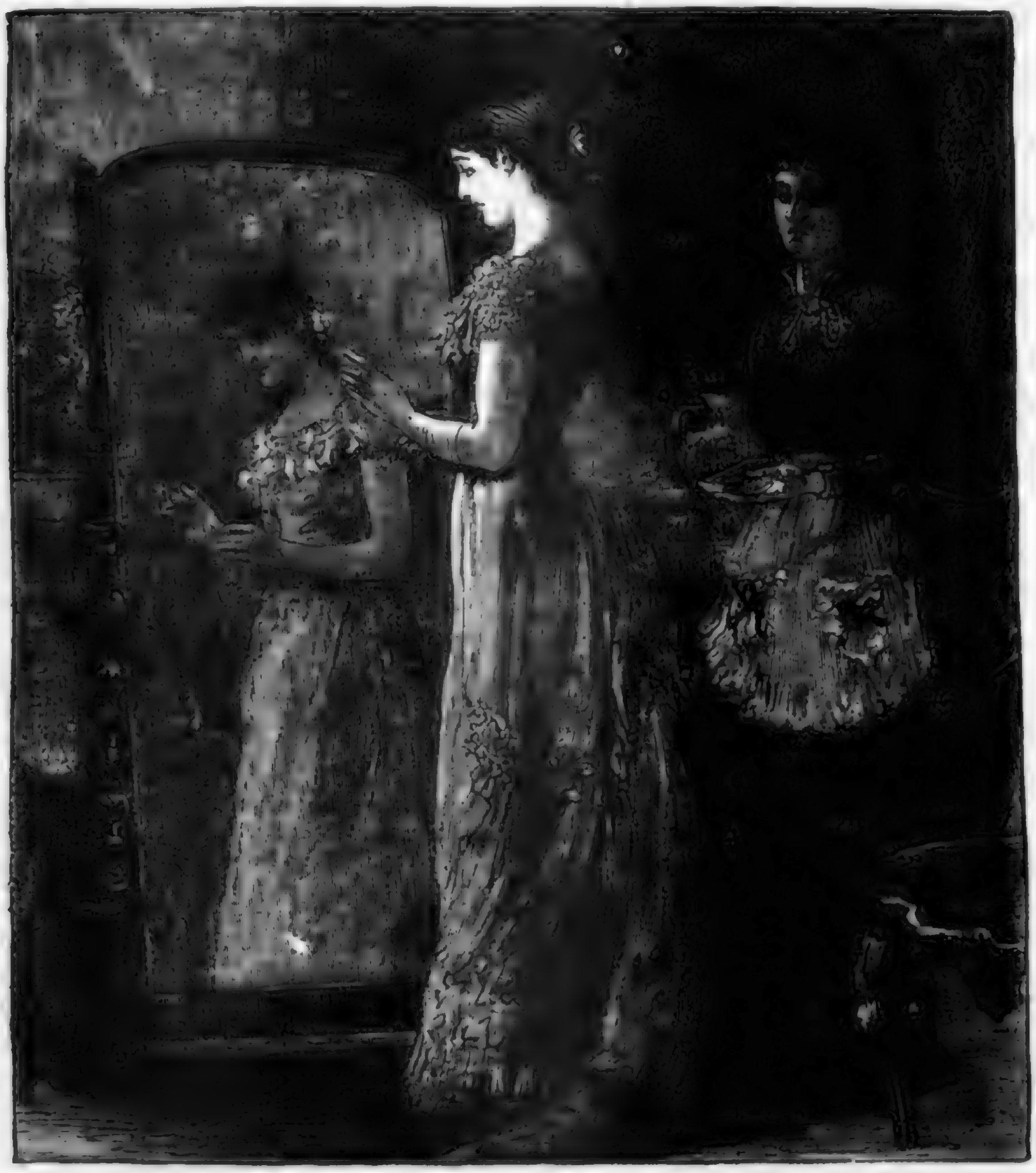
sight of a gentleman passing near, and uttering an exclamation, she beckoned imperatively.

"What, Cousin Oliver," she said, as he came up to the carriage, "is it to be a cut direct? Were you going to pass by on the other side?"

"I did not observe that this was your carriage," replied Mr. Hammersley, with a smile. "I was on my way to see the crews put off. I used to be a boating man myself, and therefore I am always interested in an event of the kind."

"Instead of going down to see the crews put off, come up here," said Laura, indicating a place on the box-seat, "and tell us which will win, and which rows in best—form, do you call it? I believe you have not met Miss Vivian yet. Helen, let me present my cousin, Mr. Hammersley."



A SONG BEFORE THE MIRROR.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 30.

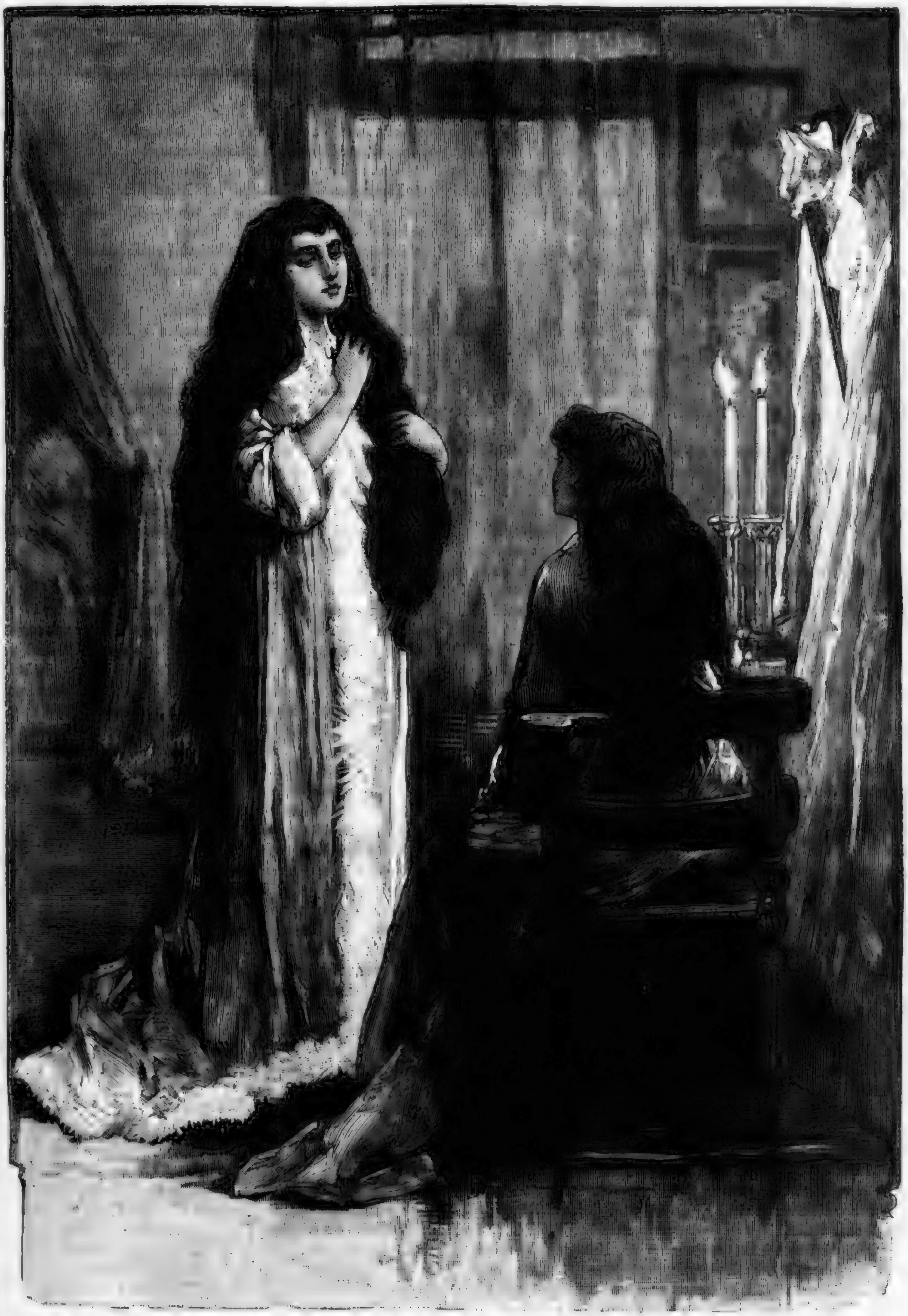
Helen turned—she had been talking to some one on the other side of the carriage—and acknowledged the introduction, while Mr. Hammersley looked at her and thought that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen—and he had seen many beautiful women. What an exquisite line her profile made; what a glance of dark lustre she turned upon him, and what a proud grace was in her every movement! She was certainly a superb creature, full of spirit as a thoroughbred horse, he admitted to himself, as he accepted Laura's invitation and mounted to the box. Then Miss Archer at once determined to place Helen by his side.

"I insist upon your taking my seat," she said to her friend; "I want you to see how well the Kelpie crew row—and Cousin Oliver can give you the proper points."

"Since you are interested in one of the crews, and I am thoroughly neutral, I think you ought to keep the best position," said Miss Vivian.

But when Laura insisted, she was too well-bred to refuse; so in the course of a few minutes she was seated by Mr. Hammersley, and the young match-maker was chattering volubly to the staff of gentlemen below.

"If you are thoroughly neutral, I am afraid you are not much interested in the race," said Mr. Hammersley, feeling that it rested with him to open the conversation, and wondering how much of her matrimonial plan Laura had confided to this regal beauty.



A MATCH-MAKING SCHEME.—"LAURA WATCHED HER IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT AS SHE BEGAN TO TAKE DOWN THE SOFT MASSES OF HAIR. 'HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE, HELEN!' SHE SAID."—SEE PAGE 30.

"Do you think it necessary for interest that one should be a partisan?" she asked. "I think my interest in the race *as* a race, will be greater because I do not care at all which crew wins."

"I venture to disagree with you," said the gentleman. "You may enjoy the race more, but your interest in it will not be as keen. Partisans have proverbially stronger feeling than those who are neutral."

"Perhaps so—but it is much more comfortable to be neutral. I do not like excitement; and if one's feelings are strongly enlisted one must of necessity become excited."

"You do not like excitement? Most young ladies like it very much."

"I am unlike most young ladies, then. If I had to choose between dullness and excitement, I should prefer dullness. I dislike emotion of any kind."

"That is probably because you are very susceptible to it," he said, with a quick glance at her.

She smiled a little.

"Perhaps so," she said. "But the boats are starting. Now I shall see how susceptible to excitement *you* are."

"My days of excitement are over," he said. "Those dangerous guides, the feelings, quiet down very much as one grows older. Will you stand, Miss Vivian? You can see better."

Miss Vivian stood up, and with the assistance of his field-glass watched the race, which was very closely contested, and when it was over she smiled at the exultation of Laura, whose crew had won.

"Partisanship has its rewards now and then," said Mr. Hammersley. "See her delight in victory!"

"But think of the corresponding sadness of defeat," said Miss Vivian. "On the whole, I prefer the even tenor of neutrality."

"You two seem to have gone very deep into things," said Laura, who caught the closing words of her friend's speech. "What is the even tenor of neutrality? Nothing dreadful, I hope—but whether you take Helen's advice or not you'll come home to dinner with us, won't you, Cousin Oliver?"

"I regret that I cannot have that pleasure," said Mr. Hammersley, descending from the carriage; "but I shall see you this evening."

The evening was nearly over before he fulfilled this promise, and appeared in the Archer drawing-room.

Laura's anxiety had increased as time went on—for she said to herself, "If he does not come it will mean that he was not interested"—until at last she started perceptibly when a final peal of the door-bell sounded, and the admirer to whom she had been talking with a very distracted attention, felt a sensation of relief when he saw Mr. Hammersley enter, and knew by the lighting up of her face that *he* was the manifestly expected man.

The laggard gentleman made his apologies very easily.

"Obliged to go to the boating dinner, or I should have appeared earlier," he said. "A bore? Yes—but most things are bores, and I used to belong to them. I should not have gone, however, if I had imagined that they would call upon me for a speech."

"I see that you feel very injured," laughed Laura. "Go and let Helen smooth your ruffled plumes."

"I should not imagine her accomplished in that art," said Hammersley, as he looked at Miss Vivian, who sat at the other end of the room, surrounded by a circle of men. But, before Laura could answer, he had moved across the floor and joined the group.

An hour later he acknowledged to himself as he left the house, that in all his varied experience of women he had never met one who with so little perceptible effort was able to charm so thoroughly as the woman from whom he had just parted, whose brilliant eyes still shone before him, and whose musical tones still sounded in his ears.

Meanwhile, when the last guest had departed and the evening was over, Laura followed her friend to her chamber, and began without circumlocution:

"What do you think of my cousin, Helen?"

"Your cousin?" repeated Miss Vivian. "Oh, Mr. Hammersley! I think him very agreeable—if a little *blasé* and affected."

"I do not think he is affected," said Laura. "He may be a little *blasé*—but it is honest; he is not foolish enough to affect it."

"Perhaps not," said her friend. "Forgive my hasty opinion. He is very cultivated, and I am sure I shall like him."

Laura watched her in silence for a moment as she began to take down the soft masses of her hair; the clear-cut face, the statue-like head, the ivory skin, and proud, dark eyes—all a fascination to the girl. Finally, she said, impulsively:

"How beautiful you are, Helen—how very beautiful! Don't you ever mean to marry?"

"That depends upon circumstances," answered Helen, calmly. "If the right man presents himself, I may marry; if not, I hope I have fortitude enough to be an old maid."

"*You* an old maid!" said Laura. "I cannot fancy anything so absurd. You will certainly never be an old maid, and I do not believe that you will ever marry an ordinary man. Now, I think—forgive me!—that my cousin would suit you very well."

"So that is your scheme, is it?" said the other, with a smile. "It is very kind of you; for I know what you think of your cousin."

"You know what I think of my cousin, but you don't know what I think of you," said Laura, quickly. "I am not so selfish as to think of my cousin alone. Helen, you cannot be happy in your present life, and you ought to have a brilliant position in the world."

"I can do without it, my dear," said Helen. "Happy? No, I cannot say that I am happy, but I certainly am not miserable; and I suppose there are worse states than to be in a neutral condition."

"There may be worse states, no doubt; but there is also a better one."

"If you mean the state of matrimony, I am not sure that I agree with you. My present condition has freedom at least to recommend it."

"But marriage does not always mean slavery; and if you were in love—Why do you shake your head? You are a woman like other women, I suppose. It is not impossible that you should be in love."

"Not impossible, it may be; but very improbable. Therefore, my dear, be warned and build no castle in the air about me."

"You are very provoking, but you are also very charming," replied Laura. "I cannot refrain from building a castle, and from setting you in it as queen. Oh, Helen, it would be so perfect!"

"Nothing is perfect," replied Helen. "You might find me as unsatisfactory as a cousin as you think me charming as a friend. Now good-night, for I do not like to lose my beauty-sleep."

Laura said good-night and went away; but Miss Vivian's eyes did not close in sleep for some time after

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her departure. When Laura left her, she continued to sit quite motionless, thinking deeply—passing in review her past, her present, and her possible future—and when at last she rose, she had decided that if Mr. Hammersley's evident admiration should tend to its natural conclusion, she would marry him if she could.

III.

ARTONDALE in its June garb was certainly a beautiful place. The large stone house, abounding in modern luxury and comfort, was the centre of a wide domain of velvet lawns and spreading gardens, while these in turn were encircled by woods of considerable extent. It had long been esteemed by those who were acquainted with it, one of the most delightful places to visit in the neighborhood of the city, and the fact that it had been shut up for several years gave a character of novelty to the party now bidden to come and be elegantly rural for a week or two of Summer. Not one of the people included in the list which Laura made out for her cousin, declined Mr. Hammersley's hospitality. One or two agreeable married women, two or three belles of the closing season, and half a dozen men of fashionable position, made up the party. They were all people who moved in exactly the same circle and who knew each other so well that they might have been rather at a loss for some element of novelty had not the presence of Miss Vivian and of Mr. Hammersley's foreign guest contributed it.

The former commanded her usual degree of social homage, which she received with gracious tranquillity. Watching her, Mr. Hammersley acknowledged that Laura had been right in saying that she made no effort to win the admiration which was offered her like incense. It might have intoxicated a novice, but Helen Vivian had reigned too long to be moved by it. Her princess-like calm, her grace and dignity, charmed the man who had seen so much of the world, and who knew the value of such qualities. Yes, he acknowledged to himself, Laura had judged more wisely than he had believed. Here was indeed the ideal mistress for Artondale and wife for himself.

But even Miss Vivian's charms did not divert general interest from the stranger whom Mr. Hammersley presented to his friends as a distinguished foreigner come to see something of American life and society. There could be no doubt that the stamp of the highest European society was set upon the man whose splendid type of blonde beauty, and mingled air of courtier and soldier arrested every woman's eye. And not women's alone. Men also acknowledged the attraction which he exercised. They found him accomplished in every way: as man of the world, soldier, sportsman and even scholar; for a man of letters in the party discovered that his own knowledge of literature was by no means so wide as that of this man of pleasure. Altogether, he was a product of the highest civilization.

He fascinated Laura at once, and she admitted to herself that her cousin's warning might prove of no effect if he should evince any sign of yielding to her attractions. But no such sign appeared. Von Wildenort was, perhaps, on his guard against possible complications in a society of which as yet he did not understand the canons. He treated every lady as if she were a grandduchess, but neither his tones nor his handsome blue eyes ever softened with faintest indication of that sentiment which is supposed to come so easily to the German nature.

But that they could express admiration there was no doubt, and Laura soon perceived that they lingered on Miss Vivian very often, although he made no effort to gain a place in the circle that usually surrounded her.

"You find her very handsome, do you not?" Miss Archer asked one day, observing that while she talked to him he was watching Helen.

He started a little, but answered, promptly: "Oh, she is more than handsome. It is the grand style of beauty which she has—beauty like a goddess or a queen. I should like to see her blazing with diamonds at a court-ball."

"Yes, she is the kind of woman one associates with diamonds and court-balls," said Laura, smiling. "She should marry a minister to some foreign court. I wish it were possible to induce Cousin Oliver to go in for that sort of thing."

She was not aware how she had betrayed herself until she caught her companion's glance.

"And is that arranged?" he asked, quietly. "I have suspected it!"

"Arranged?—Oh, no! We don't arrange matters of the kind in this country; "we let them arrange themselves," answered Laura, with a laugh. "But I confess that I should like to see this come to pass. Miss Vivian would suit my cousin so well."

"And your cousin is of that opinion, I think," said Von Wildenort.

"You observe a good deal," said Laura, looking at him, scrutinizingly.

"It is very easy observing things of that kind," he replied. "I am well used to it. But Miss Vivian is indifferent to every one."

"Yes," said Laura, with a sigh. "I am afraid she is. I wish it were possible to move her indifference."

"Oh, I think it might be possible," said Von Wildenort, carelessly.

His tone did not please Laura, but since he went on to speak of something else, she could not challenge an assertion which, after all, was sufficiently harmless.

But she observed after this that the young German began to seek Miss Vivian's society a little more. He was not, however, received with quite so much effusion as by the other ladies. For some reason Helen did not seem anxious to encourage him, although every one told her how charming he was.

One day she made a rather peculiar speech in answer to an assurance of the kind from Mr. Bellingham, the man of letters.

"He may be all that you describe," she said, "but I am satisfied to admire his accomplishments at a distance. It is not well to know the best, if one must be content with something less than the best, you know."

The observer of human nature looked at her keenly.

"*You* are made to enjoy the best," he said.

"But if it is not within my reach!" she answered, lifting her shoulders slightly, "then it is wise, is it not, to ignore its existence?"

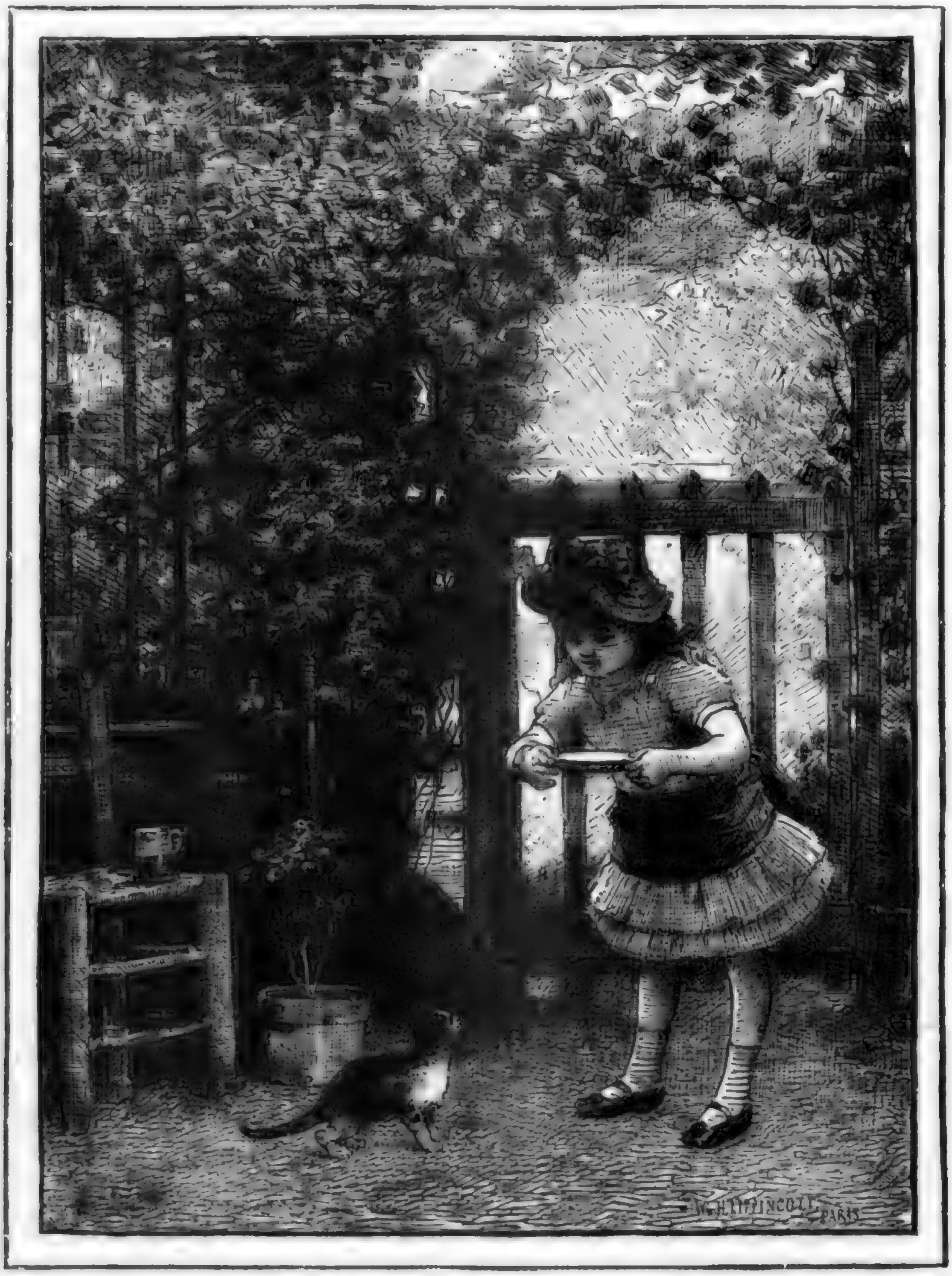
"That depends," replied the social philosopher, gravely. To himself, he said: "She is trying to make up her mind to a marriage of convenience. But Hammersley is too good a fellow to be regarded in that way."

Indeed, by this time Mr. Hammersley's intentions were patent to every one. He had shaken off the indifference that had so long weighed upon him, and realizing how much this woman might add to the meaning of his life, something of the ardor of youth wakened within him. It was with a very distinct sensation of pleasure that he felt this.

"I never thought I should find myself in love again!" he said to himself, with an inward laugh.

It followed, as a matter of course, that he would not have enjoyed his sensations so much, if doubt had been mingled with them to any great degree. But he knew his own advantages thoroughly, and how few women there were who would refuse him if he came to woo.

Miss Vivian was a woman of the world—a woman, too, who had passed her first youth—so there was no danger of her being insensible to the brilliant opportunity thus offered her of a settlement in life. Surely, in regarding the luxurious appointments of Artondale, she must say to herself that this was a home which would suit her; this and all that lay beside in Hammersley's power to offer.



PUSSY'S BREAKFAST.—BY W. H. LIPPINCOTT.

There was no doubt that Miss Vivian did say something very like this to herself, and though she was far too proud to put it in any one's power to affirm that she "encouraged" Mr. Hammersley, she did not discourage him in the least. She received his attentions with a graciousness that augured well for his hopes, and she ignored, as far as courtesy permitted, the high-bred German whose presence overshadowed that of every other man at Artondale.

Probably Count von Wildenort was no exception to mankind generally in feeling that he did not like to be ignored, especially by the most beautiful woman on his present horizon; but he made no effort to force himself on her attention; he waited his opportunity, which came at last.

Helen, who had a taste for solitude which sometimes puzzled her admirers, excused herself from joining any of the riding or driving parties one afternoon, and when every one, as she thought, was safely gone, descended

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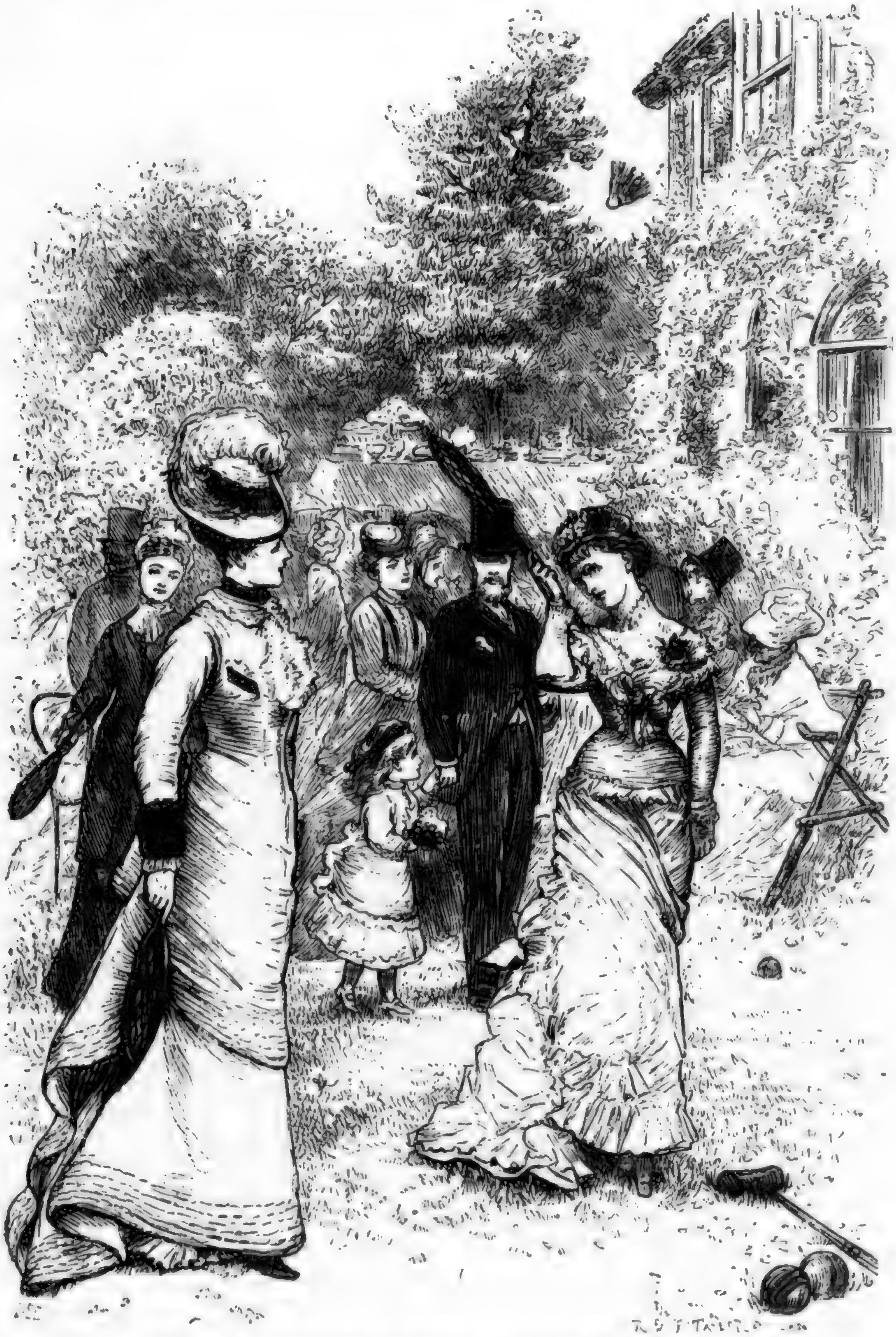
from her chamber and took her way out of the house. But a surprise awaited her. Playing with two great dogs on a sweep of turf in front of the chief entrance, she found Count von Wildenort.



THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND IN ENGLAND.—A GARDEN-PARTY.—SEE PAGE 42.

At the sight of her he left his canine companions, and came forward eagerly, uncovering as he did so, with the sunshine streaming on his handsome blonde head and well-set-up, soldierly figure.

"Ah, Miss Vivian," he said, "this is an unanticipated pleasure. I thought I was all alone until our friends' return."

"And why did you not go with them?" asked Miss Vivian, a little vexed.

"I have grown tired," he said. "The riding is very well; but other things are—monotonous. I decided to remain behind, and now I am repaid."

"Very poorly, I fear," said the lady.

She could not be uncivil enough to turn back into the house, although that was her impulse; but neither did she go on. She stood—for once irresolute—a charming picture in her dress of filmy white, her wide-brimmed hat shading her clear-cut face and dark eyes. She looked, as Von Wildenort had said, like a goddess or a queen, and he seemed the ideal figure to attend her, as he stood uncovered before her.

"Oh, not poorly at all," he answered, "if you will suffer me to attend you; for you are going to walk, is it not so?"

"To stroll in the grounds a little," she replied, "and to read, perhaps, in a place that I discovered yesterday."

"To read! Ah, then I should disturb you," he said, regretfully.

She was silent for a moment, looking at him and asking herself if she should acknowledge that he would disturb her and so go alone, or—— It ended by her extending a small volume which she held in her hand toward him.

"You see what I have," she said. "But I am not very familiar with German, and if you would assist me to read it——"

It was Goethe's "Ballads."

The young man took it and turned over the pages. "I know these well; I shall be delighted to read them with you," he said.

She smiled and led the way across the green lawn where the sunlight lay like a mantle of gold, past flowerbeds filled with the royal roses of June, along a winding path into some pretty shrubbery. Here, almost concealed in a tangle of greenery, was the rustic arbor and seat which she had in her mind when she set forth, and which certainly lent itself admirably to a *tête-à-tête* over a volume of poetry.

IV.

THE day before the party at Artondale broke up, Mr. Hammersley made up his mind should be the day on which he would offer Artondale and himself to Miss Vivian. By that time she would have seen enough of both to be able to decide whether she could accept them, although he entertained little doubt on this point. The thought of rejection had never occurred to him.

His amazement, therefore, may be imagined when he was rejected—gently, considerately, but decidedly! He could at first scarcely credit the fact, and involuntarily said, "Will you not take a little time—to consider?"

Miss Vivian shook her head.

"No," she replied; "that would be doing you an injustice. I am quite sure of my own mind. I wish—I may say so much—that I could accept you. But it is impossible."

"May I ask why?" said Mr. Hammersley, a little nettled; for he had certainly never conceived that any one who wished to accept him would find it impossible to do so.

"I suppose you have a right to ask," said the lady, with rising color, but whether I can answer is another question. However"—after a short hesitation—"if you desire me to be frank, why should I not be? Briefly, then, I should like to accept you because you offer me many things that I need—assured position, home, protection, wealth, and a heart which I mention last not because I value it least, but because it far outweighs all the rest. Yet I cannot do so because *my* heart gives no response to yours, and I dare not marry without that response."

"But *I* dare!" cried Hammersley. "Only promise to marry me, and the rest will come in time. I will never rest till I have won your heart."

But his ardor did not move her. She still shook her head, growing a little pale now.

"If it were to be won," she said; "if I were merely indifferent, I should accept you, as I had indeed made up my mind to do. But it is—impossible. I dare not—let me repeat the words: I *dare not* promise to marry one man when even the shadow of another has entered my heart."

Here was a pause. Proudly as the words had been spoken, their meaning was unmistakable, and Hammersley felt the shock conveyed by them more deeply than he could have anticipated. But after a minute he rallied. Only the shadow, did she say? Then there might be hope.

"I cannot mistake your meaning," he said at length; "but I do not think a shadow a formidable rival. Give me, at least, a chance to fight it. I ask no more."

"You do not understand," she said, speaking for the first time quickly and nervously. "What I mean is this: that shadow or reality does not matter so long as I am free. But even a shadow would be sufficient to amount to dishonor if I had promised myself to you. Therefore I cannot do so. You remember"—smiling, faintly—"I told you once that I disliked strong emotion? You see now why it is. I have always felt that it would some day betray me."

After this there was nothing more to be said, and Hammersley could only carry the story of his disappointment to his cousin. For sympathy alone he would never have done this, but he was deeply puzzled and wanted to know what Laura would make of Miss Vivian's reason for refusing him.

Laura, full of indignation, pounced upon the meaning at once.

"Do you not see!" she said; "it is that man to whom you have been so kind who has come between you and the woman he knew you wanted to marry!"

"Von Wildenort, do you mean?" said Hammersley. "I never thought of that. He has not seemed specially attracted by Miss Vivian."

"Seemed!" said Laura, scornfully; "that is the worst of it! He has done the thing so slyly! But I observed from the very first that she was attractive to him. And now I see it all. Oh, the ingrate!"

"Don't speak in that way!" said her cousin. "Why should you think he knew anything of my hopes?"

"Because he spoke of them to me only a day or two after we came here. I wish we never had come! or that you had left him to blow out his brains in Germany! One comfort is that he cannot possibly marry her, as he has no money."

"Do you call that a comfort?" said Hammersley. "On the whole I would prefer that she should be happy in her own way since she will not be happy in mine!"

He was not satisfied, however, with Laura's opinion, shrewd though he knew it to be; and he determined to sound Von Wildenort on the subject.

An opportunity speedily occurred, for, after the departure of the party, the two men were alone at Artondale, and thrown again into close companionship. They were smoking their cigars together in the Summer twilight, when Hammersley suddenly said:

"My cousin, Miss Archer, thinks that you are very much attracted by Miss Vivian, Von Wildenort. Is it true?"

Von Wildenort was evidently startled. He took his cigar from his lips, and said, slowly:

"I admire Miss Vivian very much. There is no harm in that."

"Who was speaking of harm?" said Hammersley, impatiently. "I asked you a simple question, and I want a direct answer. Are you in love with her?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"*I* in love!" he said; "*I* with my prospects, or lack of prospects! I am not so mad. But I confess that if matters were different with me I might give a different answer. She is a divine creature!"

"It is not a question of what she is," said Hammersley, with some sternness in his tone. "In love or out of love, have you not *made* love to her?"

"Never, on my honor!" replied the other. "Never have I uttered a word. Of course I will not deny that some things have been implied—I wished her to understand how deep an impression she had made upon me, even though fate decreed that we should be nothing to each other. I think she understood," he ended, with a soft sigh, letting out a cloud of smoke.

"Confound your German sentimentalism!" said Hammersley. "What right had you to let her understand anything, when you meant nothing!" He was far too proud to speak of his own frustrated hopes, and lest some unguarded allusion should betray him, was silent for a moment. Then he went on more calmly: "See here, Von Wildenort, it was I who introduced you to Miss Vivian without warning her, as perhaps I should have done, that you are a *mauvais sujet;* therefore I feel myself in a degree responsible for what has occurred. I can't say that I think you are likely to make any woman happy; but still—if she were an heiress would you wish to marry her?"

"I could ask nothing better. But she is not an heiress. I ascertained that."

"Of course you did," said Hammersley to himself. "But, nevertheless," he added, "you were misinformed. She is an heiress to a moderate extent. Instead of putting her down in my will for a hundred thousand dollars, I will settle that amount on you, as her dower, on the day she marries you—if she agrees to do so."

If Van Wildenort had not been startled before, he was now overcome with amazement. For a minute he could only stare at his companion. Then he said, with something of a gasp:

"Are you in earnest?"

"Never more in earnest in my life," said Hammersley. "Remember, however, that the matter must be kept an inviolable secret from her. And now I want you to go and offer yourself at once. It is an experiment which I am curious to try," he ended, with a laugh which was not very mirthful.

Almost at that very hour when this conversation was taking place at Artondale, Miss Archer had boldly attacked her friend on the same subject.

"So, Helen, you have refused my cousin!" she said. "I would not have believed it of you!"

'Would you not, my dear?" said Helen; "yet it is the very thing I told you to believe."

"I would not have believed," Laura went on, unheeding this interruption, "that you could have been so foolish as to throw away all that he offers you—for what? A fancy, an idea, the attentions of a man who means nothing—who *can* mean nothing by them!"

"Laura!" said Miss Vivian, in a tone of haughty anger.

"Be angry with me if you will," said Laura; "but I must tell you the truth. You cannot deny that Count von Wildenort has captivated your fancy, and so you turn away from my cousin, who is worth a thousand of him."

"Oh, much more than that, if we reckon by dollars and cents," said Miss Vivian, sarcastically; "but if we consider knowledge, grace, accomplishments—what is Mr. Hammersley by Count von Wildenort?"

"Only the man to whom Count von Wildenort owes not only kindness, help, hospitality—but his very life!" cried Laura, stung too deeply to think of her cousin's charge of secrecy. "And he has repaid him by coming between him and the desire of his heart. Gratitude is too old-fashioned a virtue for such a fine gentleman to practice, I presume."

"Tell me what you mean," said Helen, looking keenly at her. "How does Count von Wildenort owe so much to your cousin?"

Then Laura, flinging her promise to the winds, told all that Mr. Hammersley had confided to her.

Miss Vivian listened silently, making no comment until the end, when she said, quietly:

"It is a very interesting story, and puts Mr. Hammersley in a new light. I should not have imagined him a man to be led away by generous impulses."

"That is because you know nothing about him," said Laura, bitterly.

Miss Vivian acknowledged that this might be true, that her knowledge of Hammersley was very superficial; but she declined to acknowledge that there was anything in the story to put Von Wildenort in a bad light. It was terrible, of course, to have been forced to incur such obligations, but of the ingratitude of which Laura had spoken, he had shown no sign. How could he know that Hammersley wished to marry her, or that she had made up her mind to marry *him?* And then he had uttered no word of love—he had only revealed to her what manhood could be in its highest state of development; he had only charmed her through her mind as well as through her heart; he had only looked the homage which he could not utter, and made her feel that she "dared not" accept the man who laid his fortune at her feet.

She said to herself, philosophically, that it was fate, the unlucky fate which, despite her brilliant triumphs, seemed to follow her and prevent her settlement in life. She realized clearly how she had flung away substantial good for a shadow; but she felt that she could not do otherwise. No vagaries of the heart or fancy mattered so long as she was free; but if she once bound herself, then honor, pride, everything, forbade what it might not be possible for her to control. Yet even before Laura's story she had not entertained the faintest expectation of any matrimonial proposal from Von Wildenort. With the ease of long habit he had made it clear that he could offer everything except his hand. And this being the case, her astonishment may be conceived when he appeared on the second day after their return to the city, and offered himself in state.

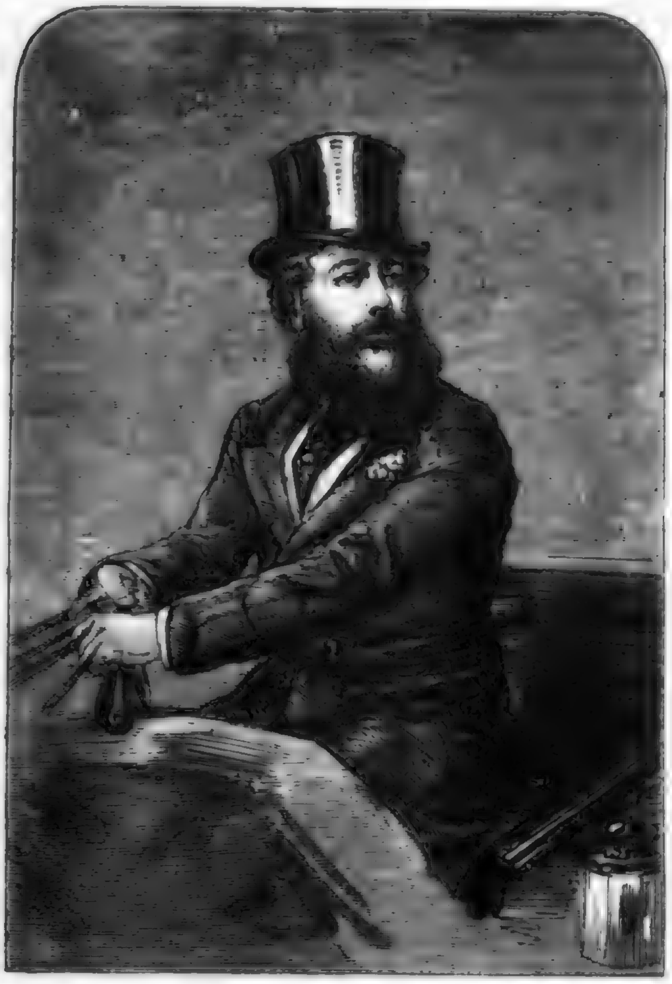
He was not answered at once. Miss Vivian sat looking at him with her clear dark eyes full of surprise and also of inquiry.

He observed this.

"You seem astonished," he said; "and yet—I think—you must have known my admiration, my devotion——"

"Yes," she answered when he paused, "you made all that sufficiently clear to me; but you may not perhaps be aware that you made something else also clear—that was, your inability to marry. Have you forgotten how you told me that the happiness which might be for other men was not for you? How is it that you have changed so quickly?"

The young man colored. He had not anticipated this.



TYPE OF ENGLISHMAN OF "THE UPPER TEN."
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Awkward questions were the last things he had looked for when it pleased him to offer his hand. Therefore he was not prepared with an answer. But he grasped at the first thing that occurred to him.

"I have found that I cannot live without you."

"But you cannot live with me on air," said Helen, who was determined to know whatever truth was to be known. "Did you not tell me once that you could think only of money in choosing a wife? Now, I have no money. You must know that?"

"What does it matter?" he cried. "You are yourself the most beautiful, the most divine——"

"I may be all that," she interrupted, inexorably, "but nevertheless I do not propose to accept you after all that you have said on the subject of marriage, without knowing what is the meaning of this change. I cannot understand it, especially if—if what I have heard is true."

"What have you heard? That I am ruined? Oh, yes, that is true," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "But I have received unexpected aid. A path has opened to me; and if you will consent to share my life——"

"Oh," she said, extending her hand, with a beautiful flush on her cheeks, "you are going to work, to redeem your fortunes——"

"*I* work!" said Count von Wildenort. He laughed even while he took her hand and kissed it with the air of a courtier in a picture "No, it is not that. How should I—a nobleman, a soldier—know how to work?"

"Then what is it?" she demanded, with an imperiousness that would not be denied.

"If you must know," he said, "I will tell you—though it was to be a secret—something kept from you; but, after all, why should you not know? Our good friend Hammersley—who adores you—has promised to endow us with a hundred thousand dollars if you marry me."

"Mr. Hammersley endow us!"

For a moment she could only gasp out these words; then, as the full realization of their meaning flashed upon her, she sprang to her feet and snatched her hand from him.

"And do you mean," she cried, "that you would accept it!—from any one—but most of all from *him!* Go. Tell Mr. Hammersley from me that I, at least, am no recipient for his charity."

"Charity!" repeated Von Wildenort. "But you mistake. It is not charity. He loves you, and he wishes to do this to secure your happiness."

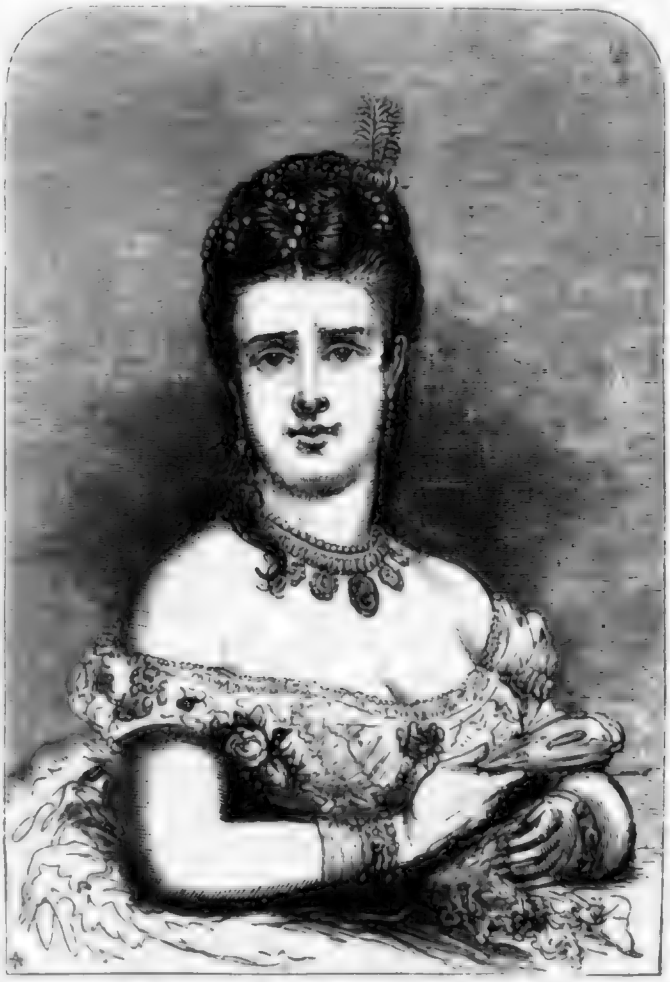
"My happiness!" she repeated with a scorn that might have scorched him. "And do you think—does *he* think that I would take any happiness earth could give at such a price? It is—it is an insult." Then suddenly by an effort regaining self-command, "We look at things differently, Count von Wildenort," she said. "So differently, that there is no hope we can ever look at them together. I trust that you may find fortune and happiness elsewhere. For myself, I have neither to offer you."

With these words she left the room.

* * * * * *

A month later, Mr. Hammersley said ruefully to his cousin:

"Do you think that Miss Vivian will ever forgive me for that unfortunate Von Wildenort business? I grant that it *would* have been an insult if I had ever meant her to know it. But I told that fellow distinctly that it must be kept from her."



TYPE OF ENGLISH LADY OF "THE UPPER TEN."

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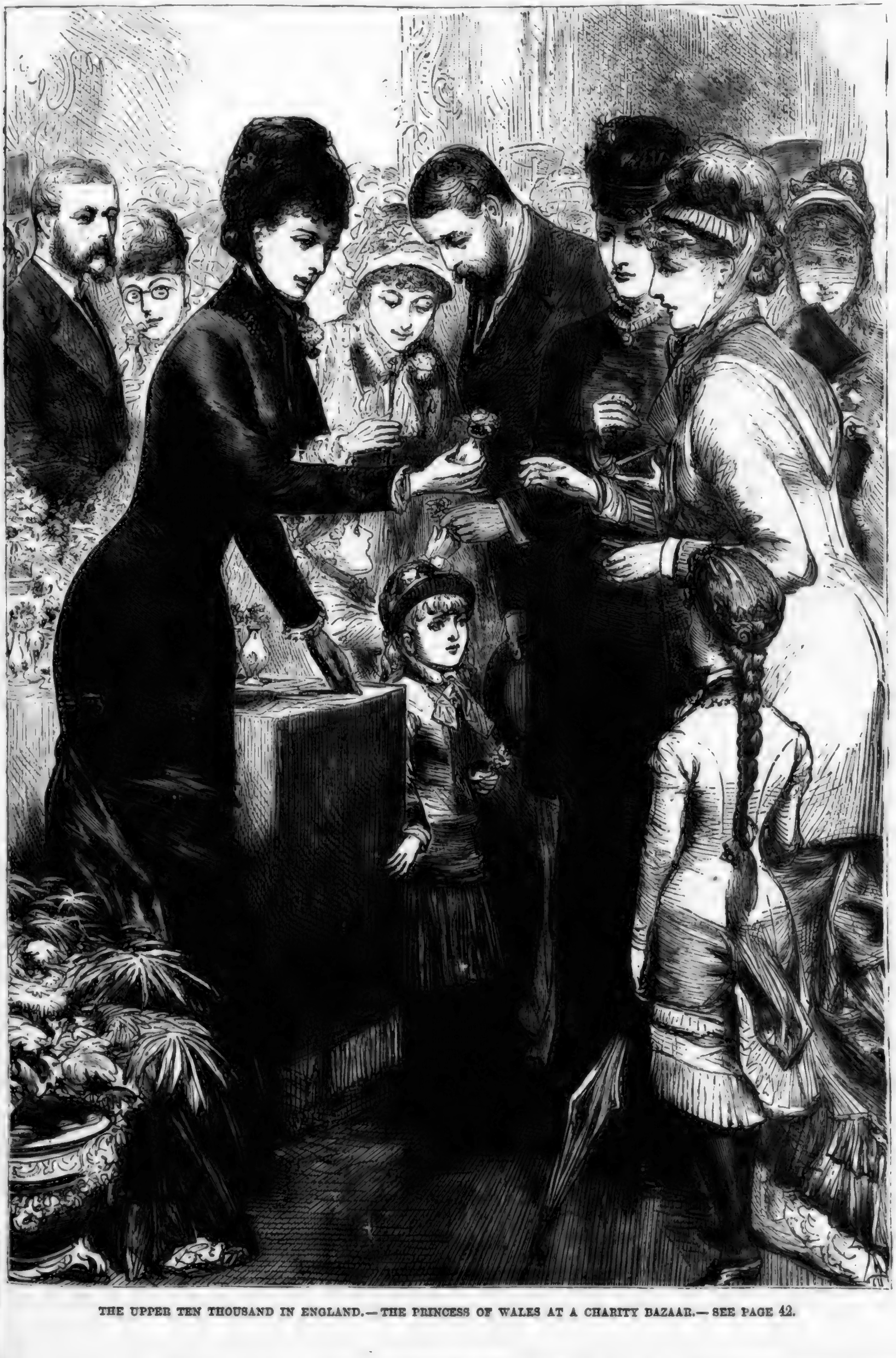

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND IN ENGLAND.—THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT A CHARITY BAZAAR.—SEE PAGE 42.

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"The thing has puzzled me," said Laura, "because I cannot understand what you meant by trying to marry her to a man who would have been so unlikely to make her happy—and that by the sacrifice of a hundred thousand dollars?"

A queer look came over Hammersley's face.

"To tell the truth," he said, "it was a test. I did not believe she would marry Von Wildenort; but the only way to induce him to offer himself was by a large bribe. I wanted the thing settled—one way or another."

"You came very near having it settled not entirely to your satisfaction," said Laura. "But why do you not tell Helen that? It might mollify her."

"Perhaps I may, now that Von Wildenort has gone to Germany to marry the heiress found for him by his family. But I am tremendously afraid of opening the subject. Do you really think she will ever forgive me, Laura?"

"Try," said Laura, laughing. "My own impression is that I have succeeded in my match-making scheme, after all." And so it proved.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND IN ENGLAND.

By Miss Lily Higgin.

Writing on such an important subject as this, it is imperative to use capital letters for each word. At least, so I am sure would it be considered by the majority of the members of that charmed circle if they were asked.

Thackeray showed us that we English were a nation of snobs, and perhaps there is no unpleasant fact which oftener comes home to those of us who have the power to see it, and the honesty to confess it, than this. And the worst of it is that the evil is not confined to any one class of the community, as foreign readers of Thackeray might imagine:

> "Little fleas have smaller fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
> And smaller fleas have lesser fleas: and so *ad infinitum*."

And of nothing is it a more absolutely true picture than of what has come to be known all over the world as English snobbishness. No writer has really so fully appreciated snobbishness in high places as Lord Beaconsfield, and no one has drawn its picture with so kindly and withal so forcible a hand. His satire is, in fact, so delicately wrapped up that it passes by those whom it most nearly touches, and the "great" ladies and gentlemen look upon the exquisitely funny pictures of themselves in "Lothair" and "Endymion" as a serious and quite properly expressed history of the ways of their set.

Perhaps in no country is there a more apparent fusion of classes than in England, and certainly in none is there a greater separation, at least in the minds of the classes themselves.

"*Bajo el Rey Ninguno*," says an old Spanish proverb, constantly quoted, and in Spain, even to the present day, acknowledged as a rule of life. Its literal signification is that below the King all are equal, and to the Spaniard it is true. We speak of the proud Spanish Hidalgo, "son of some one of importance," as the word means; but the Hidalgo himself is treated by his servants, his old retainers—nay, by the *mayoral* of the public coach—as an equal, in a manner that would cause the blood to curdle in the veins of some of our aristocrats of the old school. An honest Spaniard considers himself the equal of any man—always excepting the King, who represents to him headship. Would that it were so in England, and that rank were really

> "—but the guinea stamp,
> The man the man for a' that."

To some extent it is so in Scotland. Except in Edinburgh, snobbishness exists to a very small extent in Scotland. In that fair city it is well known that there are eight well-marked and distinct "sets" in society. The reception of a single wanderer from another sphere is sufficient to ruin the reputation of a hostess in her own circle. One lady alone—having, of course, entry into the highest—opens her home to all whom she personally likes or respects and calls it "Noah's Ark," because, as she says, "All the beasts, clean and unclean, come into it." It must be understood, however, that the "uncleanness" merely refers to the rules of Edinburgh's snob-law, and that the word beast or "beastie" has in Scotland a different signification from our own.

We are not, however, writing especially of snobbishness, though it is impossible to write of the English Upper Ten Thousand (mark the capitals) without doing so. The evil is widespread but not universal, and there are many exceptions. Of these, at once the first and the greatest, is the home at Marlborough House; and indeed the whole of the royal family of England may claim exemption from the slightest taint of that assumption of natural superiority which marks the snob of high degree. The manner of the Prince of Wales is at all times that of an English gentleman; of that old type of which England had good reason to be proud, and which is still to be found among us, and to a very marked degree among cultivated Americans, we are told, of the Southern States. Whether this courtly manner is, in truth, confined to Southern Americans I know not. This I know, that one meets them sometimes in London, and their manners recall those of old county gentlemen—the untitled aristocracy of England. It is a manner born of kindliness of heart, of reverence for women, and of a conviction that "gentle" birth means the inheritance of true courtesy to others. It is simply impossible to a man who considers himself separated from others by the accident of his birth to a different circle of society, and looks upon them not only as inferior, but as another order of being.

Of the Princess of Wales it is unnecessary to speak. There is absolutely no exception to the enthusiasm which her appearance and her manners excite in all classes. She is always charming, and always charms; just as much to the humble needlewoman who goes to her in the exercise of her calling, or to her personal attendants and servants, as to the foreign royalties and great persons whom she receives.

I heard a lady say, not long ago, to another, both constant visitors at Marlborough House and Sandringham: "If she were plain Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones, I should say, as I have always said, She is the most perfect hostess and the nicest woman I have ever come in contact with!"

"I have seen manners," says R. W. Emerson, "that make a similar impression with personal beauty; that give the same exhilaration, and refine us like that, and in memorable experience they are suddenly better than beauty; and make that superfluous and ugly. . . . There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us."

These, in a word, are the manners of the Princess of Wales, and, when added to her great natural beauty and gracefulness, is it any wonder that she is universally charming? From the days when, in her modest little home in Denmark, she used to make her own ball-dresses, and dance merrily in them afterward, proud of her accomplishment and pleased to have her handiwork admired, to the present day, when she boldly sets the vagaries of Parisian dressmakers and milliners at defiance and wears a bonnet which is becoming to her—not one "that is worn in Paris"—she has ever been the same; simple, natural and unassuming.

Her gentle kindness to her people is proverbial. No one forgets the devotion with which she nursed her lady-in-waiting, Miss Knollys; and of the same simple nature was her sitting up late and rising early to embroider with her own hands the blanket for her husband to take on his Indian tour, and which, after all, she took with her unpacked to the railway-station when she went to see him off, because the last stitches were only put in at the last moment, after all the luggage had gone; for she would not be helped; it was her own work, and she would finish it herself.

Those who have been visitors at Sandringham have all the same remark to make. No country house is more delightful to stay in, and the long afternoon-teas in the Princess's room are things to be remembered by the fortunate ones who have been admitted to them.

An anecdote went the round of London some little time ago which was equally honorable to all the three subjects of it, and at the same time showed both the Prince and Princess of Wales in the colors in which they are known to Londoners. When Mary Anderson first acted before the Prince and Princess, or, rather, the first time they went to the theatre to see her, the Prince found his way behind the scenes between the acts to express to the young American actress his admiration of her acting. On being told that the Prince was waiting to see her, Mary Anderson, who had announced that she would never owe her success on the stage to anything but her own talent, sent a message that she did not receive gentlemen in the theatre. The Prince retired at once, and a little later the equerry-in-waiting brought a message from the Princess of Wales, that she would be very glad if Miss Anderson would pay her a visit between the acts in her private box. The actress at once acceded to the request, and was there presented to the Princess, and by her to the Prince—a delicate way of showing her how both appreciated the stand she had taken—and was by both congratulated on her success.

The influence which the Princess has had in London society is remarkable. She it was who put down the professional beauty, and her example is one which, if not followed by all, is, at least, by all respected and admired. She had a difficult-enough part to play in the early days of her married life. She has, perhaps, a difficult part to play still; but she fearlessly treads her simple path, making her weight felt when it is needed, determined enough when she takes her stand—gentle for all as she seems. She is as perfect a lady as the Prince is an English gentleman, and the rule of their lives seems to be that thought for the feelings of others, for which the snob in high places is conspicuous in his indifference.

No one who has talked with the Prince, even on the most trivial matter, has been able to resist the charm of his manner, his air of *bonhomie*. Those who would fain look always at the motes in their brother's eye might well ask themselves how many men would come scathless out of the ordeal he has had?—young, handsome, spirited, and surrounded by sycophants—men who laid themselves out to minister to what was least noble in him—and to men even of the highest rank, who thought it no disgrace to angle for his fancy. How many men could bear the bull's-eye lantern turned upon their own lives, which, thanks to their insignificance, now pass unnoticed, with not one-fiftieth part of the temptations which beset a prince of the blood.

The other members of the royal family have less interest and less influence, to the general public. Of the Queen herself we do not speak, because she lives so wholly retired a life that, except among her household, she is scarcely known. Of her past noble and simple life all know. How good a wife, a mother and a mistress, we all know also; but in society, now, she takes no place. Of one of the royal princesses a true story is told, which shows that the kindly nature which thinks always of others is not confined to any one member of the family. She had been attending the rehearsal of a musical society to which she belongs, one cold, snowy afternoon in Winter, and had made a mistake in the hour at which her carriage should have been ordered to fetch her. She and her lady-in-waiting stood within the door of the public building where the rehearsal had taken place until all had gone, and presently the policeman came and told them he was sorry he must turn them out, as it was Saturday, and they closed at four. "Could they not be allowed to wait inside?" they asked. No, the officials all left at four on Saturday; he must close the door. The Princess needed only to have said who she was and she could have remained as long as she liked—the resident officials would have been called. No; she remembered it was their half-holiday. She would not have them lose it for her, so in the sleet and rain they crossed the street and tried another shelter. That also was closed. So she and her attendant sat on the bench provided for footmen, just sheltered from the driving sleet and nothing more, until a servant coming out, and thinking in the darkness that "they spoke like ladies," asked them in to sit by his fire till the carriage came.

Had the Princess made herself known she would have had a dozen people ready to take her in or send for her carriage. No; she knew it was their holiday, and she would not spoil it. No one enjoyed the joke more than herself when told that it was to her looking and speaking like a lady that the man-servant who passed her in the half-darkness, and was sorry to leave her in the cold, turned back and offered to let her in.

Not so is it with the Upper Ten, by any means, as a rule. There is one type of aristocrat, happily, perhaps, becoming more rare, but still of the commonest. To these people's idea the world was made—nay, the whole solar system arranged—for the special benefit of their family. The Kingdom of Italy is their playground—the treasures of art gathered there are for them to enjoy. The tailors, dressmakers, milliners, shopkeepers generally, are a race of beings of curious habits, imperfectly known to the family, but existing mainly, if not wholly, for their benefit. Of their men-servants they speak as of some faithful beast of burden, less respectfully by far than they speak of their dogs or of their horses. Have their servants feelings? Do they laugh and weep? Yes, that is acknowledged: they are even very kind to them; but it is as to beings of a wholly different race. These people are careful to call their doctor an apothecary, to pretend to forget the name of the insignificant persons they talk to, and say, "Mr.—ah—ah—" to have it supplied to them every moment. This is supposed to be a mark of their high breeding. They cannot naturally be supposed to remember the names of people who are not in their "set." They speak of the liberal professions as "trades," and they behave generally as if they and the

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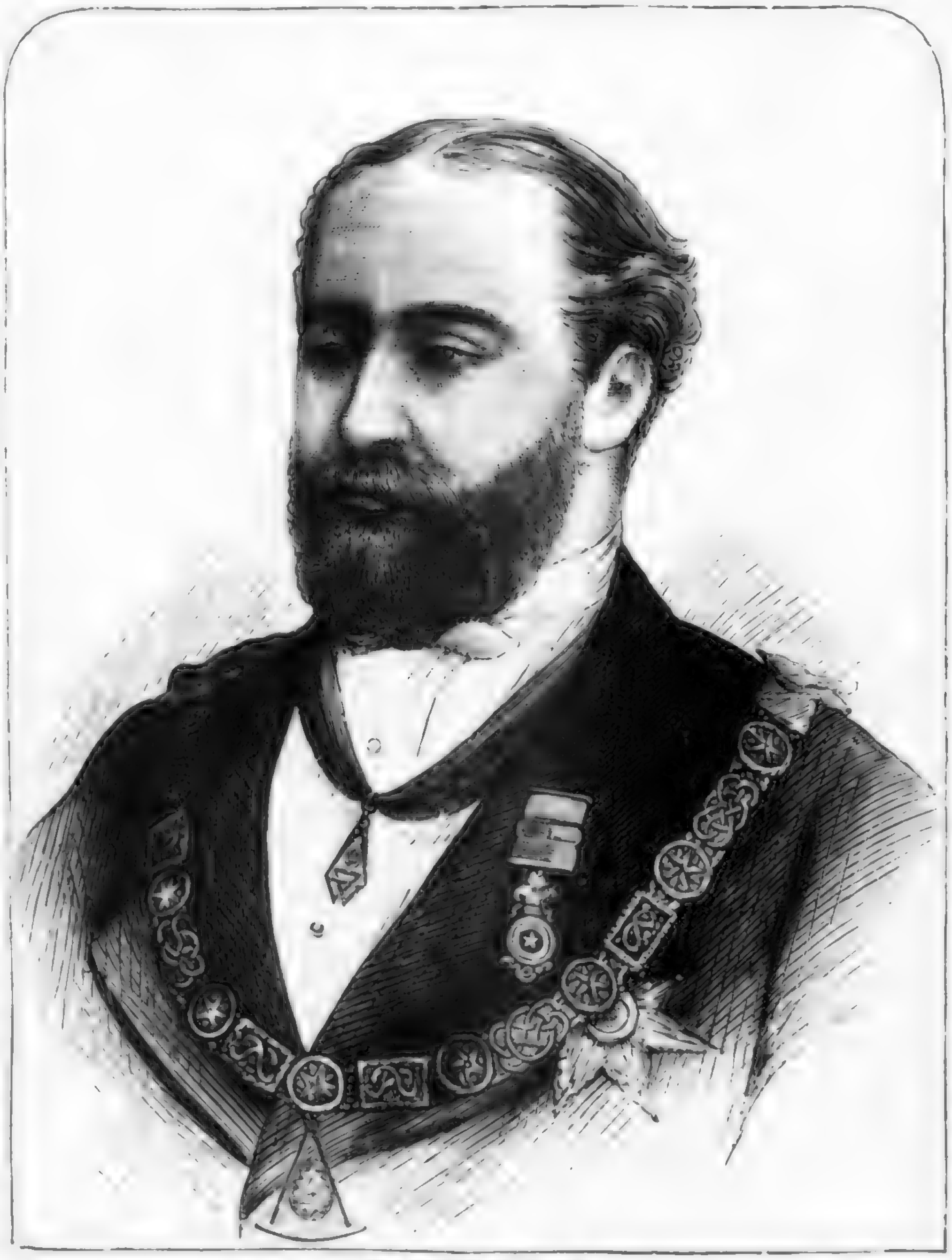
members of their family, or of their little clique, were gods, and all the rest of mankind something so immeasurably beneath them that they take an amused and sometimes a gracious interest in their ways.

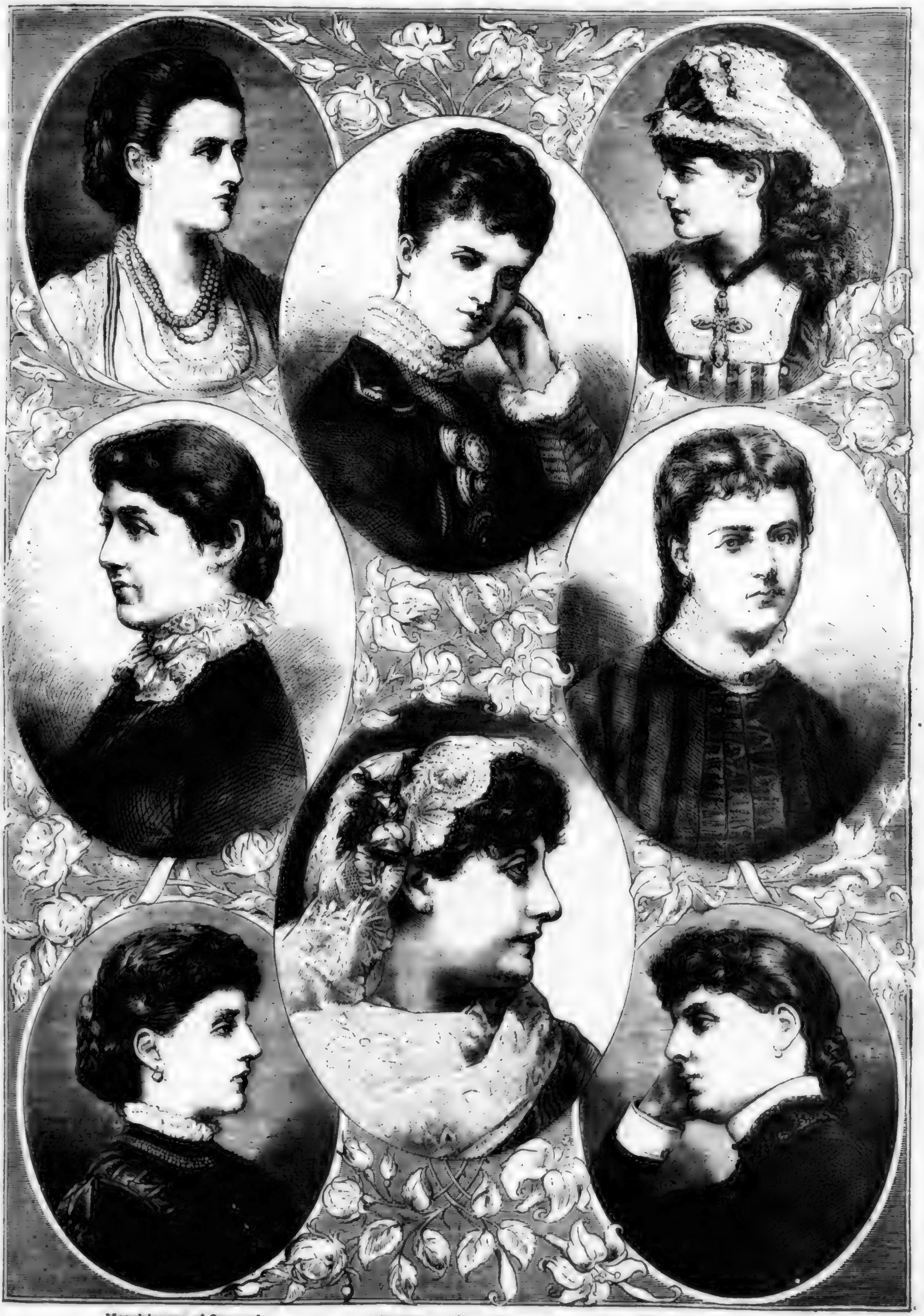
It is not, of course, a mark of good-breeding, even in their own estimation, to say this openly. It is, moreover, the correct thing for a "great" lady to be charitable. She aspires frequently to be Lady Bountiful! If she could, she would like to have the management of the weather and the crops in her own hands, that she might dispense them to her tenants and retainers. She likes to be called a "grand, great lady," so she frequently gives grandly and "does good" ostentatiously to all of whom it can be expected of her. She even speaks pitifully of the sorrows of this other race of beings, and enjoys the luxury of speaking of them, "*les larmes dans la voix*," as she would herself express it. It all makes her feel how grand she is, and what an example of nobility. It is this snob of high degree, who, knowing that an institution exists for benefiting ladies—the daughters of professional men—writes to recommend the child of her lady's-maid, affecting to believe that she is of the same class. In London she is active on charity committees. "*Noblesse oblige*," she says, having no sort of idea of the real meaning of that noble motto. So she attends her meetings and speaks gushingly of the "poor creatures" who are so far beneath her; but she oftenest forgets to pay the bills of the foolish creatures who have trusted her. What is it to her if the dressmaker, who has provided the materials as well as the needlework of her dresses, is ruined because she cannot get her money in, and ends her days in the workhouse? What is it to this "grand, great lady" that her tradesmen become bankrupt because she has never paid for the decoration of the splendid house in which she receives her own circle with the air of a queen? What is it that her checks are returned marked "No effects," unless presented within an hour or so of their reception? She cannot be expected to understand business, so she satisfies her creditors with checks to any amount beyond her account at the bank, knowing that no one is likely to make it public; and if they did, who would believe it of a lady of such known wealth, so charitable; in fine, such a "grand, great lady"? "They never mean to pay," said a tradesman who had long experience of the Upper Ten. "They consider we are sufficiently honored by having their names on our books, and their carriages at our doors. They furnish their houses at our expense, and look down on us who would never stoop to buy things we could not pay for."



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Their money goes for things that they are forced to pay for, and the poor people of the other order of beings may wait, and then go through the Bankruptcy Court if they can't get on.

This type of aristocratic snob is always surrounded and followed by snobs of lower degree—the kind of "gentleman" who never did an honest day's work in his life, but who hangs on to any titled snob who will make use of him. He is the tame dog of the house. In the country he arranges the parties who are coming down for the shooting; he writes notes for my lady; he toadies her, lives out of her in one way or another; takes as part of his wages the condescending insolence of her manner, and copies her airs in his intercourse with those whom he considers his inferiors; though, in truth, it would be difficult to find any one who is his inferior. In town he goes shopping with her, bargains for getting things at cost price for her, attends her parties, sings when he is



Marchioness of Ormond.
Countess of Clarendon.
Lady Helmsley.

Countess of Lonsdale.
Miss Evelyn Rayne.

Viscountess Castlereagh.
Countess of Dudley.
Miss Violet Cameron.

A GROUP OF ENGLISH BEAUTIES AMONG "THE UPPER TEN."

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wanted, does all the thousandfold useful things that a lackey is wanted for, and is able to talk of "my friend Lady Sophie Kettledrum," and to date his letters from her country house. He imagines, or tries to make others imagine, that he is treated as an equal by these snobs of high degree. He is expected to laugh at their jokes, amuse them—toady them, in fact; and for his pains is looked at and talked of, among themselves, with the contempt he deserves.

Once cross the interests or the caprices of one of these "grand, great ladies," and there is no meanness to which she will not stoop to try to sweep you out of her path. When she finds she has met with some one to whom all her bombast is merely amusing, and whom she is unable to turn into one of her sycophant crew, there is no limit to her indignation, no bounds to her spite. That anyone should dare to cross her, the daughter of a dozen earls, is simply inconceivable; she eats her heart out with impotent rage.

If the snobs of high degree could but know how they appear to the people whom they consider so far below them, it would go far to cure them. With what amusement their vanity is watched and traded in—the conviction of their own importance in the world, which is a mere matter of joke to the people who make money out of them! To no one, perhaps, does the "grand, great lady" appear more supremely ridiculous than to her tradespeople, who infinitely prefer dealing with Mrs. Tompkins, the retired soap-boiler's wife, who does pay for what she buys, and is considerate of other people's interests. They know all the little miserable meannesses to which the snob of quality will descend when nobody she knows is by.

The snob in high places frequently marries, or her daughters or nieces marry, for money, a member of that other race of which they know so little. It is but one of their meannesses. It makes no sort of difference in their manners or their lives. The snob who has married the penniless daughter of a great house is allowed in it on sufferance, but that is all. It is only his money they want, and the more completely he can be effaced the better.

We have spoken of the snob of high degree as a lady. It is not altogether because there are no male snobs of the same class, but because they are fewer. Other men will not stand them, and they get their edges rubbed off at the public schools.

Take them all in all, however, for meanness, insolence, bombast, and toadying sycophancy to royalty, there is nothing like the snob whose habitat is among the Upper Ten Thousand of England.

Thank Heaven there are many contrasts to this picture. Men and women who grace their station in the same way as the Prince and Princess of Wales grace theirs; who are as truly courteous to the poorest and the lowest person they come in contact with as with their own "Set," who value friends for themselves, not for their positions; who understand the noble meaning of *noblesse oblige*, and act on it. They have no toadying snob in attendance on them. They meet men and women frankly as fellow men and women, without thinking of inferiority or superiority. As the late Duke of Albany—one of the finest examples of an English gentleman—said in the very last public speech he made: "To me, it is inconceivable that any one can think himself better than another, unless he has himself done better than others."

England has many of these among her Upper Ten Thousand—both men and women—and one recalls among those elevated by inherited rank examples of a true aristocracy of culture, whose *noblesse* makes the thought of meanness or injustice simply impossible to them; whose manners spring from the courtesy to others of which Emerson speaks as the beautifier of face and form and complexion.

Perhaps these are chiefly to be found among our untitled aristocracy; for these are, for the most part, members of old county families who have never cared for, nor accepted, titles, but whose position as the equal of the highest is never questioned; who live, at any rate for a great portion of the year, among their own tenants and neighbors, and take the lead in all movements for good. Naturally, they are proud, it may be—too proud to stoop to any of the meannesses of the snob—proud of being of a long race of "gentle folk"—and not for worlds would they disgrace the name so honorably held in trust for generations back; but their pride of race is shown in being more "gentle" than others, and they would no more hurt the feelings of the meanest man or woman they come in contact with than commit murder or steal. Their parlors or their collections of pictures are thrown open to the public—they hold them as much in trust for others as for themselves; they hold to no selfish or exclusive use of things which will benefit others. They are, for the most part, hard workers too; for the English duke who looks after his own property has enough to do, and there are those among them who know every servant personally, and who look after every detail of their expenditure. Not from niggardliness, but from a sense of responsibility; because, though they will give generously, they will not be cheated.

It is well we have such men in our upper classes in England, and the more of them the better. Hereditary goodness and honesty, or kindliness of heart, is something to be glad of in any rank—it gives a man a good start. There are gentlemen in every rank by nature; but he who has a long line of honorable gentlemen behind him has from birth an advantage.

Our English titled aristocracy is so completely recruited from the ranks that it is idle to think of it as a separate class. It is open to all comers: to the little, shoeless paper-seller who rises to be First Lord of the Admiralty by his own exertions, as to the successful brewer or shipbuilder. There is scarcely a noble family in England which has not been recruited from the ranks by marriage, if it has not itself risen directly up the grade which the snob would pretend to despise; but we are getting daily less and less inclined to indorse a nobility of snobbishness, and to exact that there shall be nobility of character or of cultivation, before we acknowledge it noble at all.

The lives of the Upper Ten Thousand in England are perhaps necessarily, to a great extent, separated from the rest of the community, and only come in contact with them during the London season, or in their own counties where their country-seats are situated. The public watering-places know them not. They are not to be seen in any place of fashionable resort. When they are abroad they have their suites of apartments in the hotels, and mix with no one except their own personal friends. They travel in "engaged" railway carriages and private cabins on board ship, and are rarely seen by their fellow-travelers. In London, during the season, they come up to their town houses, and in the Autumn they receive successions of visitors, each staying for a few days only, in their own houses, or they go in turn for a few days to swell some other magnate's "house party" during the shooting season.

During the Autumn or Winter are held the county balls, which only those who are within the charmed circle attend. There are other entertainments—especially if the county magnate is of a political turn—in which all sorts and conditions of men gather together; but in these, the party from the Hall come as royalty comes to other balls—late, and a space at the end of the room is reserved for them, if not ostensibly, at least, in fact, and the ordinary people of the neighborhood avoid it. As a rule, however, the aristocrat who is not a snob meets his country neighbors on equal grounds. Any one who is a gentleman or lady has admission to the circle, and it only depends on themselves and their own manners if any difference is made. The town's people are treated as friends, in whose lives the people at the Hall are interested, and they are ever ready to push them forward, or give them a helping hand.

An odd phase in modern society among the Upper Ten is the craving after notoriety. It matters very little if it is wearing some new and outrageous style of garment, appearing in public in tights in some theatrical entertainment, or speaking on public platforms on subjects which women had best leave alone—the aristocratic lady "of the period" must make herself talked about. But it is generally some one allied by marriage only to the aristocracy, or for some reason or other partly *déclassée*; but there is the fact that, in one way or another, those ladies like to be remarkable, and would prefer a scandalous notoriety to none at all.

This is a passing phase, however; it is not essentially of the nature of the Upper Ten. In fact, it may be said to be rather a mark of the hangers-on to the fringes of the inner circle. Of the same passing nature let us hope is the fashion for the snob of high degree to be slangy and vulgar. The daughter of a marquis and wife of an earl, who sets her arms a-kimbo and says, "Let's liquor up," is a type of bad style, which can scarcely be considered admirable in any society, though she considers herself so much above criticism, that what she does must be right. The time has passed when all the world thought so too. It is only in their very narrow circle that these aristocratic snobs pass muster; in every one else they only excite disgust. There is nothing essentially charming about sitting on tables, and swinging their legs about, as these ladies who aim at being vulgar do, still less in interlarding their conversation with street-boys' slang. It is only admired by the snob of low degree who is pleased to see her come down to his own level—the snob who toadies her, and carries her parcels. All this is a passing phase, however, and the manners of a true English aristocrat, whether titled or not, as it may chance, will always be a model of courtesy and good-breeding; for the tendency of the age is to exact a higher standard of nobility—not a lower—and people are every day becoming more taken at their own personal worth, irrespective of their pedigree, or of the handle to their name.

THE distinguished Italian palæographer M. Narducci has presented to the Accademia dei Lincei several documents which prove negotiations to have been carried on between Sixtus V. and the Republic of Venice with the object of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. It appears from these papers, which have remained unknown and unedited up to the present time, that the project was abandoned on account of the apprehensions then entertained that an artificial channel would soon be obstructed with sand in consequence of the difference of level between the two seas.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

FROM love, from all that makes his home
A dwelling of delight,
Through perilous far lands to roam,
Forth goes the Red Cross Knight;
Here seems his happiness, with all
That might allure to stay;
In vain; for faith and honor call,
And he must needs away.

Go, do thy *devoir*, and be bold;
An image true and bright
Of Christian life may each behold
In thee, good Red Cross Knight!
No more like thee in mail we shine,
No more the helm we wear,
Yet still that same high heart of thine
Each Red Cross Knight must bear.

HIS NEW YEAR'S CALL.

By WALTER EDGAR MCCANN.

THE holidays had not brought Tom Burnham relaxation. The Winter evening's sun had set drearily, and in the last rays of the fading daylight a pile of "copy" was to be seen on his battered desk. He was not in the humor to attack it. The Egerton safe-robbery, the most mysterious affair within his experience, and which had baffled all the detectives in town, as well as his two sharpest reporters, was still troubling him. Mr. Burnham had worked out several local sensations of obscure character, and had won almost a national reputation for his cleverness; but this Egerton affair was more enigmatical than ever. There was not a clew. He knew how the authorities, who were in a sort his rivals in this kind of disentanglement, were laughing at his failure, and he was intensely annoyed.

The story was a very simple one. About a fortnight ago a large package of money had been taken from the safe of Egerton & Co., the sugar merchants. It was clearly not a burglary, because the safe was found intact. The old clerk, Jennings, had come down one morning and found the money gone. Some one must have abstracted it in broad daylight the afternoon before, and yet no person connected with the establishment could remember that the safe was left open for an instant. Old Mr. Egerton, who was the last to leave, was sure that everything was secure when he locked up the premises and gave the key to the porter. The latter was out of the range of suspicion, as he did not know the combination, and would not have understood, under any circumstance, the method of operating it. Young Mr. Watson, the junior partner and the "Co." of the sign, had left at noon for the races.

Tom Burnham was one of the earliest of newspaper detectives who have achieved such distinction since Mr. Belch hunted down Chastine Cox in Boston. Tom had had several extraordinary successes in ferreting out crime on his own hook; but here he was altogether baffled.

With a sigh he lighted his gas and glanced over his desk. The pile of "local copy" which confronted him he pushed aside, deciding to turn it over to his assistant, Slater, who would arrive presently, and Tom took up and fumbled over, with listless attention, half a dozen books that had been left for review. A little volume in blue-and-gold arrested his eye—a collection of poems by Miss Daisy Henderson. The verses were exceedingly graceful and pretty, but just now the editor was in a bilious and disagreeable mood.

"Why on earth do women waste their time and worry

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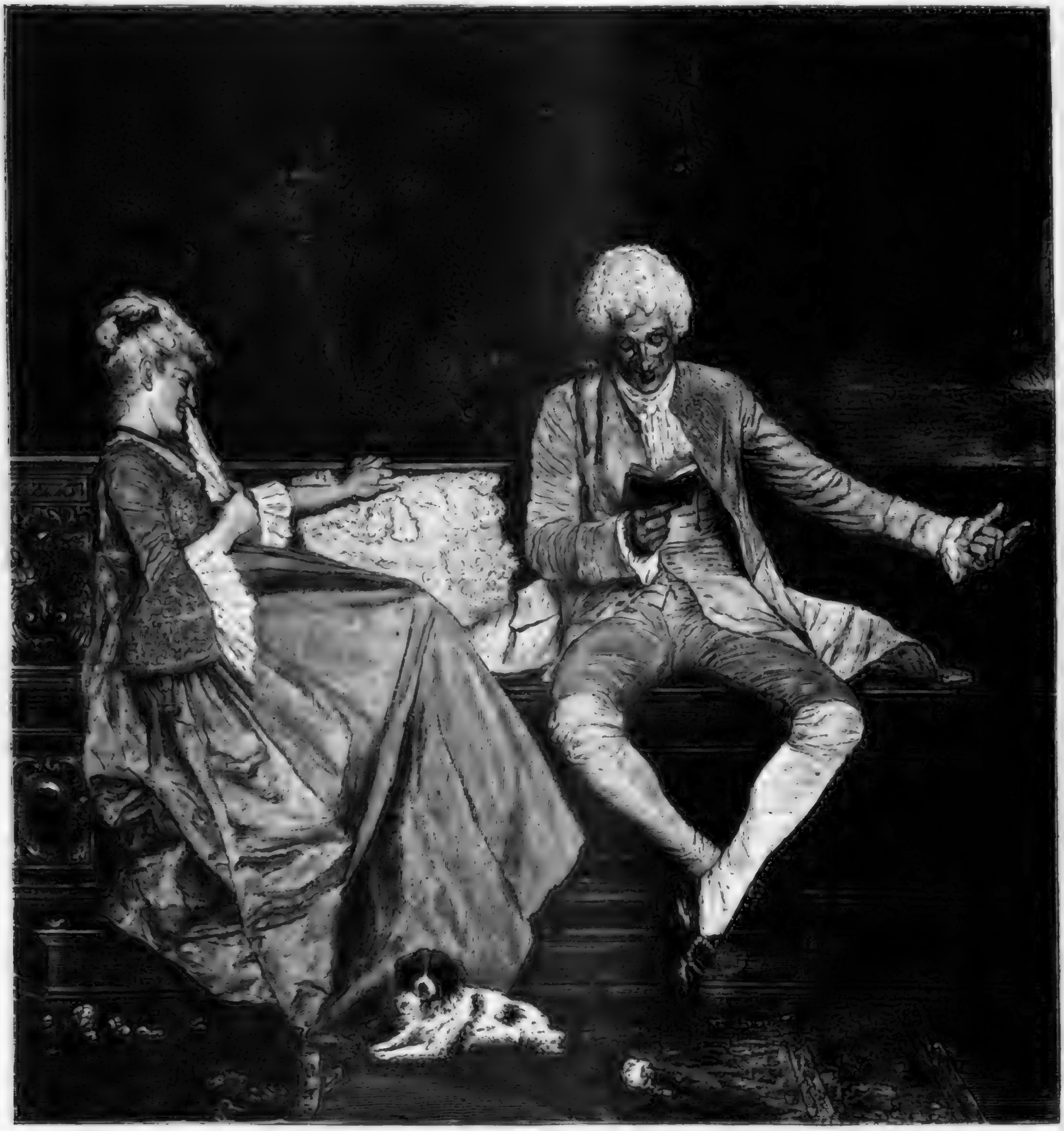
the public trying to write poetry?" said Tom, angrily, scanning the pages here and there. "Miss Daisy Henderson! I suppose she is the daughter of Daniel Webster Henderson, the rich lawyer on Three Hundred and Fourth Street, and no doubt she thinks this twaddle equal to Jean Ingelow or Mary Robinson. By Jove! I'll open her eyes!"



A BIT OF HUMOR.

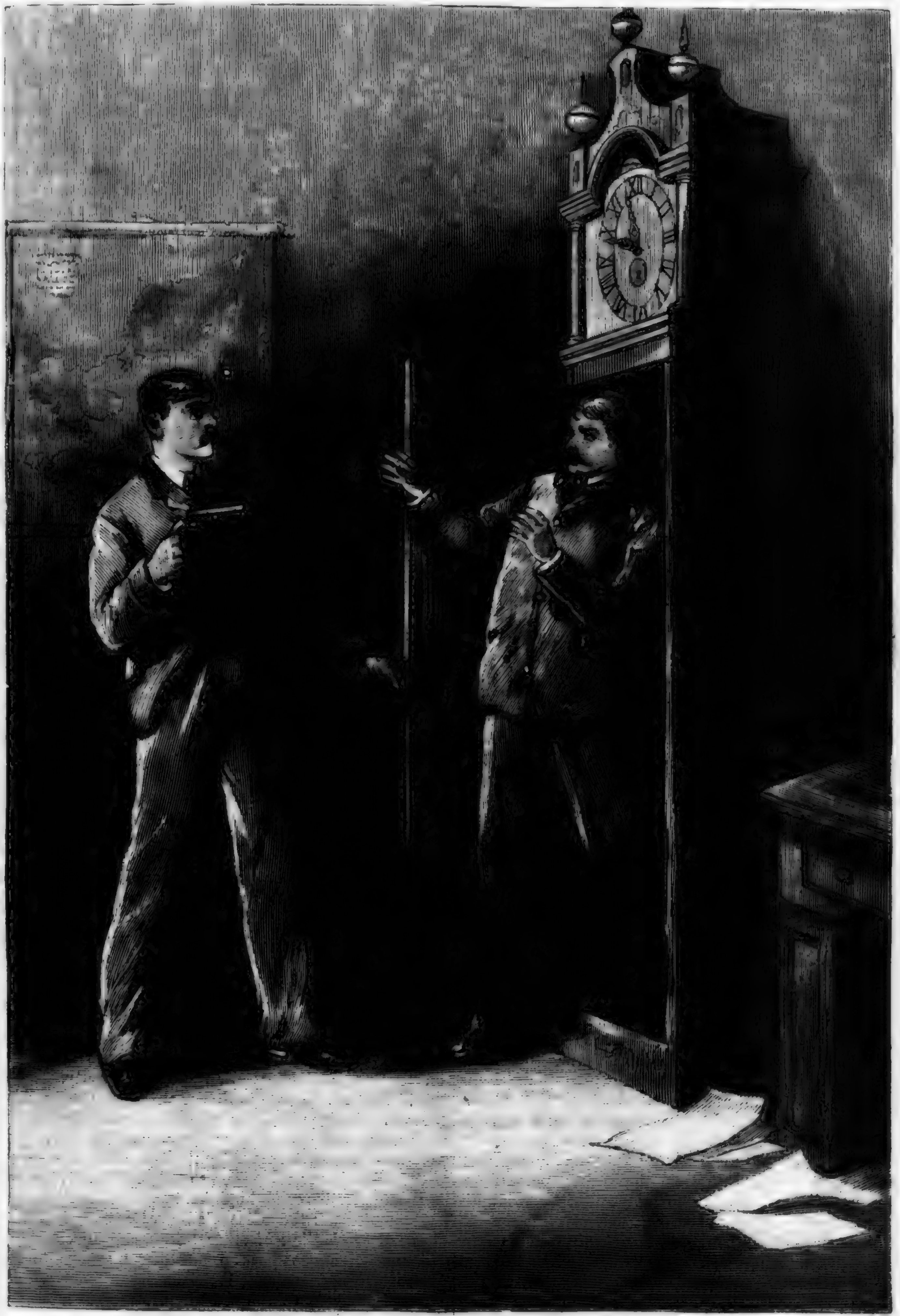
Mr. Burnham took up his pencil and seized a sheet of paper to write a review of the fragile little production. He was an old hand at "noticing" books without reading them, and could polish off a work in five or six volumes, which had cost the author half a lifetime of labor and research, in about forty-five minutes.

He had scarcely begun to say that "the plethora of bad poetry in the literary market did not seem to deter rash aspirants from fresh attempts," when the door opened and a very handsome and stylishly dressed young man entered, whom he recognized as Mr. Lionel Watson, the junior member of the firm of Egerton & Co. Mr. Watson was slight, elegant and winning. He was attired loudishly, after the English manner, and wore a single eyeglass, and had cultivated a very pretty English accent.

Tom did not fancy him a great deal, being a good American himself and detesting artificial people of all kinds; but he was glad to see Mr. Watson just now, as he wished to talk over the old subject of the robbery once more.

Mr. Watson, however, could throw no new light on the situation. He thought, on the whole, that Burnham had better give the inquiry up.

"The loss is heavy, but I fancy we can stand it. Perhaps it falls a little harder on me than it otherwise would; at least just at this time, because, you know, I am going to be married shortly."



HIS NEW YEAR'S CALL.—"TOM FELL BACK AND DREW HIS REVOLVER. THE BURGLAR STEPPED OUT, WITH A SHORT, NERVOUS LAUGH. HE WAS WHITE AS DEATH, AND TREMBLED VIOLENTLY."—SEE PAGE 47.

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"Indeed," said Tom, languidly.

"Yes; to Miss Daisy Henderson, the daughter of old Henderson, the lawyer, you know, in Three Hundred and Fourth Street. I dare say you've heard of her—a charming girl. Our wedding-trip will be cut down, I'm afraid; but unless we meet with another loss at the office, I sha'n't have to quite come to bread and cheese, I hope."

"There is no possibility of another loss, I suppose," said Tom. "You will scarcely keep large amounts in the safe after your late experience."

"We can't avoid it altogether. We expect a heavy payment in about a week from now, and as it will occur after banking hours, of course we shall be obliged to keep the money in the safe. Next Wednesday afternoon is the time. But there is no danger from burglars, you know. The question is"—and Mr. Watson lowered his voice, and smiled very meaningly—"have we a thief in the office?"

"I see you have hit upon a theory."

"Well, they tell me I'm a pretty sharp fellow, and I believe I *have* shown some shrewdness once or twice. This is all confidential, Burnham, of course. I don't mind saying that I have my suspicions about who did that last job. If it was not old Jennings, then I am no conjurer."

"Impossible!" said Tom, shocked. "He is too old, and there has never been a stain on his character. I would as soon suspect my own father. Nothing would make me believe that that good old man would touch a dime that did not belong to him. He has served your house thirty years, and long before you entered it, Mr. Watson."

"True enough; but my experience teaches me that they are the most dangerous class. I may be wrong in my surmise; but think over the case, and you will see the probability that I am right. I must go now. Think over it, my dear fellow—think over it."

And that showy apparition departed. Tom Burnham, however, did not think over it—he was too angry. He took up Miss Henderson's poems again, now with a renewed reason to be severe. And, in truth, he did write the article he had threatened—a slashing review, in which he so applied his knack of sarcasm and ridicule that the young lady's poor little volume was, as he expressed it, made mincemeat of. Then in came Slater, and Burnham, turning over the charge of the office to him, went to the theatre.

New Year's Day arrived, and Tom, although no great society man, had some calls to make. There was Colonel Blodgett, his employer, proprietor of the *Planet;* Mr. Peters, the business manager; Tom's aunt, Mrs. Tulliver; and Judge Periwinkle, his kind friend, who had done much for him—all these were to be called on. About three o'clock in the afternoon Tom found himself in Three Hundred and Fourth Street, where Judge Periwinkle lived, and the locality brought to mind the book of poems. Tom had read the article in the next day's paper, and could not but laugh at the merciless style in which he had cut up the book. "I'll wager a trifle that we'll have no more trash from that young poetess for some time," he thought, as he rang Judge Periwinkle's bell.

He was shown into the parlor, having given his card to the servant, and he met some gentlemen just leaving. Here were several young ladies, and one older, in the room as Tom made his appearance, and he was at once transfixed at the sight of a singularly beautiful girl, who stood in the centre of the group with her large dark eyes fixed on him steadily, and with a grave surprise. Indeed, they all appeared somewhat astonished and embarrassed.

"This is Mr. Burnham, the editor of the *Planet*," said the elderly lady, holding his card.

Tom acknowledged his identity, and he observed his questioner smiling a little and biting her lip.

"We have heard of you," she went on; "particularly as a literary critic. Your review of Miss Daisy Henderson's poems has excited a great deal of remark."

"I was pretty severe, I am afraid," said Tom, laughing; "but I was, perhaps, not altogether in good humor on the evening I wrote that criticism. To tell the truth, I just glanced over the book."

"Permit me to introduce you to these young ladies: Miss Harper, Miss Wilson, and this"—she indicated the tall, handsome girl—"is Miss Daisy Henderson."

Tom never could tell how he felt. He turned violently red, and his heart sprang into his throat. Evidently there was some mistake. He began to perceive that the room was a strange one.

"Pray, where am I?" he gasped. "Is not this Judge Periwinkle's?"

"Judge Periwinkle lives next door. This is Mr. D. W. Henderson's."

He had, in his abstraction, got into the wrong house. He began staggering back with some dim purpose of taking flight without another word. But at this point Miss Daisy Henderson came forward a little, and said:

"Mr. Burnham has evidently made a mistake, but I hope he will consider that he has paid papa the call. We have all heard of him, as every one has. As for the notice of my foolish little poems, of course"—and her lips trembled a little—"I know that it is an editor's duty to tell the public the truth, and they were very bad. It was a painful shock to me to learn the truth so plainly, but the effect will be beneficial, because I shall not write again. I am not silly enough to be angry with Mr. Burnham."

Tom's "duty to the public"! He had not read a whole page in the book. He had just singled out a stanza here and there for sacrifice, at the same time knowing in his heart that the verses were sweet, womanly and clever. He stood the picture of shame, confusion and remorse. He would like to have died there and then.

He tried to stammer some sort of apology and explanation, and entreated to be allowed to go; but Miss Henderson smiled, and seeing his distress, said pleadingly that she hoped he would remain and have some refreshment, as she had something particular to ask him—some advice—and her papa, who would be down presently, would be delighted to meet him.

So Tom, fearful of giving fresh offense, and in truth captivated by her beauty, yielded, and after drinking a glass of champagne, sat down beside Miss Henderson on the sofa, and heard her tell, in her pretty, demure way, her story. It was to the effect that she had written a novel. Poetry she was now convinced—and more than ever since reading Tom's profound analysis of the little volume—she had no talent for; but would he just glance over her novel—she had tried so hard to make it interesting—and give his candid opinion!

He undertook the office gladly, of course, and then they fell to chatting of other things, and by chance let fall a word about her approaching marriage to Mr. Watson. Her face clouded slightly as she touched upon the topic, and Tom wondered whether she was altogether happy over the prospect.

So he withdrew, after a little conversation with Mr. Henderson, who came in, and late that afternoon, Tom, alone in his room at the office, looked over the manuscript of the novel and was very much pleased with it. The very next day he called once more and returned the book, and as Miss Henderson was delighted with his criticism, they had a long talk. She grew almost confidential, and when, by some chance, the name of Mr. Watson came up again, her lovely face grew sad and thoughtful, and Tom felt surer than ever that she was doubtful of the venture she was about to make. She said, indeed, that Mr. Watson was so fond of speculation, that she feared he was taking too great risks sometimes. Besides, he seemed often much worried, and she knew that the suspense in which he lived, over the large interests he had always at stake, was injuring his health.

This reminded Tom of the recent robbery, and of the heavy payment to be made to Egerton & Co. on Wednesday afternoon. He had a presentiment that there would be another attempt to rob the firm, and he had also formed a certain theory. One of his reporters had brought him in some information about the porter employed by the house. This man had once been in prison for stealing—it was a case of burglary, in fact.

"My idea is that the fellow is not such an ignoramus as he pretends to be," mused Tom. "He has learned how to operate the combination of the safe, and having a key to the building, easily gets in at night. If I am right I shall catch him in the act."

So Wednesday afternoon he had a private conference with old Mr. Egerton, and laid his plans before him, and borrowed his key. And that evening, about eight o'clock, Tom strolled down Water Street, where the warehouse was located, and went carelessly by the door. This portion of the city, so busy by day, was now deserted. The lamps were lighted, but it still had a curiously dark and dismal look. Tom walked back, unlocked the front door, entered, and locked it again behind him. He felt for his revolver, and then proceeded to the office.

It was a rather small apartment; there was a desk, with a few chairs; a map and some prints hung on the walls; at one end stood a tall, old-fashioned clock, and against the wall stood the safe.

Tom sat down now to consider where he should conceal himself. The hands of the clock indicated a few minutes of nine, and the burglar, if he came at all, probably would not appear for several hours yet. The wait would be a long and tedious one.

He sat, with his legs crossed, in a rather dreary reverie. The thought of Miss Daisy Henderson returned. What a beautiful girl! How good, how innocent! And how basely he had wronged her! Well, he would make it up in the criticism he would write of her novel. There was never such a notice given of a book as he would publish; and it should not be a mere puff, either, but the best literary work of which he was capable.

"The world is all wrong," thought poor Tom. "Here she is about to throw herself away on that fellow Watson, who will not appreciate her—who will ill-treat her, perhaps. I can see that he is both fast and a fool. Would she were to be mine!" he sighed. "Awfully slow work, this," and he glanced at the big clock.

He saw that the hands now marked a quarter to ten. A whole hour had gone by. He was astounded. He sat staring at the white face of the queer old timepiece, when suddenly the minute-hand took a jump of five minutes.

"Extraordinary clock, I declare!" he said, and got up and went over to it. The hands had now ceased to move altogether. He studied them with interest, and finally opened the door. Within he saw, by the light of the gas, which had been turned down very low, a man. Tom fell back and drew his revolver.

"Come out," he said, "or I'll fire!"

The burglar stepped out, with a short, nervous laugh, and it was young Mr. Watson, the junior partner. He was white as death and trembled violently, and being unable to speak, held up his hand. Tom Burnham, as a newspaper-man, had been through many experiences, but he had never seen such a picture of abject terror.

"What in Heaven's name are you doing here, Mr. Watson?" he said.

"I came here for the same purpose that you did," he answered; "to hunt for the burglar."

"That is strange. Why did you conceal yourself? For quite an hour you have been hidden in the clock turning the hand around, which would not go otherwise while you stood in the way of the works, in order to deceive me. You are attempting to deceive me, and I suspect that you have already been at the safe."

He went over to that receptacle, and the door yielded to his touch. There was nothing within but the books of the establishment.

"You see," said Tom, "that the money paid in this afternoon is gone; and, frankly, Mr. Watson, I believe you have it on your person. Why not make a free disclosure? You robbed yourself before, and came here tonight to do it again. You have met with heavy losses in speculation, and chose this method to make up for them. It is a very old story. I have heard a good deal about you. You have been on the turf and in the stock-market, and have amused yourself in the evenings at the faro-table. Come, speak out; you will find me a friend."

Watson's mouth quivered, and he dropped into a chair and hid his face in his hands. Presently he said:

"You are right. I was desperate. I had met with tremendous losses and was ruined. You can understand my feelings, with the prospect of marriage before me! Here is the money I took from the safe to-night."

He drew from his bosom a thick package, and threw it on the desk.

There was a silence of some minutes, and finally Burnham said, "What do you propose to do?"

"I shall leave the firm and go to some other city. If you do not betray me no one will know anything."

"And your marriage! That, of course, is at an end, too?" said Tom, emphatically.

"Well, I suppose it must be; and perhaps it is just as well, for though Miss Henderson is a beautiful girl, and has many charming qualities, I have been for some time convinced that we are but little suited to each other. She is a sort of blue-stocking, you know, and spends most of her time reading and writing, while I, I confess, have but little sympathy with those pursuits. I can easily break off with her without causing her to suspect anything."

For some time longer they discussed all this, and when they left the building it was quite late.

About ten days later Mr. Watson retired suddenly from his firm and went South for his health. Then it came out that his engagement to Miss Daisy Henderson was broken. There was a good deal of surmise and comment, but nobody had an idea of the truth. Tom Burnham honestly kept the secret of everything to himself.

Tom kept up his acquaintance, so curiously made, with Miss Henderson, and superintended the publication of her novel, "Rule or Ruin," as it was entitled, there being a great run at that time on alliterative titles, and it proved a very brilliant success.

Later she became the editor's wife.

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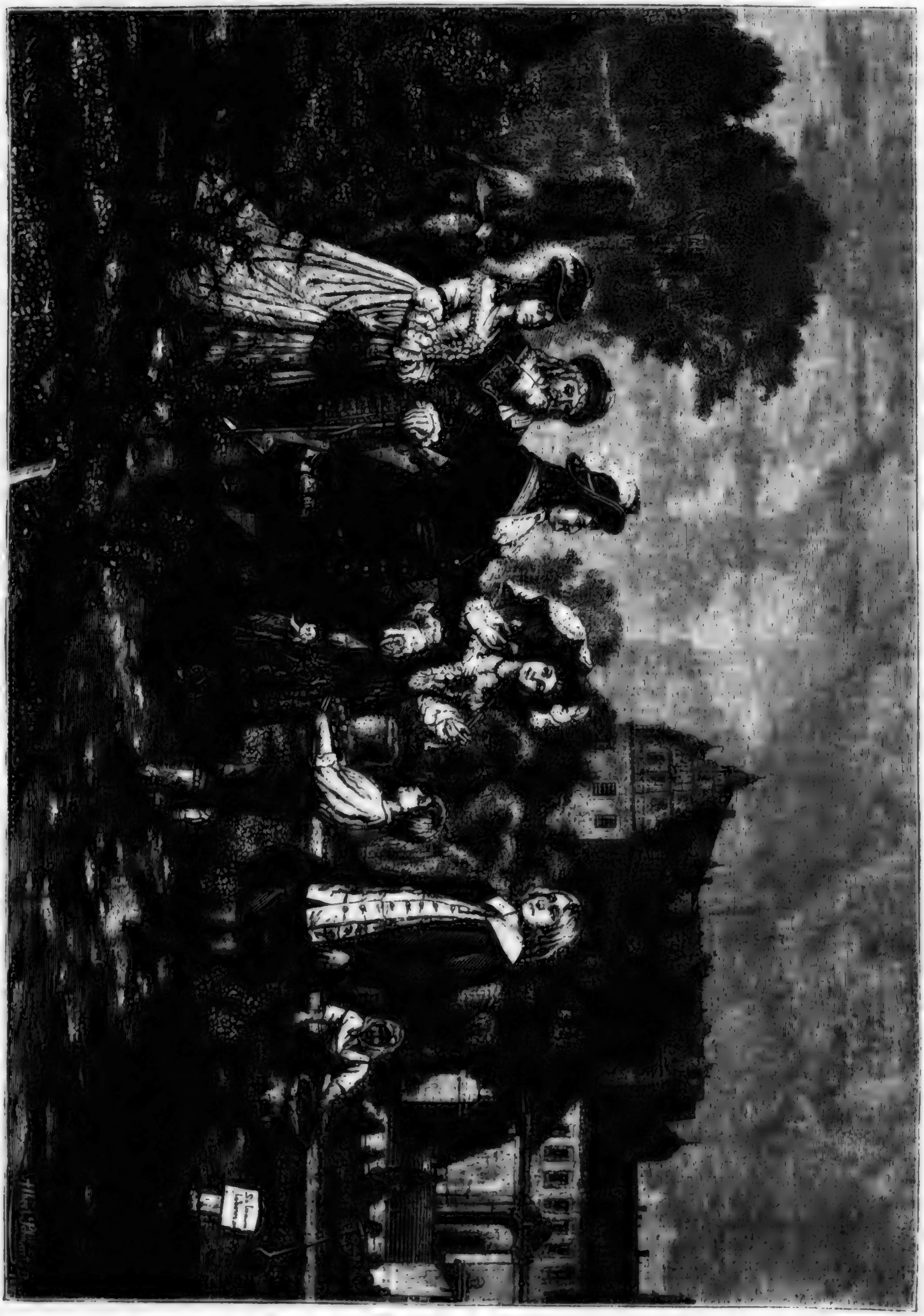
THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 47.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN POTATO.

By A. S. Fuller.

THE native country of the now common but misnamed Irish potato is a matter that has been in dispute for the past three hundred years. A well-known naturalist, in referring to this subject a few years ago, remarked that "although the potato is now so widely diffused among civilized nations as a staple article of food, its history and the time of its introduction are wrapped in great obscurity." This is doubtless true, and if a person seeks information on the subject in our modern encyclopedias, he will not find much that is satisfactory. If we look at the article "Potato" in the "New American Cyclopedia," we find the following: "The native country of



MICHAEL HAUFF PRESENTING POTATOES TO THE GREAT ELECTOR, AT BERLIN, IN 1649.

the potato is a matter of doubt, but common report refers it to Peru. The potato now in use is said to have been carried to England by Sir Walter Raleigh from Virginia in 1586. But from another volume of this same Cyclopedia we learn that Sir Walter Raleigh was never in Virginia or in America, although, as is well known, he did send out an expedition to this country under the authority of a patent granted by Queen Elizabeth for discovering and planting new countries not possessed by Christians.

In a late edition of Chambers's "Library of Universal Knowledge" we are informed that the potato "appears to have been brought to Ireland from Virginia by Hawkins, a slave-trader, in 1565, and to England by Sir Francis Drake in 1585, without attracting much notice, till it was a third time imported from America by Sir Walter Raleigh." In this statement Sir Walter Raleigh is not credited with "carrying" the potato from Virginia to Ireland, but "importing" it, which is certainly an improvement on the former statement, although it is quite probable that neither is true.

For reasons that can be readily explained, Raleigh's name has become almost inseparably connected with the introduction of the potato into Great Britain; but there is not a scrap of history to prove that either Raleigh or any of his colonists had anything whatever to do with introducing the potato into Europe. The editors and compilers of our modern botanical and agricultural cyclopedias seldom fail to give Sir Walter Raleigh credit for being the introducer of the potato into Europe, although in a few instances they admit that there is some reason for doubt on this point. For instance, Rev. John M. Wilson, editor of the "Farmer's Dictionary," published by A. Fullarton & Co., Edinburgh and London, says: "Now, although no absolute proof can be brought forward on the subject, yet, from concurring circumstances and from tradition, it appears highly probable that the potato now in use amongst us was first brought to Ireland either by Sir Walter himself on his return from his voyage, or was afterward sent to him by the Governor of Virginia."

As I have already stated Sir Walter never made a voyage to Virginia, he certainly could not have brought the potato with him on his return to Ireland. If editors of great English cyclopedias make such mistakes in regard to the history of their own countrymen, perhaps those who edit similar publications in this country should be excused for doing no worse. But there must certainly be some good reason for giving to Sir Walter and his colonists the credit of introducing the potato into Ireland, and this must be discovered before we would be warranted in throwing discredit upon the oft-repeated story. It appears that Raleigh's name first became connected with the introduction of the potato in the year 1693, or 107 years after the return of his ships from their first voyage to Roanoke. In the year named Sir Robert Southwell, then President of the Royal Society (Eng.), informed the Fellows, at a meeting held December 13th, that his grandfather brought potatoes into Ireland, who first had them from Sir Walter Raleigh. But it does not appear that Southwell gave Raleigh or his colonists credit for introducing the potato, but merely said that his grandfather had them from him.

This hint in regard to Raleigh's introducing the potato was sufficient to lead his admirers to record it as a fact, and in their further search for evidence on this point they discovered that on board of one of Sir Walter's ships there was one Thomas Herriot, who probably went out to examine the country and report to his employer the nature and produce of its soil. He wrote an account of what he saw, which was printed in De Bry's collection of "Voyages," Vol. I. In this account, under an article on Roots, he describes a plant called *openawk*. "These roots," he says, "are round, some as large as a walnut, others much larger. They grow in damp soil, many hanging together as if fixed on ropes. They are good food, either boiled or roasted."

Now, upon such slight evidence it is claimed that Herriot found the potato in Virginia, and in some unexplained way he or some of his associates carried it to Ireland, although there is not a hint in the account of his voyages that such an importation was attempted. Furthermore, the description of the roots found does not agree with either wild or cultivated potatoes, for neither thrive in "damp soil," and the tubers do not grow "hanging together as if fixed on ropes"; therefore we must look for some other kind of tuberous rooted plant that will correspond with Herriot's account. Fortunately there is one not difficult to find, and it inhabits low, wet soils everywhere from Canada to Florida. This is the *Apios tuberosa*, or ground-nut, in some localities called wild bean. In regard to this plant, Professor Gray says: "Wild in low grounds, subterranean shoots bearing strings of edible, farinaceous tubers one to two inches long; stems, slender, rather hairy; leaflets, ovate-lanceolate; flowers, brownish-purple; violet-scented, crowded in short and thick racemes in late Summer and Autumn." A string of these tubers and leaves is shown on page 56. There is scarcely room for doubt in regard to this plant being the one referred to by Herriot under the Indian name of openawk, for it grows plentifully in all the low grounds of Virginia, while no botanist or traveler ever found wild potatoes in any part of the country east of the Mississippi. If they had been indigenous to Virginia when Herriot visited this country, they would certainly be found in similar localities at the present day; but as they are not, we may with safety discredit all the stories that have been told in regard to the part played by Sir Walter Raleigh and his colonists in introducing the potato into Europe.

Virginia, however, has been credited with being the home of the potato by many of the early authors, who probably never heard of Herriot's find in this country; but it should be borne in mind that two or three centuries ago Virginia was a rather indefinite region, comprising nearly all of the country now known as the Southern States extending westward to Mexico.

By whom, or in what year, the potato was introduced into Europe, is not positively known, for few of the earlier writers who refer to potatoes clearly distinguish between the sweet and what is now called the Irish potato; and it is only when both are described or illustrations accompany the descriptions that we can positively identify the species.

Prescott, in his "Conquest of Peru," says that in 1526 Pizarro, at the Rio de San Juan, ate the potato as it grew, without cultivation; but whether it was the sweet or Irish potato we are left in doubt. Peter Cieça, or as some authors write his name, Pedro de Cieza de Leon, says in his "Chronicles," published in 1553, "that the inhabitants of Quito and its vicinity have, besides maize, a tuberous root, which they eat and call papas"; but here again we are left in doubt in regard to the identity of this tuber. Molina, in his "Natural History of Chili," quotes several earlier writers to prove the plant indigenous there. The tuber to which John Hawkins referred, in 1565, was no doubt the sweet potato, as he compares it to the parsnip and carrot. It has been claimed that Hawkins, after relieving the French, who were suffering from famine on the River May, now St. John's, Florida, sailed northward, taking potatoes with him, to Virginia, but there is no proof of it. The first European writer after those named who takes notice of the potato is the German botanist C. Clusius, who mentions having received two roots in the year 1588, while residing in Vienna, from the Governor of Mons, in the Province of Hainault. That official is supposed to have procured them from an attendant of the Pope's legate, under the name of *taratoufli*. Clusius gives a figure of the potato among his rare plants. The first English author to give a good description of the potato, accompanied with an illustration, was John Gerarde, in the second book of his great "Historie of Plants," published in London, 1597. He gives good illustrations and full descriptions of both the sweet and what he calls the potato of Virginia; consequently there can be no mistake in regard to his being well acquainted with both. In regard to the native country of the latter, he says: "It groweth naturally in America, where it was first discovered, as reporteth C. Clusius. Since which time I have received rootes hereof from Virginia, otherwise called Norembega, which growe and prosper in my garden as in their owne native countrie." He further says that "we may call it in English, Potatoe of America, or Virginia," showing that even Gerarde had a rather indefinite idea of the extent of the country known as Virginia. It must have taken Gerarde several years to write his great work, of some 1,400 folio pages, but it was completed and published only eleven years after Herriot returned from America; and if he or Raleigh had introduced such a valuable plant as the potato, Gerarde must have known it and mentioned the fact. Yet not only Gerarde, but all contemporaneous writers, and those who published similar works during the succeeding century, are, so far as I have been able to learn, entirely silent in regard to Sir Walter Raleigh's assistance or influence in either introducing, or in any manner aiding in the cultivation of, the potato.

The next writer after Gerarde who mentions the potato is Lord Bacon, who recommends using "some fat roots in brewing ale, such as potatoes—one-fourth of the roots to three-fourths of grain." But potatoes during this time were cultivated more as a curiosity than for use, and they were considered as great delicacies during the reign of James I. In 1619, they were mentioned as one of the articles provided for use in the Queen's household. They were then valued at two shillings a pound. In 1629, Parkinson, in his "Paradisus Terrestris," figures and describes both the sweet and American potato, but of the latter he says little in praise, only stating that the comfitmakers prefer the Spanish (sweet) potatoes, and candy them, as divers other things, to accompany banqueting-dishes. Kissing-comfits were made in Shakespeare's time, and *Falstaff* says, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor":

> "Let it rain potatoes and hail kissing-comfits!"

Potatoes continued to remain scarce in Great Britain for a long time after they had been tried and found excellent food, and it was not until 1663 that they were brought before the public as a food of national importance, when Mr. Buckland sent a letter to the Royal Society strongly recommending the culture of potatoes in all parts of the kingdom as a precaution against famine. But these exertions of a scientific body did not produce much effect, and at the close of the seventeenth century the cultivation of this valuable tuber had not extended beyond the gardens of a few amateurs and the botanical collections of the apothecaries. So late as 1719, the famous nurserymen, London & Wise, did not consider the potato worthy of a place in their "Complete Gardener," and some contemporaneous writers thought them inferior to radishes.

As late as 1743 the potato was almost unknown in Scotland; only a few plants were grown in gardens about Edinburgh.

Success attended their cultivation wherever attempted, but the Scotch folks were hostile to any such innovation, as potatoes, they said, were not mentioned in the Bible, and this was reason enough for rejecting them. But famine at last overcame ignorance and prejudice, and the potato became a staple article of food during the latter part of the eighteenth century throughout Great Britain.

The potato was introduced into Sweden about 1720, and although the great botanist Linnæus favored its cultivation, it did not receive much attention until 1764, when a royal edict was published in its favor. In France the potato was long regarded as an unwholesome plant, and one writer states that they were only fit to be eaten by cattle and the most wretched of human beings. At last Parmentier, a man celebrated for his knowledge of chemistry, made special exertions in behalf of this decried but valuable plant. He believed that the best way to make it popular was to get the rich to place it on their tables; and, to insure its recognition by this class, he presented Louis XVI. with a nosegay made with the flowers of the potato, and the sovereign graciously received the emblem of a plant most likely of any to guarantee his subjects against famine. This remarkable presentation was made just one hundred years ago, or in 1785, but two hundred years after this valuable tuber had been known to Europeans.

The ingenuity of Parmentier brought the previously much-despised plant into favor; a little flattery employed at the right time and with the right person produced greater and more immediate results than the combined wisdom of the *savans* of a great nation.

It is now generally admitted that no greater or more important event of its kind has ever taken place than the dissemination of the potato among the people of Europe and other parts of the world, for it has not only vastly increased their wealth, but, as many far-seeing persons predicted, has prevented a great amount of suffering in times of scarcity of food and famine.

Having in a rather cursory manner glanced at the history of the potato as given by earlier writers who refer at all to this plant, let us now see if we cannot find something more tangible in regard to its origin and native country. It may be said, without fear of proof to the contrary, that any plant once found growing wild over any considerable extent of territory will remain there in small numbers at least for centuries, even after the country has become thickly settled and the greater part of the land brought under cultivation.

We have few recorded instances of a plant once abundant in a wild state that has been totally annihilated, or so improved by cultivation that its normal prototype could not be readily discovered in the wild grounds of its native country. This certainly is not true with the potato; for there is an abundance of incontestable evidence to prove that it grows wild at this day on millions of acres where it was growing when Columbus first sailed westward on his voyage of discovery. But for some unaccountable reason, those who have undertaken to write the history of this plant for our modern cyclopedias and similar works have overlooked or ignored the discoveries of travelers and naturalists of the present century. It is true that the writers referred to admit that the potato has been found growing wild in Chili and Peru, for

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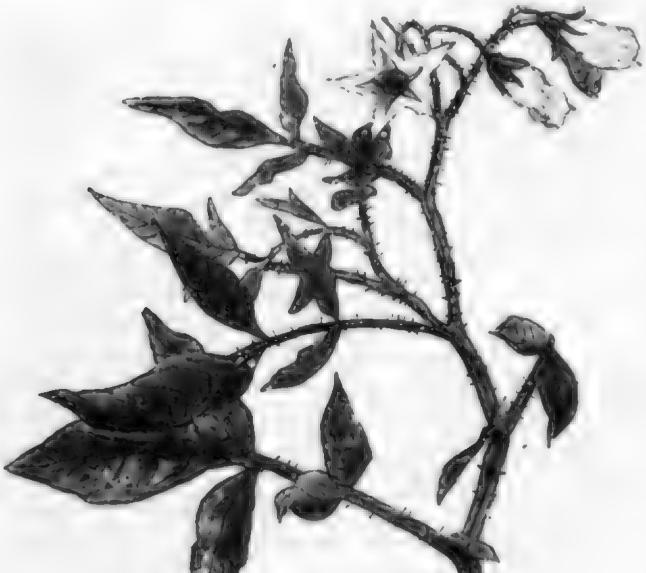


WILD POTATO FROM NEW MEXICO.

specimens are to be found in many old herbariums of plants gathered in South America; and further, such noted travelers as Don José Pavon, Don Francisco Zea, Dombey, and Ruiz, all found the potato growing wild in the countries named. But some botanists have rather discredited these discoveries by claiming that the potatoes found were of a different species from the common *Solanum tuberosum.* One of these, with a broader and more rounded leaf, was named *Solanum Commersoni,* in honor of its discoverer; but it has since been found that the potato in its wild state varies almost as widely as under cultivation, and that what one botanist might consider a distinct species, another would not place in a higher rank than among natural wild varieties.

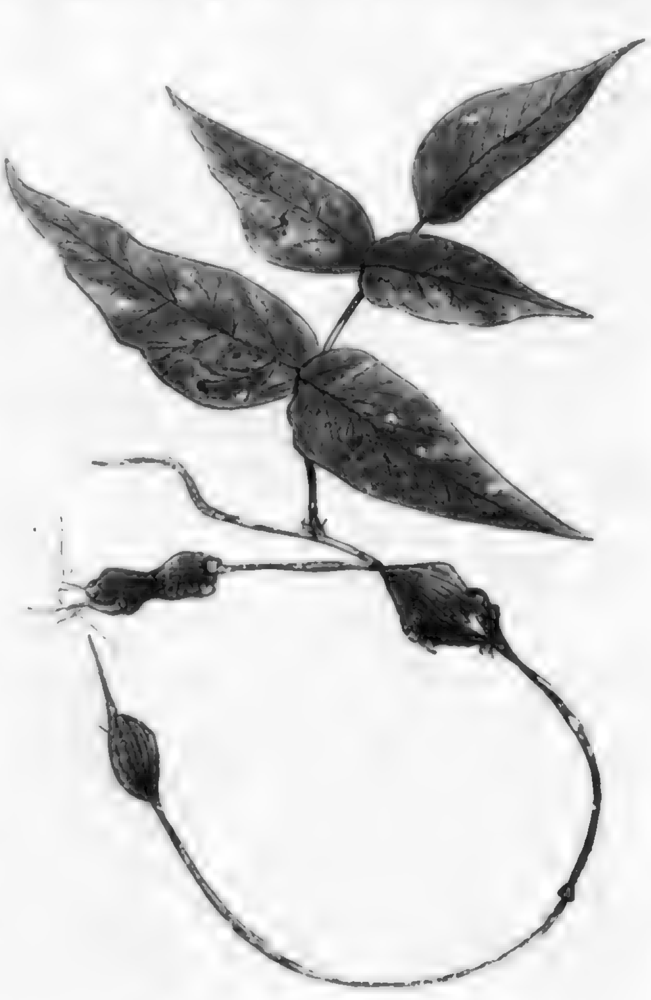
More than sixty years ago an American botanist found *Solanum tuberosum* growing wild both at Montevideo and in the vicinity of Maldonado, in South America, and where it was considered as a common weed.

It is now no longer disputed that the potato grows wild in elevated regions throughout the greater part of South America, where the Spaniards must have found it, and probably in a cultivated state, on their first visit to that part of the New World, and from thence carried it to Spain, as well as to other countries with which they had commercial intercourse. But South America is no more entitled to be considered the original home of the potato than North America, for it is scarcely less plentiful in its wild state in the former than in the latter.

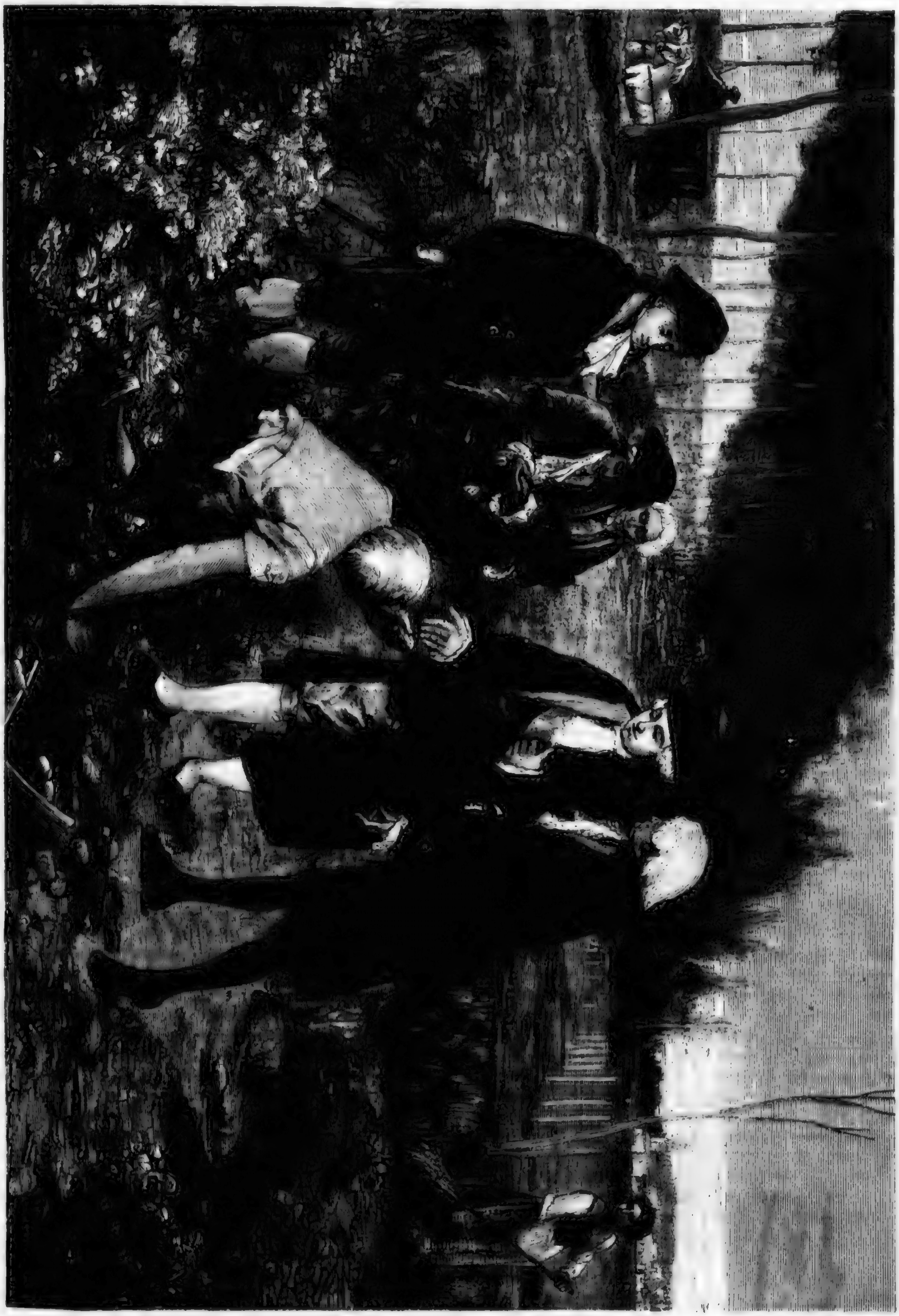
Baron von Humboldt, in his observations on the potato in Mexico, seems to think that it does not grow wild in that country, or in any part of southwestern North America, and he further says that it is not a garden plant in any of the West Indies. The latter part of this statement is no doubt true, for the potato is a native of cold climates, not warm ones, nor even those which are considered semi-tropical; for, wherever found in southern latitudes, it is always in situations several thousand feet above sea-level, and where the Winter months are cold and the Summer temperature is decidedly cool. Then again, in these elevated regions droughts are frequent, and often of long duration, sometimes extending over two or three years, during which time potatoes and other tuberous and bulbous plants remain dormant, only sprouting when sufficient rain falls to penetrate the soil to a considerable depth. Humboldt may have visited the elevated valleys and *mesas* during one of those long droughts, when neither potatoes nor other similar plants were to be seen; hence they escaped his notice. But whatever the reason for his not finding the potato in Mexico, it certainly was not because they did not grow wild in that country.

Some thirty-five or more years ago, Mr. A. Fendler made a botanical journey through New Mexico, during which he found specimens of a small plant very much resembling the common potato. Dried specimens of this wild potato were sent to Professor Asa Gray, of Cambridge, Mass., who named it *Solanum Fendleri,* in honor of the discoverer. A year or two later, or in 1851, Professor George Thurber, now editor of the *American Agriculturist,* while botanizing in New Mexico, found the same species or variety of potato previously discovered by Fendler, and about which he said: "The plant appeared like a diminutive potato, and as small tubers were found, it seemed very likely to be *Solanum tuberosum.*"

In 1880 I spent a few weeks in the northern part of New Mexico, but it was during one of those protracted droughts so common in that part of the country; consequently vegetation—especially of herbaceous kinds—was exceedingly scarce, but by digging where wild potatoes were supposed to grow in more favorable seasons, a few



THE APIOS TUBEROSA FROM VIRGINIA.



PARMENTIER SHOWING HIS FIRST CROP OF POTATOES TO LOUIS XVI.

tubers were found, which I brought home and planted in my garden, where they still remain, but thriving only moderately. I returned to New Mexico the following year, which was a more favorable one for collecting plants, and I then had an opportunity of examining the potato in its native habitats, and where no white man had ever disturbed the soil further than tramping over it in search of wild game or other natural products. These wild potatoes grow in the elevated valleys and table-lands, at an elevation of from four to eight thousand feet above the sea-level, where the temperature in Summer is scarcely more than sufficient to insure the ripening of the early varieties of Indian corn.

Mr. J. C. Lemmon, a California botanist, has since found several distinct varieties of the wild potato in Arizona, all in elevated and cool regions. One of these varieties has bluish-purple flowers, like those of some of the cultivated sorts. The tubers of the wild plants are also quite variable in size and form; in fact, they are perfect potatoes, but somewhat diminutive, varying from the size of large peas up to an inch or more in diameter. The accompanying illustrations were made from some specimens taken from my garden during the present Autumn, while the plants were in bloom and before the tubers had reached maturity. The original tubers were collected near the northern border of New Mexico; consequently we may now claim that the so-called Irish or American potato is a native of the United States, and is to be found abundantly from the southern borders of Colorado, south throughout New Mexico, and westward in Arizona, along the mountain ranges of Old Mexico, as well as in South America. The early explorers of America could scarcely have missed finding potatoes even if they had not been looking for such plants.

A WITCH-BURNER.

The Aristocracy, the Bench, and the Bar, have always cried Sir Matthew Hale up as a good judge; whereas he was a monster, who condemned persons to be burnt as witches. The celebrated trial of the witches at Bury presents Hale in a most unfavorable light. Here is a curious extract from the evidence given on the occasion: "About seven years ago, having a special occasion to go from home, I desired Amy Duny, my neighbor, to look to my boy Billy, then sucking, during my absence, promising her a penny for her pains; I desired her not to suckle my child; I very well knew that she was an old woman, and could not naturally give suck; but, for some years before, she had gone under the reputation of a witch. Nevertheless, she did give suck to the child, and that very night he fell into strange fits of swounding, and was held in a terrible manner, insomuch that I was terribly frightened therewith, and so continued for divers weeks. I then went to a certain person named Dr. Jacob, who lived at Yarmouth, and had the reputation in the country to help children who were bewitched. He advised me to put the child by the fire in a blanket, and if I found anything in the blanket with the child, to throw it into the fire. I did so that same night, and there fell out of the blanket a great toad, which ran up and down upon the hearth. I seized the great toad with a pair of tongs, and thrust it into the fire. Thereupon it made a great and horrible noise; and after a space, there was a flashing in the fire like gunpowder, making a noise like the discharge of a pistol; and after the flashing and noise, the substance of the toad was gone without being consumed in the fire. The next day there came a young woman, a kinswoman of the said Amy, and told me that her aunt was in a most deplorable condition, having her face, legs and thighs all scorched, and that she was sitting alone in the house in her smock without any fire; and please you, my lord, after the burning of the said toad, my child recovered, and was well again, and is now still living." The testimony of two girls who brought up pins and needles was deemed even more conclusive, and the two poor old wretches were hanged.

M. GUIZOT AT WINDSOR.

"I had two adventures at Windsor," once wrote the great French Minister. "The first was winning the sweepstakes at Ascot. Every one who accompanies the Queen puts in a sovereign and draws a ticket with the name of one of the horses that are going to run. I drew 'Scutari,' and 'Scutari' won the principal race. Twenty-three sovereigns for me, which will balance the twenty pounds I had to spend in fees to the servants at Windsor Castle.

"Here is my second adventure; it will make you laugh, but pray do not laugh at it before company, as it might find its way into some newspaper, which would annoy me. On Wednesday evening, at Windsor, the Queen retired at eleven o'clock; we staid behind talking for half an hour. At midnight I set out to find my own apartment, and I lose myself in the galleries, saloons, and corridors. At last I slowly open a door, taking it for mine, and I see a lady beginning to undress, attended by her maid. I shut the door as fast as I can, and begin again to search for my own room. I, at last, find some one who shows me the way. I go to bed. The next day, at dinner, the Queen said to me, laughingly, 'Do you know that you entered my room at midnight?' 'How, ma'am?—was it your Majesty's door that I half opened?' 'Certainly,' and she began laughing again, and so did I.

"I told her of my perplexity, which she had already guessed; and I asked whether if, like St. Simon or Sully, I should ever write my memoirs, she would allow me to mention that I had opened the Queen of England's door in Windsor Castle at midnight, while she was going to bed. She gave me permission, and laughed heartily."

A POCKET FILTER.

The idea of a filter which, carried in the pocket, can be used to convert the brackish and impure water which the soldiers, tourists, etc., encounter at almost every turn, into a harmless liquid with which he can readily slake his thirst, is not a new one; but in the Maignen Patent "Watch" and "Soldier's Filtre Rapide" there are many valuable characteristics which are quite novel. The two forms in which the invention is manufactured differ from one another, not in the principle on which they perform their common function, but in their mechanical construction. The "watch" filter is shaped like the familiar portable time-piece; the "Soldier's" is cylindrical in form. We give a description of the latter. It consists of a frame covered with asbestos cloth, this asbestos cloth being coated with powdered carbo-calcis, which is the filtering medium, and which can be discharged—along with all the impurities it may have arrested—and replaced, the process being gone through as often as necessary. The frame is inclosed in a cylindrical tin box measuring five inches by one and a half, which can be conveniently used as a drinking-cup.

Attached to the filter is an india-rubber tube, through which the water may be drawn from a rivulet, bottle, cask, etc. The contrivance can, however, be used without this tube; while a third method of use possible is that on the principle of a siphon, water being automatically drawn impure from one vessel and discharged pure into another.

HE DIDN'T KNOW HIS WIFE.

At the gaming-table the Duke of Richmond incurred a debt of honor to Lord Cadogan which he was unable to pay, and it was agreed that his son, a lad of fifteen, who bore the title of Earl of March, should marry the still younger daughter of Lord Cadogan. The boy was sent for from school, and the girl from the nursery, and the children were told that they were to be married on the spot. The girl had nothing to say; the boy cried out, "They are surely not going to marry me to that dowdy!"

But married they were. A postchaise was at the door, the bridegroom was packed off with his tutor to make the grand tour, and the bride sent back to her mother.

Lord March remained abroad for several years, after which he returned to London, a well-educated, handsome young man, but in no haste to meet his wife, whom he had never seen except upon the occasion of their hasty marriage. So he tarried in London to amuse himself. One night at the opera his attention was attracted to a beautiful young lady in the boxes.

"Who is that?" he asked of a gentleman beside him.

"You must be a stranger in London," was the reply, "not to know the toast of the town—the beautiful Lady March."

The Earl went straight to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride. The two fell in love with each other on the spot, and lived long and happily together; and when the husband died, she also died of a broken heart within a few months.

A GREEDY CRITIC.

It was told of Florentino, the Parisian critic, who on his decease left a fine fortune and a foul name behind him, that a *débutante* once called upon him to ask his favorable attention. While the lady talked, the critic, with impertinent familiarity, eyed her watch—a remarkably pretty one—which hung at her waist, and interrupted all her observations by commendations of its great beauty.

Perceiving at last the drift of all these remarks, the lady begged Florentino to do her the favor of accepting the watch as a token of her admiration for his ability. This he at once did, and she departed, sure of a splendid "first notice." Imagine her amazement when she found her voice pronounced "passable," her manner "poor," and her intellect "mediocre." She hastened to the ruthless critic, gesticulated with the offensive article, and asked what it meant.

"Did I not give you my pretty watch you admired so much?" she indignantly demanded.

"Certainly, madame," was the composed reply; "you gave me the watch, but——"

"But what?"

"But you forgot to give me the chain!"

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

SNOWDROPS.

A slender form, with girlhood's supple grace
Lending its charm to her sweet, thoughtful face:
Clothed in a robe of silken, shining white—
Mortal has never seen a fairer sight—
A wreath of snowdrops shading her fair brow:
As I then saw her, so I see her now.

I told her all my love: I know not why,
Where wealth and rank had failed, I dared to try;
And yet two little hands crept into mine;
A whisper told me, "My heart's love is thine."
My heart thanked Heaven for my untold bliss
As her pure lips met mine in love's first kiss.

'Twas nigh two years since I had won my flower;
Our life had been like one bright Summer's hour:
But she had always thought for others' grief.
Her tender sympathy oft gave relief,
And what she was to me words fail to tell.
My own sweet Snowdrop, oh! I loved her well.

One morn I had to go some miles away;
Will memory ever blot out that sad day?
An angel came with message for my love,
A royal message, from her King above.
I saw her, God be thanked! Ay! heard the sigh,
'Twas scarcely more—her whispered, soft good-by.

Physicians called it death; I knew 'twas life,
Though e'en Faith wavered in my sorrow's strife;
Long years have passed, yet have not eased my pain—
'Twill be forgotten when we meet again;
A crown of snowdrops on her pale, still brow;
As last I saw her, so I see her now.

JOHN RUSKIN AND HIS HOME.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

One June morning, after enjoying Ambleside, in the English lake district, we drove nine miles to Lake Coniston, on which is Ruskin's home, called "Brantwood." A lodge, square, coated with mortar rugged with pebbles, as are many of the English houses, stands at the entrance. Further on, upon an elevation overlooking the loveliest of lakes and noblest of mountains, is the home of the famous author.

It is covered, like the lodge, with rough mortar, except a large addition of blue slate, and it is low and rambling, as though made for rest and enjoyment. Over it clamber vines of several varieties, one thick with white flowers and red berries. Close to the house are beds of yellow poppies, as though no inch of ground should fail to add its share of beauty. Behind is a steep mountain, where Ruskin geologizes, bringing down large pieces of rock in his hands. This is a study he especially loves. He says: "I was *forced* to write upon art by an accident (the public abuse of Turner) when I was two-and-twenty; but I had written a 'Mineralogical Dictionary' as far as C, and invented a short-hand symbolism for crystalline forms before I was fourteen; and have been at stony work ever since, as I could find time; silently, not caring to speak much till the chemists had given me more help."

All about the home are ash, spruce, holly, chestnut and oak trees, furnishing shade and comfort. Within, one finds a perfect treasure-house of art, science and literature. As you enter, the square hall, green in color, is brightened by three drawings of Burne Jones: "Fair Rosamond," "Thisbe" and "Cleopatra," with some sketches by Prout, and by Ruskin's own pencil. The drawing-room is furnished in delicate blue, with some pieces in rich golden satin, while the walls are in handsome figured paper in subdued tints. Rugs are on the

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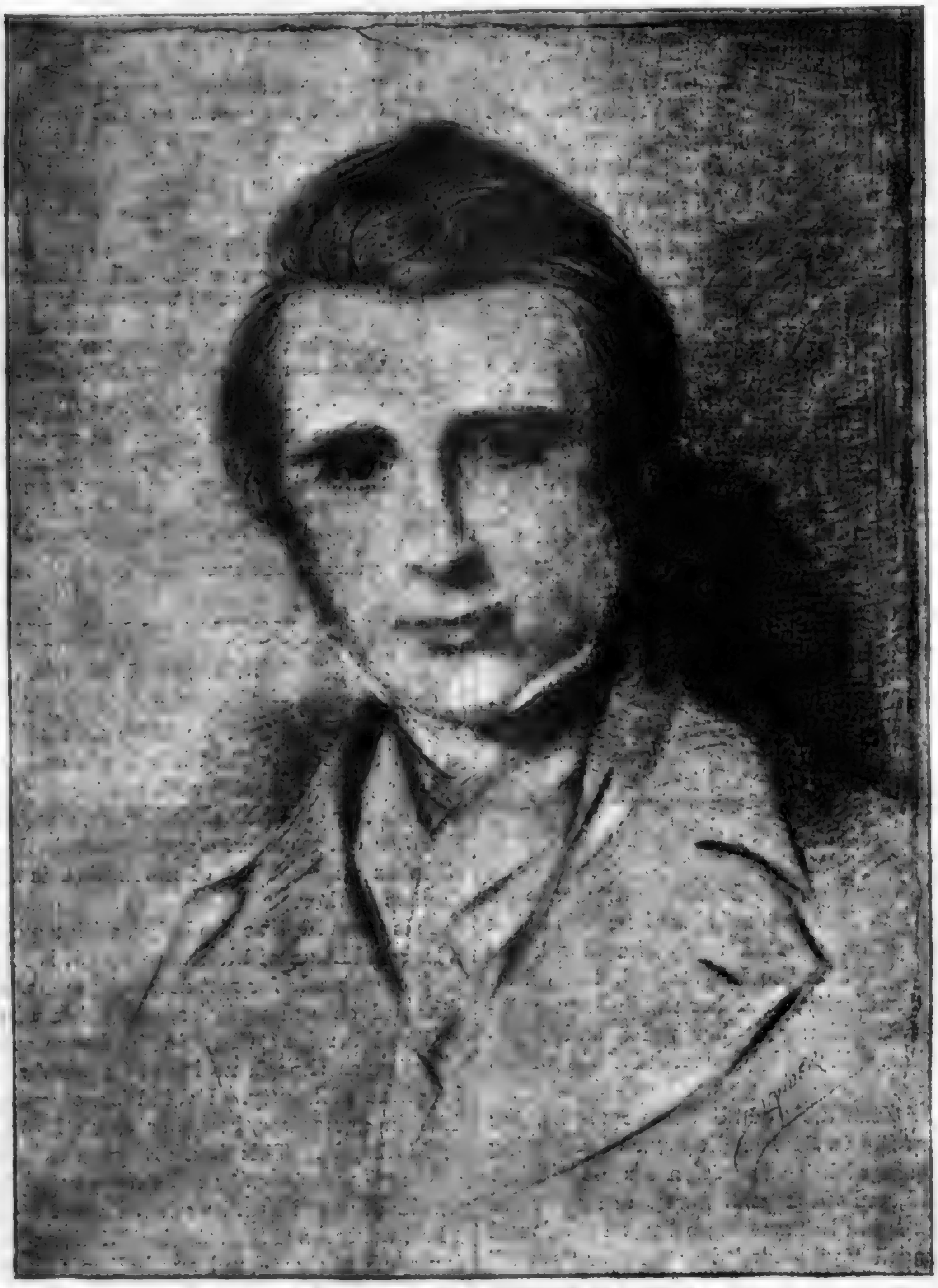
floor. A plant, with exquisitely shaded leaves, stands on the table in the centre of the room. The dining-hall is one of the most cheerful of the apartments, furnished in pea-green. Here are the family portraits—much more attractive to look upon while at meals than fish or dead birds. The picture of the mother represents her as a woman of uncommon sweetness and strength; that of the father shows a fine, manly face. Most winsome of all is that of a three-year-old boy, with flaxen hair, bright-blue eyes, dressed in white, with blue shoes and a sash of the same color. This is painted by Northcote, who says that when the little John Ruskin was brought to sit for his picture, he had not been ten minutes in the room before he inquired, "Why there were holes in his carpet?" Here also is a famous portrait of Andrea Gritti, by Titian, and an "Annunciation" by the great Tintoretto. Here is sweet Angelica Kauffman, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Raphael, from life; Young Reynolds, by his own hands, and Turner, at the age of seventeen, by himself. Here were playing the pretty children of Mrs. Severn, Ruskin's niece, of whom he is very fond, and who brightens what, even with all its art, would otherwise be a lonely house. For what is genius in a home without the sunshine of affection and sympathy?

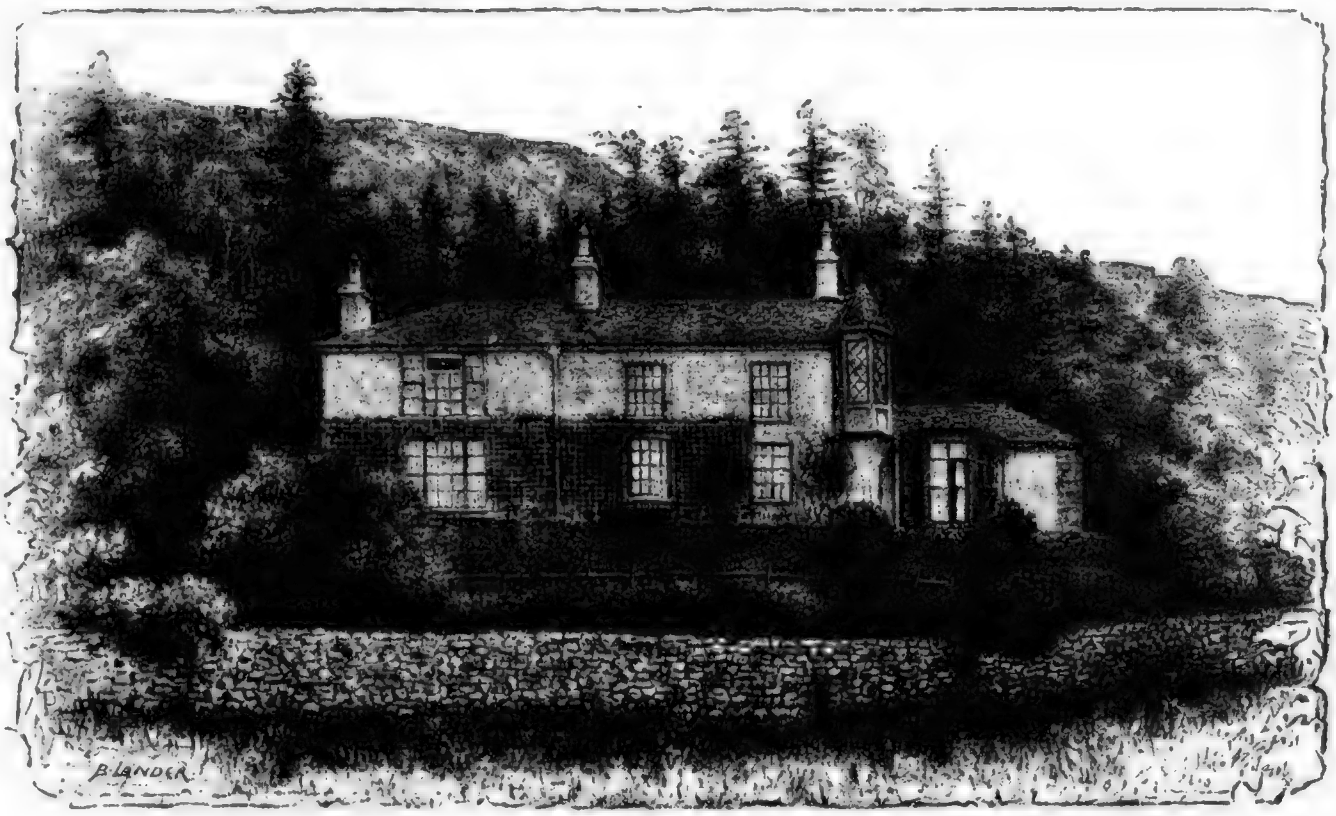


JOHN RUSKIN.—FROM A PORTRAIT BY LANDER.

Mr. Ruskin's sleeping-room, up-stairs, is simple, in light chintz, with bureau, washstand and bedstead of mahogany; but the pictures are worth a fortune. The walls are closely covered with Turners, incased in blue cambric, lest the light fade the exquisite colors. They seem like bits of real sunshine, or tree, or building. Here is a "Carnarvon Castle," and others about which he has written in "Modern Painters." The adjoining room, where he used to work, but which he left from a prolonged illness, has a tower with glass on each side, so that no sunrise or sunset may be lost to view.

Most attractive of all is the master's study, furnished in green. Books fill cases on every side—one for classics, one for botany, another for geology, while still another is filled with old books and manuscripts. I look out of the window across the lake, upon an ivy-covered house with tower, once the home of Sir Philip Sidney, and then taking from the case a French book that once belonged to the famous man, I read his name. How these things link us to the past! Here is a work on Dante, with "Michael Angelo Buonarotti" written in a fine hand—his autograph. Here is a large Chaucer of 1694, with some verses in Addison's handwriting. Mr. Ruskin evidently likes autographs, although he has been obliged to issue a circular, stating that he is not able to comply with the request for his own. Probably life has become too valuable to spare the time.

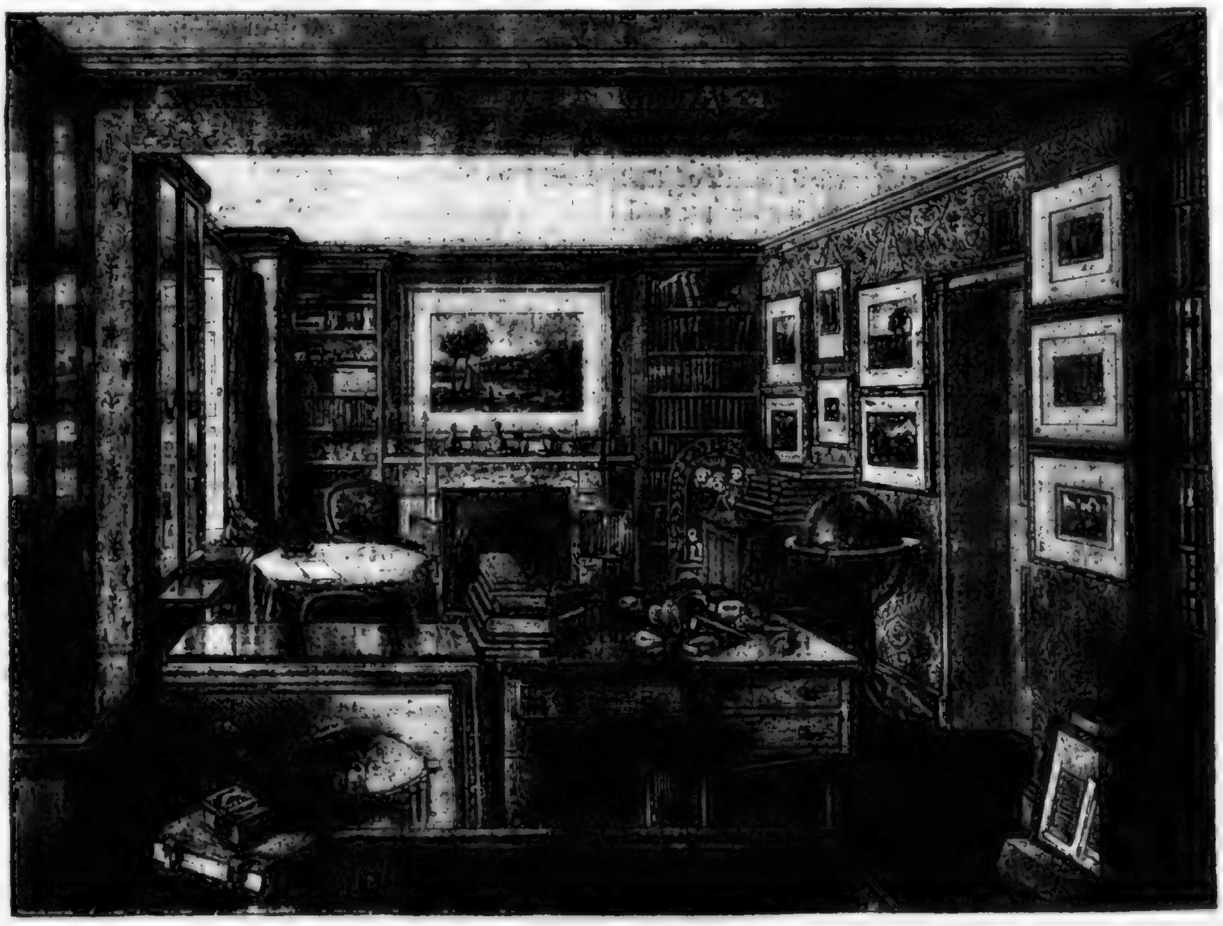
Here also is a manuscript Greek Testament of the tenth century; an illuminated book of music of an early date; the prayer-book of St. Louis on vellum, illuminated with work so fine that a microscope is required to see its beauty. Here are some of the "Waverley" novels in the original manuscript, and a bound volume of some of Sir Walter Scott's letters in his own writing. Linnæus's "Botany" is here, with notes by Thomas Gray. A desk is opened, and it is full of Turners. Another desk has a most beautiful collection of gold, diamonds and other precious stones, laid on crimson or purple velvet; also the finest assortment of agates, probably, in the world.



BRANTWOOD, RUSKIN'S HOME ON LAKE CONISTON.

In one part of the room is a bundle of walking-sticks, hammers and big pieces of basalt, which Ruskin has brought down from the mountain. His seal, the word "To-day," is graven on the end of a piece of chalcedony, five or six inches long, like a stalactite. Here are vases from Rome and Greece, and this three-cornered inkstand once belonged to Galileo. Here is a piece of a font from Florence, executed by Niccolo Pisano. In the centre of the room is a circular table, covered with green cloth, where the student does his work. And what a student! He may work for a month on geology, then if he tires, he turns to botany and writes a book; then to art; then, dearest of all, to his work for the poor.

More interesting by far than the home, is the gifted man who lives here, childless, but with a wealth of affection for man and beast and flower. Literature furnishes no man like him—unique in character and munificent with both brain and hand.



RUSKIN'S STUDY.

The only son of a London merchant, he was born February 8th, 1819. "I was accustomed," he says, "for two or three years, to no other prospect than that of the brick walls over the way; had no brothers nor sisters nor companions; and though I could always make myself happy in a quiet way, the beauty of the mountains had an additional charm of change and adventure for me which a country-bred child could not have felt."

In his boyhood he was taken by his parents in leisurely carriage-travel to nearly all the cathedrals, picture-galleries and castles of England. "In such journeys, whenever they brought me near hills, and in all mountain ground and scenery, I had a pleasure as early as I can remember, and continuing, till I was eighteen or twenty, infinitely greater than any which has been possible to me in anything."

His mother intended him to be a clergyman, but he loved nature and art too well to give himself to any other profession. "She forced me," he says, "to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline, patient, accurate and resolute, I owe not only my knowledge of the book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature."

He was educated by private tutors, and was graduated from Christchurch College, Oxford, at the age of twenty-three. The next year, 1843, appeared his first volume of "Modern Painters," which was really a defense of the artist Turner. Claude, the Poussins, Cuyp and Ruysdael received unfavorable mention compared with Turner, whom the "undergraduate" lauded to the skies. The critics denounced the book and its unknown author in no delicate terms; but soon the world began to study Turner!

Three years later, after much study in Italy, the second volume of "Modern Painters" was produced, discussing the various schools of Italian art. The critics began to change their tone. The *North British Review* called the book "very delightful and extraordinary, full of truth and goodness and power and beauty; and what is more and better than all, everywhere throughout the work we trace evidences of a deep reverence and a godly fear—a perpetual though subdued acknowledgment of the Almighty as the sum and substance, the beginning and the ending, of all truths, of all power, of all goodness and of all beauty."

Ruskin taught artists to "go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustfully, having no thought but how to penetrate her best meaning." Some young artists adopted these suggestions, and the Pre-Raphaelite School began, with such leading members as Millais, Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

In 1849 "Seven Lamps of Architecture" was published, and between 1851 and 1853, the "Stones of Venice," on which he labored for two years, giving an account of nearly every building in that quaint and historic old city. The London *Times* said: "It is in the highest degree eloquent, acute, stimulating to thought and fertile in suggestion. It will, we are convinced, elevate taste and intellect, raise the tone of moral feeling, kindle benevolence toward men, and increase the love and fear of God."

While through the early years the critics made his pathway thorny, he had a solace which few writers possess—nearly $800,000 left him by his parents! This gave him leisure for study, and saved him from the harassments incident to the earning of one's daily bread. After writing various other books on art—such as "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," in 1854; "Giotto and his Works," 1855; "Lectures on Art, Decoration and Manufacture," 1859—having effected by his pen a revolution in art matters, he turned his mind to Political Economy, finding, as he believed, grave errors in the teachings of John Stuart Mill. He now wrote "Unto this Last," in 1860, four essays which appeared in *Cornhill*, and which Ruskin himself says will stand the surest and longest of anything he has written. Again the critics laughed him to scorn, called his suggestions "childish panaceas," and were "profoundly sad" at his fanaticism and foolishness, which seemed to them little less than idiocy.

His plans for the betterment of humanity were these:

"*First*—That there should be training-schools for youth established, at Government cost, and under Government discipline, over the whole country; that every child born in the country should, at the parents' wish, be permitted to pass through them." In these schools children were to be taught the laws of health, gentleness and justice, and the calling by which they were to live.

"*Secondly*—That, in connection with these training-schools, there should be established, also entirely under Government regulation, manufactories and workshops, for the production and sale of every necessary of life, and for the exercise of every useful art."

"*Thirdly*—That any man, or woman, or boy, or girl, out of employment, should be at once received at the nearest Government school, and set to such work as it appeared, on trial, they were fit for, at a fixed rate of wages determinable every year; that, being found incapable of work through ignorance, they should be taught, or being found incapable of work through sickness, should be tended."

"*Lastly*—That for the old and destitute, comfort and home should be provided," and not be considered a disgrace, "for," said Mr. Ruskin, "a laborer serves his country with his spade, just as a man in the middle ranks of life serves it with sword, pen, or lancet."

When asked where the funds for the schools should come from, he replied: "The economy in crime alone, which such schools would induce, would suffice to support them ten times over. Their economy of labor would be pure gain."

This book was written before England was wise enough to start free compulsory schools for her children, and the idea of free compulsory training, or industrial schools, was thought to be the scheme of a man who had lost his mind. Now, twenty-five years after, every civilized State is asking itself whether it must, for its own safety, not only educate its children, to save ignorance, but teach them also a trade by which to earn a living, that idleness and crime may be restrained. A State whose people do not know how to support themselves will fall at the hands of that same untaught people.

The plan of providing work for those who are willing, but cannot find it, has many advocates. There are those who claim that it would be as wise and legitimate for the State to *loan* land in the great West to laborers, who need assistance to start farming, as for the State to *give* large sums to railroad companies. The one is conceded to be a great help in the development of the State: why not the other? as it stimulates industrious workmen, and is a safeguard to the State in the prevention of pauperism and crime.

After Mr. Ruskin had been excoriated for writing "Unto this Last," he wrote "Munera Pulveris," on kindred topics, and the "Crown of Wild Olives," on

Work, Traffic and War, in which he advocated the blessings of peace, and the leisure that ought to make us better. "Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne" was composed of letters addressed to his friend Mr. Thomas Dixon, a cork-cutter of Sunderland, living near the rivers Weare and Tyne. These letters show Ruskin's ideal commonwealth. He wrote them, he says, "not in any hope of their being at present listened to, but to disburden my heart of the witness I have to bear, that I may be free to go back to my garden-lawns and paint birds and flowers there."

Having seen around him so much poverty and overwork, so many ill-assorted marriages with too large families, he urges the following suggestions: "Permission to marry should be the reward held in sight of youth during the entire latter course of their education, and it should be granted as the national attestation that the first portion of their lives had been rightly fulfilled. The granting of it should be a public testimony to the fact that the youth or maid to whom it was given had lived a modest and virtuous life, and had attained such skill in their proper handicraft, and in arts of household economy, as might give well-founded expectations of their being able honorably to maintain and teach their children. No girl should receive her permission to marry before her seventeenth birthday, nor any youth before his twenty-first." "They should be entitled to claim, if they needed it, according to their position in life, a fixed income from the State, for seven years from the day of their marriage, for the setting up of their home; and however rich they might be by inheritance, their income should not be permitted to exceed a given sum . . . but should accumulate in the trust of the State . . . so that rich and poor should not be sharply separated in the beginning of the war of life, but the one supported against the first stress of it long enough to enable them, by proper forethought and economy, to secure their footing, and the other trained somewhat in the use of moderate means before they were permitted to have command of abundant ones." He believes "that one of the most important conditions of a healthful spirit of social economy would be the restraint of the properties and incomes of the upper classes within certain fixed limits. The temptation to use any energy in the accumulation of wealth being thus removed, another and a higher ideal of the duties of advanced life would be necessarily created in the national mind." He suggests that this law "would never be enforced on themselves by the upper classes," but should be "gradually brought into force from beneath, without violent proceedings."

Blackwood's Magazine questioned whether "inextinguishable laughter is fit criticism for such a scheme"; but the world has gone on thinking in the last two decades, and the harm done to society by the ownership of too much money or too much land by the individual is now being made a subject of legislation.

Mr. Ruskin's next books were "Ethics of the Dust," "Talks on Minerals," "Aratra Pentelici," six "Lectures on the Elements of Sculpture," "Proserpina," a book on botany, "Love's Meinie," a book on birds, "Sesame and Lilies," and many more. His "Fors Clavigera," letters to workingmen, has been published in pamphlet form, at a few pence each, since January 1st, 1871. He gets his title, he tells us, from Horace. "*Fors* is the best part of three good English words—force, fortitude and fortune—*Clavigera* may mean either club-bearer, key-bearer or nail-bearer." In these letters he describes, at length, one of the most important philanthropic works of his life, "St. George's Guild."

He was moved to this work by the misery of England. He says, "I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else I like; and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any—which is seldom nowadays near London—has become hateful to me because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, when I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly."

"I am not rich (as people now estimate riches), and great part of what I now have is already engaged in maintaining art-workmen, or for other objects more or less of public utility." Mr. Ruskin has given away sometimes in a single year, as high as $76,500. He has given his poor relations about $85,000; to endow a master, of drawing in the Taylor galleries at Oxford, $25,000; and he has but $250,000 or less remaining. "The tenth of whatever is left to me, estimated as accurately as I can (you shall see the accounts), I will make over to you in perpetuity, with the best security that English law can give, on Christmas day of this year (1871), with engagement to add the tithe of whatever I can earn afterward. We will try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures upon it; none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead. . . . The object of the society is to buy land in England, and thereon to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible as many Englishmen, Englishwomen and English children as the land we possess can maintain in comfort; to establish for them and their descendants a national store of continually augmenting wealth, and to organize the government of the persons and the administration of the properties under laws which shall be just to all, and secure in their inviolable foundation on the law of God. . . . Each family will at first be put on its trial for a year without any lease of the land. If they behave well they shall have a lease for three years; if through that time they satisfy their officers, a lifelong lease with power to purchase. . . . The children will be required to attend training schools for bodily exercise and music, with other education. Every household will have its library, given it from the fund, and consisting of a fixed number of volumes, some constant, the others chosen by each family out of a list of permitted books, from which they afterward may increase their library if they choose."

In 1877, thirteen acres of land were purchased near Sheffield, rentable to workingmen at three per cent. The head of the enterprise, Mr. Ruskin, is called the "master"; the members, those who give money or lands, "companions," and the tenants or laborers, "retainers." Every person who is received into St. George's Guild signs a pledge: "I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures, visible and invisible. And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work, while I live. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fullness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and even when I cannot, will act as if I did." Then follow promises to "labor, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me; not to deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; not to kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor to destroy any beautiful thing; to obey all the laws of my country faithfully, and strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness."

Mr. Ruskin's life has been a constant study to uplift the

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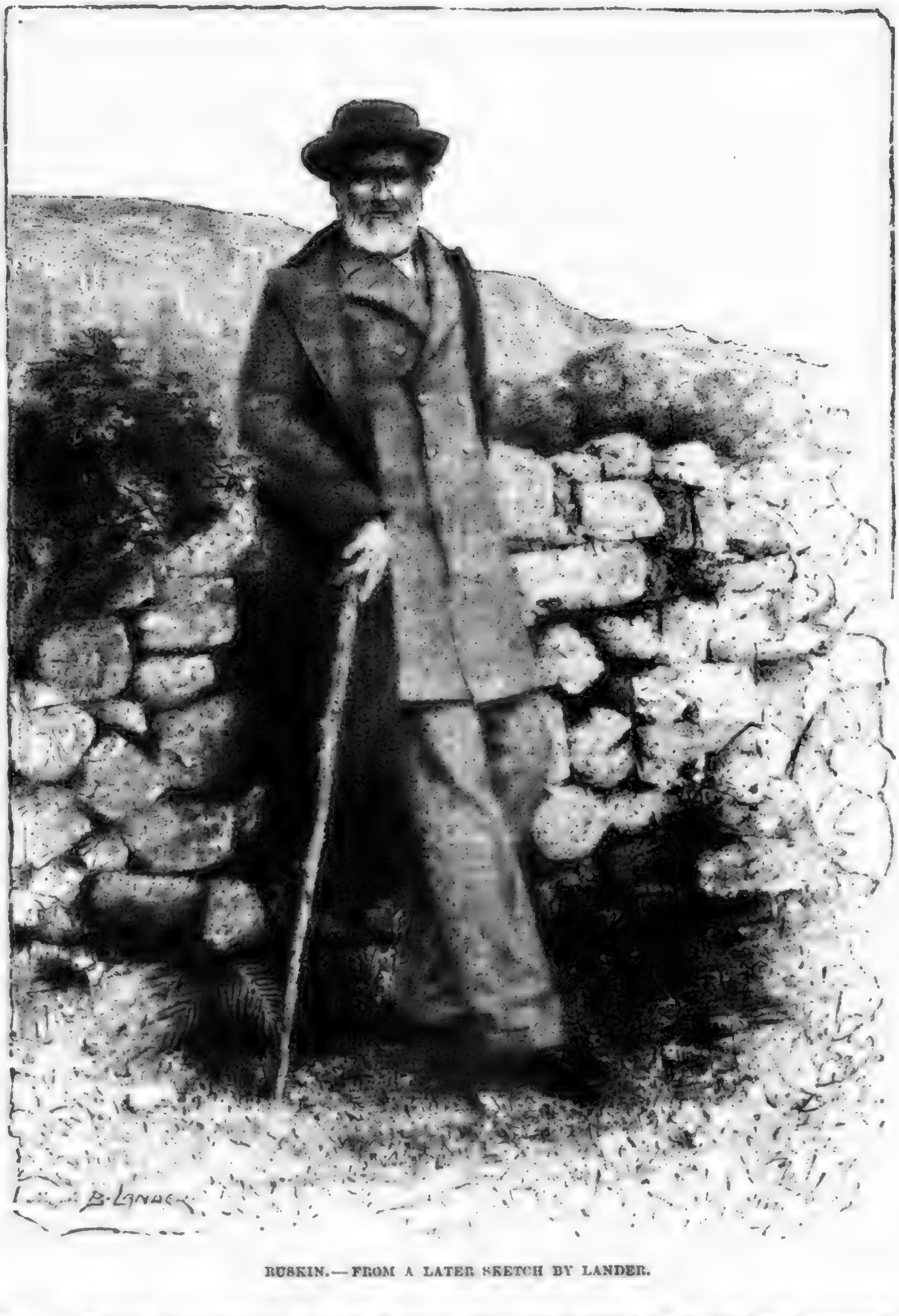
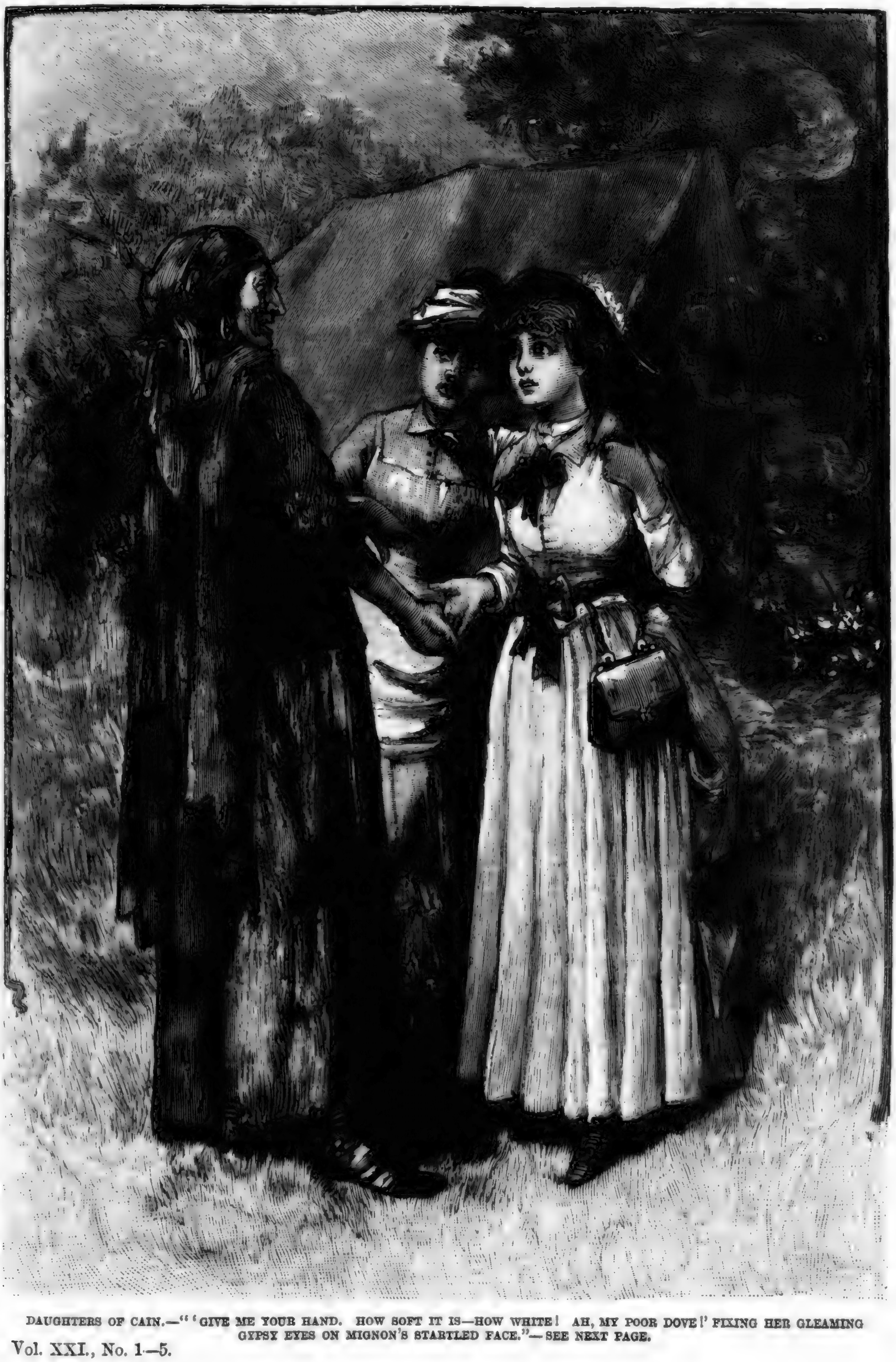
world. He has the right to say, "I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini than to form or exhibit the skill of my own hand . . . I have lowered my rents and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants. . . I would rather watch a seagull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it. . . . I never disobeyed my mother; I have honored all women with solemn worship."



RUSKIN.—FROM A LATER SKETCH BY LANDER.

He has received many and varied honors. In 1867 he was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge University, which institution conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. He was afterward elected Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, and re-elected in 1876. For five years he lectured gratuitously at the Workingmen's College in London, started by the noble Frederick Denison Maurice. Mr. Ruskin is a genial man, shy in manner, slight in physique, with kind blue eyes and sunny face. His friends think he is the best conversationalist in the world.

Really great minds seem to have cast off from their hearts the grave's earth, as well as dissipated the clouds which concealed the heavens from our view, and they thus disclose to themselves and to us a clear and blissful world of everlasting repose.



DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.—"'GIVE ME YOUR HAND. HOW SOFT IT IS—HOW WHITE! AH, MY POOR DOVE!' FIXING HER GLEAMING GYPSY EYES ON MIGNON'S STARTLED FACE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

WASHED ASHORE.

THROUGH the dark night the wind howl'd loud and drear,
And wrath-tipp'd waves broke with their crested spray
Upon the sands, where groups of fishers' wives
Paced, anxious, biding for the coming day.
Full well they knew, borne on that seething sea,
The partners of their lives were rudely toss'd;
And fate might chance it, ere they reach'd the shore,
The selfish tide might hiss the doom of—lost!

Vainly strain'd eyes gazed o'er the swelling main—
In saddest silence ne'er a word was spoke;
The cloud-wrapp'd moon refused to give her light,
Wild waves along the sea-beach roll'd and broke:
Columns of sombre dark o'erhung the sky,
And trembled 'neath the thunder's sullen roar—
While heaven's electric flash oft lighted up
The haggard faces on the surf-beat shore.

From out the rest, one woman paced apart—
Her children wand'ring wond'ring by her side,
Who, feeling not the mother's inward grief,
Gazed pensively upon the gurgling tide—
But she, with soul uplifted to her God,
Breath'd a sad prayer to Him who walk'd the wave,
Asking that if it were His gracious will
Her husband from destruction He might save.

Gray morn came round, nor did the storm abate,
But battled fiercely as it had through night;
And still on beach the weary watchers paced,
Eager for tidings to be brought by light.
There, grappling with the billows, rode the boats,
Nerving all skill to reach the harbor near;
But efforts 'gainst such odds seem'd no avail—
Rudders were gone, and hope alone could steer.

Swept to and fro, by wind and wave combined,
The crafts could not the sea's mad rage withstand;
And soon the broken planks and tangled cord
Lay strewn along the shell-bespangled strand.
O'er wave and rock one woman bent her eyes,
In hopes her husband's boat or form she'd spy—
(E'er this, the murd'rous sea's foul deed was done!
When, 'bove the roar, shot forth a heart-wrung cry:

Wash'd by remorseless billow at her feet,
The widow saw her much-loved husband lie:
Haggard his face, disheveled was his hair,
And dusked the lustre of his once-bright eye.
On knees beside the listless form she knelt,
With mutest awe her children bore the sight.
The wild waves echo'd back the mother's prayer,
As had been done throughout the bygone night!

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER I.—A NIGHT ATTACK.

DOWN from the Colorado peaks and passes the wind came swooping savagely. Ghostly snows still mantled those dreary heights, and lent an additional chill to the Spring night. The driver of the Overland Mail Company's stage, and such passengers as had climbed on the box with him, were well blanketed against the cold. The great boot was securely strapped down over the baggage, and as there had been a change of horses a few miles back, Jehu, with a loud creaking of springs, a cheerful rattling of chains and harness, was urging on his fresh animals, and cracking his long whip, by way of encouragement, over the sensitive heads of the leaders.

Inside, the lumbering vehicle was well filled.

"By Jove!" muttered Guy Fleetwood, deep in the fur coat collar, which he had rolled up about his ears, as a protection against the cold, "night-travel in the wilds of the West, afar from railways and civilization, may be picturesque, but it is also uncomfortable. I hope Rob Crawford keeps good fires and a generous larder at his ranch."

A glance through the stage window revealed to him the old trail, winding around and among great hills—the latter covered with dwarf cedar and *piñon*—and a night sky, pierced here and there with solitary peaks, over which the full moon was struggling in torn gray fringes of cloud. It was a desolate, dreary picture. A new country is rarely a cheerful one. Man is essentially a social being, and Fleetwood, with more interest than he had yet felt, turned from the prospect without to look at his fellow passengers.

A young Boston matron going to join her husband on a lonely sheep ranch; a severe, not to say aggressive, Yankee school-ma'am, in glasses and brown serge; a Mexican trader, reckless in his display of finger-rings and watch-chains; a professor of geology, with his bag of tools and specimens; an Illinois judge; a miner from Leadville, in a woolen hat and red shirt, and two or three tourists, nervous and irritable in their cramped positions—these made up the company. The Illinois judge suddenly caught Fleetwood's eye, and said:

"Are you from the States, sir?"

"No," answered Fleetwood, "I am a Canadian."

"Ha! a wonderful country this—great resources, undeveloped as yet. You have some interest in the mines, perhaps? Our neighbors across the line frequently have."

Fleetwood shook his head. He was a handsome young Saxon of five and twenty, with fair hair and violet eyes, and the figure of a Greek athlete.

"No," he replied, "I have no investments of that sort."

He might have added that he had come to Colorado to visit an old friend, the proprietor of a sheep ranch, and taste the wild freedom of the West—perhaps even to locate here, should the life of a ranchman seem to meet his requirements. But it did not suit Fleetwood to make further communications, so he turned his eyes again to the distant peaks, and the cedar-fringed foothills, and the struggling moon in its bank of cloud.

And then, after the fashion of all wanderers to whom home and kindred are precious, he began to wonder if all was right to-night in his own domain far away—the little Canadian kingdom where he had always ruled like a prince. He thought of his lady mother, so proud of her one only son.

He thought of his work-people, of his dogs and horses even, and hoped no ill had befallen any of them since his departure. Was all right with his pretty cousin, Maud Loftus, in the Yankee boarding-school where she was acquiring the womanly accomplishments which would enable her to shine as the future Mrs. Fleetwood in social circles of Quebec? Suppose the Western fever which now possessed him should lead him to pitch his tent in the shadow of these Colorado peaks, would Maud be content with a home here? Would she leave the luxuries of civilization, as his fellow-passenger, the little Boston wife, had done, for Love's sweet sake? He answered his own queries with a shrug of the shoulders. Maud had a weakness for the pleasant things of life. He could scarcely expect a girl like her to take kindly to a Colorado sheep ranch. At this juncture the little Boston wife spoke.

"I hope," she said, timidly, to the school-ma'am in brown serge, "I hope, Miss Grey, that we shall not meet any of those dreadful road-agents that the people at Leadville were talking about."

Miss Grey clutched her big umbrella.

"With such a preponderance of males in this vehicle," she answered, in a sarcastic tone, "surely you and I have nothing to fear."

The judge grinned.

"There's a fellow working in this region, madam, who is the king of the road-agents. Sometimes he's called Black Dave, sometimes Tiger Chief—either name suits him; but he never robs a woman, it is said. Like Claude Duval of old, he has a great reputation for gallantry."

"But God pity the man that falls into his hands!" said a voice on another seat, "for he shoots to kill, as they say on the frontier."

A sudden ripple of excitement seemed to stir the passengers. The professor shuddered, the dark face of the Mexican trader turned a shade whiter, and one of the tourists, a little man, half lost in a big gray coat, clapped a hand to his boot with a motion so significant, that Fleetwood was fain to laugh behind his fur collar.

"I hope nobody is traveling in this stage with money about 'em," drawled the judge, "for Black Dave can scent money a hundred miles away."

"Oh," gasped the little Boston matron, in a terrified tone, "is it possible that we are in danger, sir—*real* danger? Is that man anywhere in our vicinity?"

"The Lord alone knows, madam! Now he's here, and now he's there. The other day the sheriff and his posse were looking for Dave around Leadville, and, by gum! where was he at that very time, but down on the Southern Pacific, wrecking an express train, and gobbling up a hundred thousand dollars, besides putting daylight through the officials who tried to protect his loot."

"It is a favorite pastime of Dave's," said the voice on the other seat, "to swoop down, like a cyclone, on some border town, paint it red, rob the wealthiest inhabitants, kill everybody who resists him, and then vanish with his gang—whither, no man knows. He has stolen more money than any other border ruffian, and his success in his devilish calling might be called phenomenal."

"I thought there were vigilants in this part of the country," remarked Guy Fleetwood, dryly.

The judge grinned.

"True, sir, but Black Dave is more vigilant than the vigilants. They are always after him, but they never overtake him. He is as cunning as a fox and as slippery as an eel. At present he rides and robs at his own pleasure."

The Mexican crossed himself.

"They told me at Denver," shuddered the professor, "that Black Dave was a half-breed Indian, and that once, down in Texas, he barely escaped hanging as a horse-thief."

"I don't know about that," replied the judge. "Like most gentlemen of the road, Dave goes masked to his business. But he's too blasted smart for an Indian, and,' with a bow to the female passengers, "too chivalrous to the ladies."

"I would like," cried the schoolma'am, indignantly, "to crack his wicked head with my umbrella!"

Nothing was heard for a few moments but the rattling of the wheels, and the creaking of springs and harness, as the stage toiled up a hill, now in moonlight, now in shadow.

"What *should* we do," shivered the young Boston wife, as she drew a little nearer to the schoolma'am, "if that monster should attack the stage to-night?"

"Do, ma'am?" bristled the tourist in the gray coat, "we would fight, like men, for our lives and—money. It speaks badly for the courage of these Western folks that they allow such brigands as Dave and his gang to establish a reign of terror here. It's my opinion he has never met a plucky adversary in all his career, and that's the whole secret of his success. Those fellows on the express train that the scoundrel wrecked the other day, declared afterward that the rifles furnished on their line wouldn't go off—it's more likely the men themselves were too scared to pull a trigger."

"'He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Will never live to fight again.'"

quoted the schoolma'am, dryly.

"Well," meditated the judge, "this Western frontier is a queer place. There's a powerful lot of unwritten history here. For my own part, I'm not desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with the road-agents or their chief—I'm quite content to receive second hand my information concerning David."

"Amen!" murmured the professor of geology, with fervor.

The only person in the stage who seemed to be armed was the Mexican trader. In his sash was stuck a pair of gold-mounted revolvers. He fingered them nervously, but said nothing. The vehicle rumbled on. It's monotonous motion began to take effect on Fleetwood. The faces of his traveling companions grew dim before his eyes, their voices—they were still talking of Black Dave and his evil deeds—died away in his drowsy, indifferent ears. He slept.

For how long, he did not know, but long enough to find himself absorbed in a vivid dream of Maud Loftus, his betrothed wife. He saw her standing, tall and fair, on the terrace of his old Canadian house. The post-road to Quebec wound past the iron gate, and the moon was shining in the tamarack-trees, and over the rapids of the great river, that, scarcely more than a stone's throw from his door, rushed tumultuously along under the pale stars of the north. In his dream he put out eager arms to embrace her.

"Maud!" he cried, "Maud, my darling!"

She waved him sadly away.

"You do not love me," she answered, in a voice as hollow as a shell; "you have never loved me, Guy. You consented to marry me only to please your mother."

He tried to utter a denial, but his tongue clove to his mouth. The lady of his dream laughed scornfully.

"False lover!" she cried; "false in word, false in deed! Your hour is yet to come! The woman lives who will some day avenge me!"

Like a wraith, fair but threatening, she seemed to melt away into the moonlight. He sprang forward to seize and to hold her, when presto ! the stage of the Overland Mail Company stopped with a sudden jerk, a confused murmur followed, then the door was flung back, and a voice like a trumpet, called out: "Gents and ladies, I'll trouble you to 'light !"

The schoolma'am gave a scream shrill enough to lift the top of the coach. The Illinois judge simply said, "By gum ! it's Black Dave !" and in one brief, thrilling instant Fleetwood found himself wide-awake to existing realities.

The stage had come to an abrupt stand in a lonely spot, among the woody foot-hills. The road curved sharply at this point, and on one side of it arose a barricade of rocks, which might have been thrown together by Titans ; and on the other, was a thick growth of trees and underbrush.

The agents had certainly chosen an excellent position for their work. Four masked faces and eight revolvers thrust out from behind the rocks, had brought the driver of the stage to this sudden halt.

But it was the figure in the coach door, fully revealed to Fleetwood by the moonlight, which fixed his attention. Heaven knows he had good reason to remember it to the hour of his death !

It was a most striking figure, nearly six feet high in its yellow moccasins. A deerskin shirt and embroidered jacket covered the upper portion of the body ; the waist was girded by a broad belt, which held two of Colt's navy revolvers ; the lower limbs were incased in fringed leggings. A huge sombrero, and a close black mask concealed the face ; but Fleetwood saw that the throat was a model of beauty, and a mass of fine, fair hair which never grew on an Indian head, fell low on the collar of the gay fringed jacket. Our young Canadian had just time to take in these details, when the Illinois judge said, calmly : "He's got the drop on us !" and stepped from the coach. The others filed after.

The Mexican, the only armed passenger threw his revolvers out of the window.

Fleetwood was the last to alight, and no man ever performed an act with worse grace.

"You cursed coward !" he cried, to the frightened Mexican, "you might have given your weapons to one who would use them !"

Out from behind the rocks, where the stamp of horses could plainly be heard, came the four masked men to enforce the orders of their chief.

Black Dave touched his sombrero to the two women, and motioned them quietly to one side of the road.

"Fear nothing !" he said, in what seemed to Fleetwood's ear, a decidedly *cultivated* voice, "I never molest ladies."

But the males did not fare as well. A fallen tree lay by the roadside. On its trunk the luckless driver and his masculine passengers were ordered to sit down under cover of eight loaded revolvers. Fleetwood alone showed signs of resistance.

"Sit down there, young man !" commanded Black Dave, sharply.

"If it's all the same to you, you unconscionable thief, I think I'll stand," replied Fleetwood.

The eyes of the road-agent flashed through his black mask.

"Sit down !" he thundered, "or I'll let daylight through you."

"Moonlight you mean, Friend David," laughed Fleetwood; "you have me at a slight disadvantage, you see. If fair play was possible between us, I give you my word that I should not obey you."

He seated himself reluctantly at the end of the lugubrious line.

"Hands up !" cried the road-agent.

The women alone were spared. Jehu surrendered twenty-five hard-earned dollars and a watch and chain. Black Dave, unlike road-agents in general, had no consideration for drivers.

The judge, with commendable resignation, gave up a well-filled pocket-book The tourist in the gray coat carried a lean purse and no trinkets ; but the robber-chief seized him by the boots, tore off those useful articles, and took from them ten thousand dollars in government bonds. The Mexican was the richest of the passengers. He was stripped of chains and rings, and a watch studded with diamonds, not to speak of great rolls of United States bank notes, and a belt stuffed with gold coin.

Black Dave "went through" the company thoroughly, and came to the last victim in the line—Guy Fleetwood.

Inwardly, the young Canadian was boiling with rage ; outwardly, he was as calm as the night sky which bent over the wretched spot.

Silently he permitted Black Dave to relieve him of a superb chronometer and a well-filled purse ; but when the robber-chief seized upon a leather case of letters and photographs, the young fellow uttered a protest.

"I give you my word as a gentleman," he said, "that you will find neither money nor jewels in that case. Have the decency to let it alone, for it cannot be of the slightest value to you."

"Dry up !" answered the robber, roughly, as he tore the case from the young fellow's pocket.

A letter fell out, and two or three photographs. The sight was more than Fleetwood could bear. His treasures—Maud's letters—his mother's letters—in the vile hands of this Western robber !

He was a muscular fellow, and he had been well-trained in the manly art of self-defense. Like lightning, he planted a tremendous blow between Black Dave's disguised eyes.

The road agent dropped like a log.

Instantly there was a crash of revolvers, and Guy Fleetwood fell headlong to the earth, and lay there without breath or motion.

One of the men ran to his fallen chief, while the remainder of the gang covered the stage-passengers with their loaded weapons, and so held them in check. Black Dave was lifted up, and a flask put to his lips. He revived immediately, and looked around.

"Where's that young devil ?" he gasped.

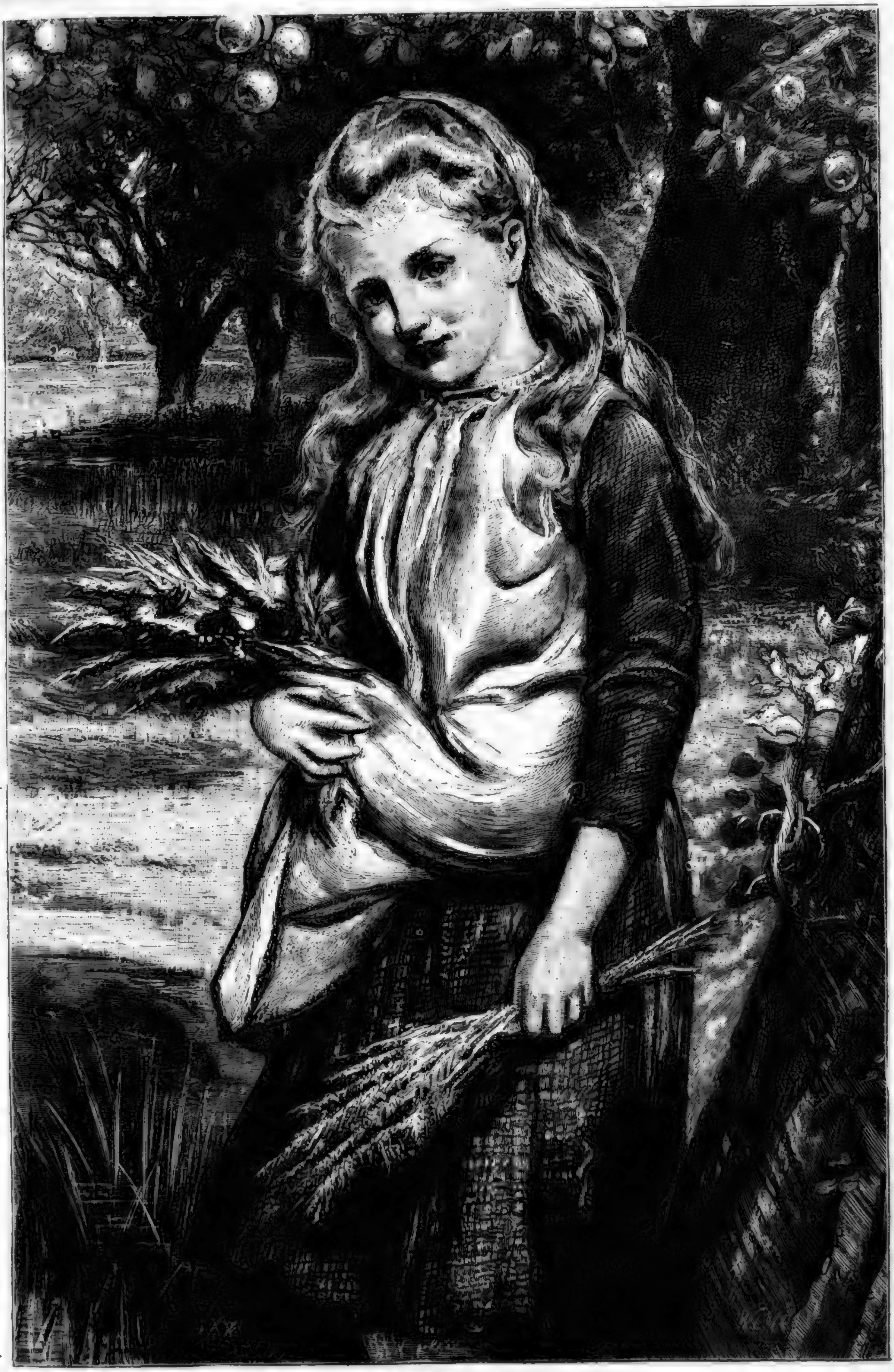
"Dead," answered the subordinate, briefly, pointing to the prostrate body of Fleetwood.

"'Twas a pity to shoot so much good pluck !" said Black Dave, with a grim laugh, then he waved his hand toward the waiting stage.

"Bundle in there !" he thundered, to the plundered passengers, and still menaced by the revolvers of the road-agents, they obeyed with haste.

The women were the last to scramble to their places—they alone had escaped robbery.

Black Dave sent a shot over the head of Jehu to speed him on his way, and off rattled the coach at a tremendous pace, and vanished away in the shadows of the night, leaving Guy Fleetwood stretched across that fallen log by the wayside, with the moon shining down upon his stark, still body, and over the blood-stains that streaked his upturned face.



SUNNY CHILDHOOD.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE RANCH.

Half an hour went by. Suddenly there was a faint stir among the twigs and dead leaves—the spasmodic movement of a helpless human hand, as if it were trying to clutch a glimmering consciousness, a receding world. Guy Fleetwood stirred, and opened his eyes.

Of course he was alone. The stage had gone on, and the road-agents had fled with their booty. Was he hurt? Desperately! He rolled off the log into a pool of his own blood. His body seemed riddled with bullets. The robbers had missed a vital part, but that was all.

What was he to do? He was bleeding from undressed wounds; he lay on a wild trail, miles and miles from human aid, unarmed, and at the mercy of any savage beast that might scent his blood from afar; and yet, in the face of these facts, Fleetwood, at this moment, thought only of the case of letters and photographs which Black Dave had stolen from his coat-pocket.

"What did the rascal do with it, I wonder?" he muttered, feebly. "Poor little Maud! Will she cry her pretty eyes out when she hears of my death?"

Hark! What sound was that in the far distance? He listened. Distinct and clear to his ears came the rattling of stirrups, the plunging of hoofs, the panting of hard-pressed horses. A band of mounted men swept around the bend in the road, and galloped straight up to the spot where Fleetwood lay. The foremost of the number leaped quickly out of his saddle, and bent over the prostrate man.

"He is still living!" he called to his comrades. And, with a groan of dismay, Fleetwood looked up into the masked face of Black Dave, the road-agent.

"Yes, I am living, but through no fault of yours," he answered, feebly. "Have you come back to finish me? Well, be quick about it—aim at my heart this time!"

He shut his eyes to receive the final blow, but it did not come. To Fleetwood's utter amazement, the road-agent drew from a pocket of his deerskin shirt, not the deadly Derringer, but a flask of excellent wine, which he pressed to the lips of his victim. Then he called out, imperatively, to some one in the gang: "Doctor!"

A short, thick-set fellow dismounted, examined Fleetwood's hurts, produced lint and bandages from some unknown quarter, and began to bind up the young man's wounds with professional skill.

"He'll pull through," Fleetwood heard him mutter.

Black Dave stood looking on with an air of strange excitement. Fleetwood could almost feel his terrible eyes burning through his mask. The rest of the gang remained motionless in their saddles.

"I did not come back to finish you, as you see, Mr. Fleetwood," said the outlaw, with a low, mirthless laugh; "don't start—I read your name on your letters. It was a double-barreled blow which you gave me, and you can make your boast that you're the first man who ever floored Black Dave; but I bear no malice. Now, first of all, where do you hail from?"

Having really nothing to conceal, Fleetwood answered, promptly, "From Canada."

"What brings you to Colorado?"

"I am here to visit an old college classmate, and invest, perhaps, in a sheep-ranch."

"Humph! Give him another pull at the flask, doctor—his voice is failing. You're a Canadian by birth, young man, but you have friends in the States, eh?"

"Friends in the States! What's that to you, you scoundrel?" groaned Fleetwood.

"Tut! don't call hard names. To what place were you bound when you got aboard that stage?"

"To Crawford's ranch."

"Ha! That's a good distance away on the river."

He made a signal to his men, and the strongest horse in the party was led forward. One of the robbers, an exceedingly light-weight, mounted, and took Fleetwood on before him.

Off went the gang, Black Dave at their head. In spite of his bodily suffering, Fleetwood was full of wonder and curiosity. How could he account for this odd turn of affairs? What had transformed these red-handed desperadoes so suddenly into good Samaritans?

The little cavalcade, all armed to the teeth, went on through the moonlight. Fleetwood's ears were full of rattling hoofs and spurs, but not a syllable was spoken by any one. At a pace subdued to suit the need of the wounded man, the horses measured off mile after mile of gloom and silence. On and on! Now and then the wine-flask was pressed anew to Fleetwood's lips. Through half-closed eyes he saw the night sky, thick with stars, sliding away overhead, and the lonely landscape, as it slipped by, like a painful dream. At last he became aware that the gang was ascending a hill. On the further side lay a valley, well-watered—that indispensable requirement of the sheep-breeder.

There stood a rough cabin, with barn and sheds huddled near, and some corrals, connected by swinging gates. At this hour no light was visible about the place; no sign of life; but as Black Dave and his men approached the corrals, they were greeted by the soft bleat of sheep, and the barking of dogs. The outlaw rode up to the ranch, swung himself out of the saddle, seized Fleetwood, and dropped him at the threshold.

"Halloo within!" he thundered, and gave two or three resounding blows on the door. Then the young fellow felt something thrust into his hand—the watch and purse of which he had been robbed, and heard these words:

"Here you are at Crawford's ranch, and by Heaven! I've run my neck into a noose to fetch you here. Good-by, Mr. Fleetwood—it's a thousand pities you happened to be on the Overland stage to-night."

A rush, a clatter, and Black Dave and his gang dashed away over the valley, and vanished like birds of the night.

A noise inside the cabin assured Fleetwood that the inmates had been awakened. A well-known voice cried, "What the deuce can all that row be, Hoxie?"

The door swung back, and the shambling, half-dressed figure of an old herder appeared in the opening.

"Lord save us, Mister Crawford," he cried, at sight of the object on the threshold; "somebody's gone and left a dead man at the door."

"No, by Jove! I'm not dead yet, Crawford, old fellow," gasped Fleetwood, as the owner of the ranch, a gaunt, sandy-haired young Canadian, came hurrying upon the scene; "give me a proper welcome to your Eldorado, for——"

But here he went off in a dead swoon.

When he opened his eyes again he was lying in a bunk in the principal room of the ranch. Homemade chairs and benches, covered with undressed leather, stood here and there about the place. On the wall overhead were nailed leather cases for revolvers. Two Winchester rifles occupied one corner; in another, lay a heap of saddles and sheepskins. Over the bunk the lord of the ranch bent anxiously.

"In the name of all that's mysterious, Fleetwood, explain this singular mode of arrival!" he cried.

Betwixt a laugh and a groan, Fleetwood answered with two words—"*Black Dave.*"

The old herder, Hoxie, dropped the tallow dip he was holding, and leaped a foot into the air. His weather-beaten face, seamed with curious wrinkles, grew as gray as ashes.

"Black Dave!—ten thousand devils!" he gasped.

"Do you mean to say, Fleetwood, that you have been robbed and shot by that villainous road-agent?" cried Crawford.

"Don't mind Hoxie. For private reasons, he would rather at any time hear the crack of doom than Dave's name."

"I've been shot, but not robbed, it appears," answered Fleetwood, "for here are my watch and purse," holding up the treasure which Dave had restored to him. Then he told his story briefly. They opened the pocket-book, and counted its contents—not a farthing had been abstracted.

"'Pon my soul, this is an extraordinary thing!" said Crawford; "but tell no more of it now, dear boy, you are too weak. Of course, I got your letters, and was looking for you by every stage; but I scarcely expected you to be delivered at the door like a bundle of wool, and by that prince of thieves and cutthroats, too! You are more than two-thirds killed, to say the least. Luckily, Hoxie is something of a doctor, and a capital nurse also. I shall detail him to take care of you." He waved his hand around his domicile. "No luxuries here, as you see, my boy—only two rooms in the cabin—bare floors, bare walls—not a woman within a radius of ten miles. If there is anything upon which I pride myself, it is my perfect freedom from all petticoat government! Hoxie is cook and housekeeper. He sews on the buttons and mends the socks, he makes the bread and coffee, and roasts the mutton. Queer fellow is Hoxie—has a history of his own. What do you think he was doing the first time I ever saw him? Why, hanging from the branch of a tree, with a stout rope around his neck! Yes, luxuries are scarce at the ranch, but we abound in necessities, and among the latter we reckon a medicine chest and a case of surgical instruments. I fear, my boy, you will have to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with both."

The next morning the corral gates of Crawford's ranch were opened, and the bleating sheep driven out upon the range by Mexican Juan, while the herder, Hoxie, remained behind to abstract the robbers' bullets from Fleetwood's body, and otherwise care for the comfort of this wounded guest.

An anxious hush settled on the busy ranch. Crawford pulled his sandy beard, and ventured to remark: "We had better send for the nearest doctor, Hoxie."

"What for, sir?" demanded Hoxie, sharply, "don't *I* know what fever is? Hain't I seen wounds afore to-day—hain't I probed for bullets? I reckon! Leave him to me. There ain't any room for doctors in this yer cabin."

"Remember, man, he's as dear to me as a brother. We were born in the same dull Canadian village—we have been good comrades always, and, to tell the truth, I am responsible for this whole nefarious business; for it was my letters, my glowing accounts of sheep-ranches, and merinos and California stock, which brought him here to Colorado, and if he dies on our hands, I shall feel like his murderer."

"He's worth a dozen dead men," replied Hoxie, dryly. "I'll pull him through, never fear."

And sure enough, under the old herder's excellent care, Fleetwood soon began to mend. Fate had decreed that the young fellow should not perish by the bullet of a road-agent.

One day, Crawford sat cleaning a rifle in the ranch-kitchen, while his friend, gaunt and hollow-eyed, but now making rapid progress toward recovery, watched him languidly from his bunk.

"Fleetwood, my boy," the ranchman was saying, "I've but one passion in life—sheep, and their proper management. Yes, of course, I know it was my highly colored accounts of this country, which lured you away from your little dull Canadian kingdom; but you must see my herds, particularly my Atwoods, you must ride over my range, fully to understand my enthusiasm. Like all tenderfeet—that's our name for new comers—you'll find things in a ranchman's life that you may not like; but, by Jove! we have our compensations. Nothing like this Rocky Mountain air to expand a man's lungs. I was well gone in phthisis when I came out here, you remember, and now I call myself a sound man."

"Maud has no sign of phthisis, so I fear she will not be influenced by that fact," answered Fleetwood.

Crawford's face fell.

"Maud?—oh, yes! your betrothed. I forgot that you were not a free man. Well, it's true that ladies in general don't take kindly to ranch life; but it's the Eden of men. There's money in it, too. I made five thousand dollars clean profit last year, and expect this year to double that sum."

"Maud has a natural antipathy to mutton, living or dead," groaned the weak voice from the bunk, "and she would rather spend money than make it."

Crawford stroked his red beard dubiously.

"Love is slavery the world over. I count myself free, because I have neither wife nor sweetheart. Oh, I see! This beastly adventure of yours has sickened you already of Colorado. You are disappointed—you will not stay here—you are sighing, even now, for the flesh-pots of Egypt—nothing looks right to your diseased eyes, and by Jove!" raising his voice, wrathfully, "it's all the work of that confounded road-agent, Black Dave!"

Hoxie, who was kneading dough at the kitchen-table, gave one of his startling leaps, and bread and dish crashed together on the floor. The outlaw's name had, at all times, a curious effect on the old herder.

"Bear up, Hoxie!" cried Crawford, laughing; "a man must be careful how he mentions Black Dave in your presence. You see," turning to Fleetwood, "Hoxie has got it into his head that he is destined to die by Dave's hand some day—all nonsense, of course. And now that you are stronger, and we can safely discuss the topic, let me ask, Fleetwood, if you have yet thought of any solution to the mystery of that rascal's treatment of you?"

"No."

"Well, it's the oddest thing that ever happened to a son of Adam! You knock the scoundrel down—a piece of audacity that is enough, in itself, to settle your fate—then you are shot and robbed, and left for dead; and suddenly, for no known reason, this highwayman, thief, cutthroat, repents, turns back, binds up your wounds, sets you on his own beast, like the man of Biblical fame, carries you carefully to your destination, and restores to you at parting all that of which you have been plundered."

"No, not all," corrected Fleetwood.

"Ha! What did he keep?"

"The only thing, strange to say, that could be of no earthly value to him—a leather case full of letters, and photographs, and such nonsense!"

"By Jove! What a queer whim!" cried Crawford.

Hoxie came sidling up to the bunk, as if drawn thither by some irresistible power. His wrinkled face wore a strange, breathless look.

"'T wasn't a whim, sir," he burst out; "Black Dave never has whims. There's an infernal motive behind everything he does."

"You ought to know, Hoxie," said Crawford, indulgently, "seeing that you have been on terms of peculiar intimacy with the road-agent."

"What—Hoxie!" cried Fleetwood, in amazement.

"Oh, yes; Hoxie was——. But never mind. He will tell you his story some day. Now, the fact that Black Dave kept the leather case, and returned your other possessions, seems very significant. Pray what did that case contain?"

"Letters."

"Be explicit—what sort of letters?"

"Two or three from my people in Canada," replied Fleetwood; "all relating entirely to home matters, and a half-dozen, perhaps, from Maud—sweet and delightful enough, but not containing a line that could possibly influence Black Dave to show compassion to Maud's lover."

"Item No. 1—letters," said Crawford; "what next?"

"Some railway tickets and business cards."

"Go on."

"Photographs—one of Maud posing with one of her classmates, in a boarding-school tableau; another representing her in street costume, and still another in a balcony scene, and full evening dress, *à la Juliet*."

"No more."

"No—yes—now that I think of it, there *was* one more, an excellent one of my Newfoundland dog Punch."

"This grows absorbing. Proceed."

"The case also held a lock of Maud's hair—a withered rose, likewise a souvenir of Maud, and a ring set with an opal—a family relic, given me by my mother, but of little intrinsic value. I declare these trifles to have composed the entire contents of the leather case. Now, which of them, do you, think, softened the heart of Black Dave?"

"I'm blessed if I know!" mused Crawford. "Odd, isn't it?—deucedly odd! What could have possessed a road-agent to keep such things in preference to your money and good English chronometer? It must have been Maud's pretty face which touched his heart, or, perhaps, her little love-letters."

"You have a vivid imagination, Crawford. Fancy Black Dave stopping to read a girl's letters by moonlight, and just after robbing a stage, too! Hoxie, what do *you* think of this matter?"

The old herder was eagerly drinking in every word of the conversation. He gave one of his queer starts, but answered, gravely:

"I think that neither of you two gentlemen has got at the truth. Dave is deep—devilish deep! Are you sure, Mr. Fleetwood, that you hain't forgot anything in the case? you've mentioned all that you had there, eh? You hain't been and gone, and overlooked something that might be the key to the whole mystery?"

"No, by Jove! I have not!" answered Fleetwood; "my memory upon that point is clear. There wasn't another scrap or atom of anything in the case."

"Bless me!" cried Crawford; "I would give Black Dave a hundred dollars out of my own pocket if he would come here and explain himself."

"My God!" gasped the herder, with a wild, terrified look around the cabin.

"Oh!" said Crawford, lightly, "I forgot that the presence of the road-agent would scarcely be to *your* mind, old man. I must leave you to talk over the mystery with Mr. Fleetwood, for yonder comes Juan with the sheep."

The barking of dogs and the tinkle of bells began to be heard in the distance. Beyond the sheds and corrals, adown the lonely valley, covered with short yellow-green grass and bounded by a chain of solitary peaks, appeared Mexican Juan in his old canvas coat, with a canteen at his side, and his gray flock undulating about him. Crawford seized his hat and ran out to the corrals, leaving his friend to the herder.

"See here, Hoxie," began Fleetwood, raising himself on his elbow in the bunk, "You have aroused my curiosity to the highest pitch. I want to hear your story. Come, what do you know about Black Dave?"

The herder cast a queer, hunted look over his shoulder.

"What do I know, sir?" he answered, hoarsely. "Well, I don't tell everybody; but I've taken a fancy to you, for you're of the right sort. I know more than I wish I did, sir—more than it's safe for any man to know; for," sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "once on a time, sir, I served in Black Dave's gang!"

CHAPTER III.

HOXIE'S STO

"What!" cried Fleetwood, dumbfounded.

"Yes, sir," repeated Hoxie, "I were one of 'em! Bad luck often forces a man into strange company. I needn't go into particulars; but I'm a sort of Jack at all trades. I've fought Injuns, I've drove cattle through the sage brush, I've worked in the mines. Once I kept a billiard saloon at Pueblo, and at another time I had a gambling-place at Leadville—'twas at Leadville that I first met Dave.

"I needn't tell you how, sir, but owing to a little unpleasantness that happened in my saloon, and the killing of a few men, I was forced to leave Leadville sudden-like, and directly after that I found myself casting my fortin with Dave and his gang."

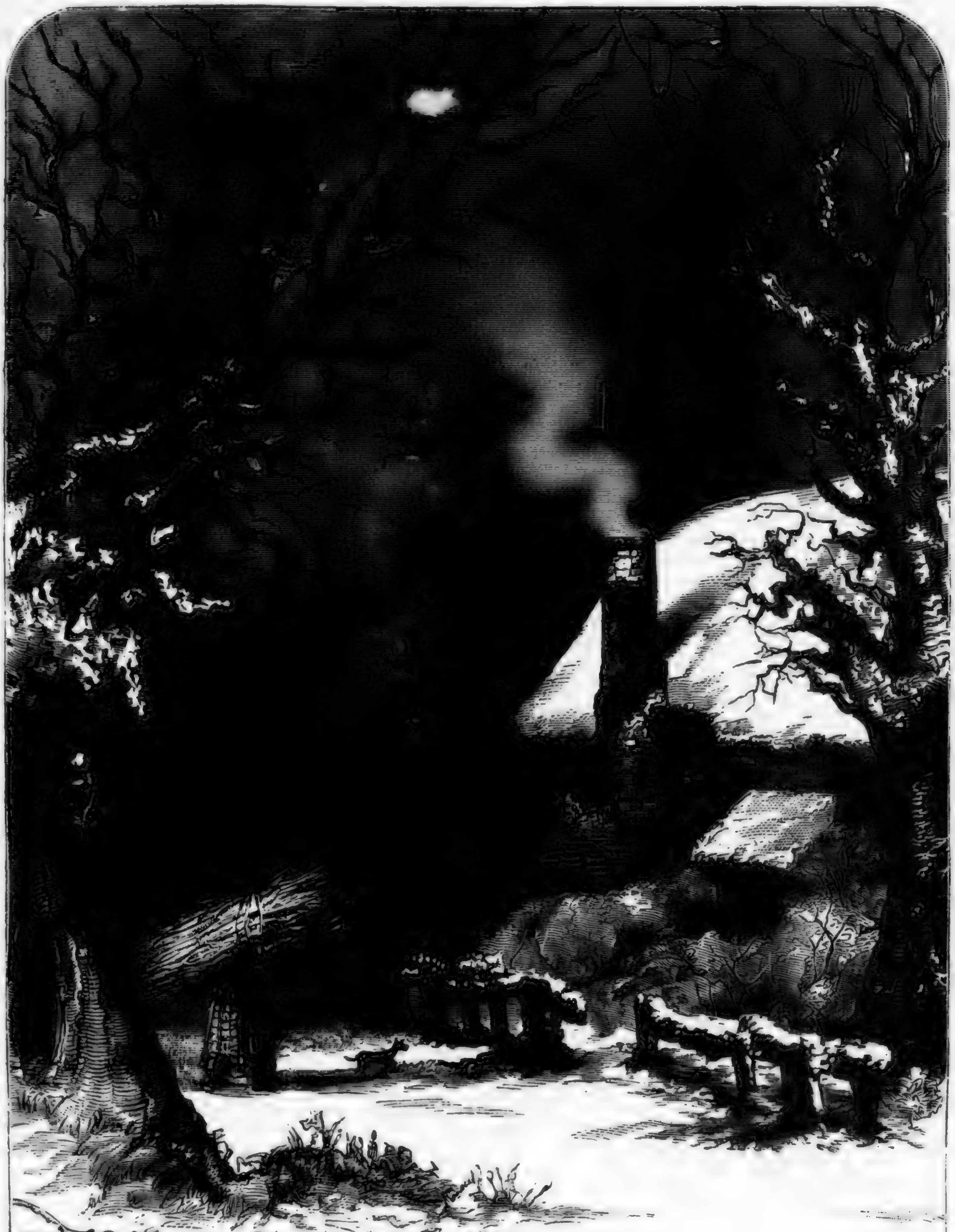
"So," interrupted Fleetwood, "you've seen that man with his mask off, eh?"

"That I have, sir, and he's no half-breed, as some folks say. His face is as white as yours—a good deal whiter than mine; but, by the infernal pit, I'd rather deal with the reddest Apache that ever run than with him."

"Go on!" urged Fleetwood, "tell me something of the true inwardness of the road-agents!"

Plainly it was no agreeable subject. Hoxie shook like a man with the palsy.

"Well, sir, I kept the right side of Dave for awhile—all his gang are deadly afeard of him. He thinks no more of blowing out a man's brains than of pulling off his boots. Tiger Chief they call him, down New Mexico way, and the name suits him well. He war the boldest fellow in a tussle that I ever saw, and though his men feared him more'n anything on the earth, or under it, yet every one of 'em, sir, stood ready to die for him. He had sich power over 'em as I never seed equaled. Luck, too, seemed always on his side. He robbed here, there, and everywhere; he came and he went at his own will, and the law never could lay hold of him, owing, maybe, to the friends and the different hiding-places he had scattered about the country. You see, Dave is mighty generous with his money—spends it free wherever he goes, and so makes himself as welcome to some folks as he is unwelcome to others. All things put together, he carried matters with a high hand."



CHRISTMAS WEATHER.

Fleetwood, supporting himself on his elbow, with his eyes fixed on this ex-road-agent, said:

"Who is that man, Hoxie? what is his real name?"

"I've never found out, sir. You feel the same curiosity that possessed me when I cast my fortin with him. I hadn't been in the band many days afore I war just mad to larn something of his history. He war no common border-ruffian, that war plain enough. His looks nor his ways warn't of the everyday kind. I asked myself over and over what war his right name, and where did he come from, and what had made him a road-agent. Nobody in the gang knew. The ones that had been with him longest could tell the least. He confided in no one, and he had mighty mysterious ways. He would leave his men and go off for days together, and nobody the wiser. He wrote letters, and he got letters, which war strange doings for a road-agent, as you'll allow, sir. This much was told me by Texas Jim, his lieutenant, who had taken to watching his chief, too.

"'They're a woman's letters,' sez Jim, 'and they come from the East. I've allers suspicioned that Dave was a Yankee. When he goes off on journeys that nobody knows about, it's for them air letters. He holds reg'lar correspondence with somebody. Now *who?* I'm a-gwine to find out—I'm a-gwine to follow him. Sich things are clean agin his character as a road-agent. He's a-playing some danged double game that ought to be stopped, pardner.'

"I'd been long enough with the gang to answer:

"'If ye meddle with Dave, 'twill cost ye yer life.'

"'Pooh!' sez Jim; but I war right. Black Dave wasn't the man to allow prying, and he war great on discipline at all times.

"Well, it war down New Mexico way, sir, Black Dave had been doing some bold work, wrecking trains, and robbing passengers, besides walking through the full purses of some rich Mexican *rancheros*, and he war a lying low a spell, till the hue and cry should pass.

"It war the loneliest place under heaven—an old, deserted, tumble-down ranch, in a dreary gulch—Red Gulch 'twas called. The people that had lived there years afore, had all been killed by Apaches, and nobody ever came a-nigh it now. Dave had sort of fortified the old ruin as a hiding-place. We kept a *cache* of provision there, and a store of ammunition, and sich like.

"We hadn't fairly settled at the gulch when Texas Jim began to make signs that he wanted a word with me in private. Now it war mighty curious, Dave seldom swore at his men—I've allers had it on my mind that he war well brought up—but not a soul in the gang that didn't feel the chief's eye constantly watching him, following him about everywhere. So it war some little time afore I could slip away with Texas Jim.

"We halted under a red clay bank—I can see the cursed spot still. A few sycamore-trees were growing about, and over our heads circled a nasty carrion bird, as if on the look out for some dead man.

"'Well, pard,' began Texas Jim, 'I've got Dave now!'

"'Is that so?' sez I.

"'Yes,' sez he, 'sure! He's a man of mystery, and I call it an offense agin good morals,' sez he, 'to be mysterious, in a band of road-agents, where everything is expected to be common. Now, while we all know Dave ain't his name, not one of us can tell whether he has a right to any other, better or worse, and that's what aggarawates me. I'm a-gwine to know what he goes off on journeys for, all by himself, and who he sends his money to in the East—for he *does* send it there—and who he's a writing to—blast his eddication! and what far-away petticoat is at the bottom of sich underhand doings, for, mind ye, Black Dave never looks twice at any woman round about hyar. Now see these!' and Texas Jim showed me two letters—one that had been through the United States mail, and one that hadn't.

"'I stole these from the pocket of his deerskin shirt, last night, while he war sleeping,' sez Jim, but I could see that he war shaking at his own boldness. 'Here's one that war written to him, and another that he's been and writ to somebody—I suspicioned him at it, in the ranch last night, and I knew he'd be a-riding off somewhere to-day, to post it. So, sez I to myself, 'I'll hev' a look at that! Dave's like other men when he sleeps, whatever he may be when he's awake. He'll think he lost these things from his pocket!'

"I felt a queer chill go over me, and I ain't a coward either, but I didn't like what Jim had done. However, I answered up, quick enough, 'Have you read 'em, Jim?' 'No,' sez he; 'it's for you to do that, pardner. I ain't got an eddication like Black Dave.'

"Jim didn't know a single letter of the alphabet, so I, being a trifle better off, took the two envelopes, my heart going like a trip-hammer all the while, and what do you think, sir? The one that had come through the mail was scratched as bare as my hand—Black Dave meant to be prepared for accidents. He had just wiped out the name by which he war known to his Eastern correspondent.

"'Blast his cunning!' sez Texas Jim, 'but there's a letter inside, and it looks like a woman's scratching—read it!'

"'So I will,' sez I; 'but first I had to glance at the other letter—the one Black Dave had writ the night afore at Red Gulch. His hand war as good as a schoolmaster's, and he had put on the envelope a woman's name—a mighty queer one, too—and a town—where? Why, thousands of miles away, in Maine—Maine, that's next door to your own Canada, you know, sir. Well, nat'rally I couldn't make much out of that, so I passed it to Texas Jim, and sez I, 'Break the seal, while I read this t'other one.' That is, meaning the letter that had come to Dave through the mail, and had the name scratched out.

"'Loud—read it 'loud,' sez Jim; 'fair play, pardner.'

"I put in my thumb and finger, and whipped out a sheet of paper, scented like a nosegay, and covered with womanish writing—pretty marks laid close on the creamy page. This is what I read right into Texas Jim's ear, and I tell you, sir, the words are fixed in my memory, and warranted not to wash out:

"'DEAR PAPA.—I write to thank you for your birthday gift. I am glad you remember my birthdays, though I am so far away from you. The Academy girls are as jealous as cats. They don't know which to envy most, my good looks or my good clothes.'

"I didn't get beyond that, sir; for just at that minute, somebody slipped down the red clay bank, and stood 'twixt Jim and me—Black Dave himself, his mask off, his face as white as chalk, and a dozen devils glaring in his eyes.

Jim jumped back at sight of the chief, dropped the letter I had given him to open, and gave a sort of cry—it war the last sound he ever made, poor fellow! for before you could say Jack Robinson, a Derringer cracked, and Jim fell at my feet, with a bullet in his brain.

"Then Dave tore the other letter—the girl's letter—from me, and holding the muzzle of the still-smoking pistol to my ear, he said in a voice I'll never forget this side the grave:

"'Who robbed me while I slept—you, or Texas Jim?'

"I knew my doom was sealed, and that I hadn't a chance for my life, so I said, doggedly:

"'I reckon I war as much to blame as he.'

"'There ought to be honor, even among thieves,' he answered, with an evil smile. 'You were curious to find out something of Black Dave's private affairs, eh? A little knowledge, my lad, on some subjects, is a dangerous thing.'

"He gave Jim's carcass a kick.

"'Leave the rascal here to the gray wolves and coyotes,' he said, 'and do you come with me.'

"I would have made a stand for my life, even against him, sir; but the whole gang war round us by this time, my pistols were snatched from my belt, and my arms pinioned to my side.

"They all mounted their horses, Dave led the way, and the others followed him out of the gulch, and into a sort of desert place, stony and barren, and only sprinkled here and there with patches of mezquite grass. Dave had a lariat over his arm—I knew what *that* meant, even afore we came to a blasted tree—the only one in the stony waste. All the men clapped their masks on, and made ready for the business in hand. I didn't waste breath in asking for mercy—a short shrift and a long rope war Dave's motto. While they were adjusting the noose, he stalks up to me, and sez he:

"'How much of that letter did you read?'

"'The first few lines,' sez I.

"'What did you learn from them?' sez he.

"'That you're the father of a daughter, way off in Maine—a girl that thinks herself respectable, maybe,' sez I.

"These words made him b'iling mad, as I could see by the flash of his wicked eyes.

"'Luckily,' he hissed, 'in the place to which I am going to send you, my friend, you will be obliged to keep your discovery to yourself.'

"And then he gave the signal, and the next instant, I war swinging in the air, and every man leaped into his saddle, and like the wind the whole gang went clattering back toward the gulch, and left me to the crows and buzzards.

"Well, sir, you must know that I wasn't hung, from the fact that I'm a-sitting here by your bunk this blessed minute, alive and hearty—all of which happens because Mr. Robert Crawford went down to New Mexico one day, to buy sheep, and on the way home, some of the drove went astray, and in searching for 'em with his herder, Mexican Juan, lo and behold! the two come upon what they thought war a dead man, a swinging from the branch of a tree. Of course, they whipped out a knife and cut me down, and they poured brandy into my mouth, and worked over me, master and man, till they brought me back to life; and when my wits came again, sir, and I thought over all that had happened, and felt the marks of the lariat around my swollen and blackened throat, I war a reformed man, and I went down on my knees to Robert Crawford in the *gamma* grass, and made a clean breast of everything, and begged him to hide me for a while, and give me honest work. I had got my fill of Black Dave, and of evil courses generally. And Robert Crawford being a merciful gentleman, took pity on me, and disguised me in some of Juan's clothes, and he made good speed away from the vicinity of the gulch; for if the robbers had caught us there we would all have shared one fate, and Mr. Crawford brought me along to this ranch with him as a herder, and here I have lived like an honest man ever since."

Hoxie stopped to take breath. It was evident that the narrative had affected him deeply—great drops of sweat stood on his leathery forehead—he put his hand unconsciously to his throat, as if he still felt the tightening of Black Dave's lariat there.

"Ther's one thing more, sir," he said, at last, with slow, solemn emphasis; "I've got a conviction that Black Dave knows I escaped him that day—knows I wasn't hung—knows somebody saved me, and he'll kill me anywhere, and any time at sight. If I'd have opened the door to him the night he dropped you at this threshold, that would have been the last of Hoxie. I've never got over my terror of the man, I never shall get over it—perhaps it's because he war born to kill me!"

Fleetwood, deeply impressed by the herder's story, answered, with assumed carelessness:

"Pooh! the chances are very small, Hoxie, that either you or I will ever encounter the scoundrel again. The career of such a man is never long. A rope in the hands of the vigilants will sooner or later put an end to his exploits. But the thing which interests me deepest in your narrative is that letter from the girl in Maine. What a pity that you didn't have the time to read it all! By Jove! a queer sort of person the daughter of such a man must be! It makes one shudder to think of it! Of course Dave must be Eastern born himself."

"That's what I allers said, sir."

"Look here, Hoxie, do you remember the girl's address? You said Black Dave had written it on his letter, you know."

"I reckon! Dave came within an ace of strangling me; but that didn't destroy my memory, sir; and then, to make sure that I'd never forget it, I went and wrote it down in black and white, and a thousand times I've sworn to myself that if ever I should go East, I would hunt out that air town and that air woman, and see for myself what both were like."

"By Jove! Hoxie, I wonder you haven't done it before this time."

Hoxie shook his head gloomily.

"I shall never go East, sir—I shall live and die on this ranch; but," smiling a little as a sudden thought struck him, "what's to hinder you, sir, from looking up the person? Mr. Crawford sez you won't be content here in Colorado—sez you'll be going back to Canada as soon as you git strong again; and Canada, as every scholar knows, is nigh to Maine."

Fleetwood's blonde face grew blank, then he laughed.

"Hoxie, that is a brilliant idea! I have a passion for mysteries, even when they come in the form of disreputable people. I wonder what 'dear papa' had given the girl on her birthday, and with whose money the gift was bought? Hoxie, where is that address?"

Hoxie thrust a hand into the pocket of his deerskin shirt, fumbled there for a space, and finally, from a wrapper of sheepskin, drew forth and unfolded a bit of dirty paper. Fleetwood snatched it with strange eagerness, and read these words:

"Miss Concordia Tempest, Cinderville, Maine."

"Isn't that a rum sort of a name, sir?" said Hoxie.

"Are you sure you have it right?" said Fleetwood. "After the choking you got, Hoxie, your mind might have gone astray."

"No," protested Hoxie, "that's it, sir, letter for letter. I can read as well as the best of folks, and I swear to you that's the address as Dave had it writ on the envelope, ready to post when he should get the chance, sir."

"Oh, this is too much!" cried Fleetwood, gayly. "Concordia Tempest! a rose by any other name would smell as sweet! Let me copy the mellifluous syllables at once! My mind is made up. I will have nothing to do with Colorado and sheep-raising—I will find Cinderville and Concordia Tempest or die."

He little knew, as he spoke the words so lightly, what that quest was to cost him; he little knew, as he lay there on his sheepskins in Rob Crawford's cabin, the dark tragedy which was to grow out of that bit of dirty paper!

"Do you mean it, sir!" said Hoxie.

"Yes, by Jove! I do!"

"Well, sir, a man better give Black Dave's daughter a wide berth. If she's got her father's blood in her she is, to say the least, dangerous. When you find her, sir—do the next best thing—take the first conveyance out of the town called Cinderville."

Fleetwood laughed, the gay, mocking laugh of youth and courage.

"Tut! Hoxie, don't let your horror of Black Dave extend to his female relatives, It's rather queer to discover that he has a daughter, anyway. He's scarcely one's ideal of a family man, eh? How does she come to be at the other end of the continent, I wonder; and has Miss Concordia a sister? has she a mother? Oh, this grows bewildering! Black Dave, during the little intercourse which I had with him, did not impress me as being above middle age."

"He hasn't seen a day beyond five-and-forty, sir."

"And, of course his daughter is young—a mere schoolgirl, in fact, as was shown by her letter. Bless me! the tiger-father sends his offspring to school like reputable parents! Well, seeing that Black Dave treated me with such leniency on the watch and purse question, and let me off with only the loss of Maud's letters, and the gain of a half-dozen bullets in my inner man, I certainly must find that damsel and pay my respects to her!"

"Well, sir, I hope no evil may come of it," said Hoxie.

He tied the dirty paper up again in the bit of sheepskin, and returned it to his pocket. At the same moment they heard Crawford coming up from the corrals, whistling to his sheep-dogs. Hoxie, having ended his story, went out to meet his master, and Fleetwood was left alone in the cabin.

He looked around the place and out through the meagre window at the head of the bunk. Did he really care to cast his fortunes in this desolate country? Had he what Hoxie called "sand" for the enterprise? His was an easy-going, self-indulgent nature, and he had not even the spur of poverty to goad him, for Fleetwood was not poor. He possessed both gentle blood and a very comfortable fortune. Then and there he decided that if Maud Loftus expressed the smallest disinclination to such a future, he would abandon all thought of sheep-raising and return at once to Canada. It was with Maud that he left the decision, and that very night he wrote her a minute account of all that had transpired since his arrival in Colorado, and of what life on a ranch really was. The only thing which he omitted to mention was Hoxie's story.

Two weeks later, when Fleetwood had so far recovered as to wander out to the corrals to watch—though not with anything like Crawford's interest—the stupid sheep, and drink in the glorious air of the mountains, something very unpleasant happened at the ranch. Hoxie went forth with the flocks one morning and did not return, as was his wont, at set of sun. Mexican Juan was dispatched in quest of him, and then both Crawford and his Canadian friend mounted good horses and set forth also, on the trail.

In the loneliest spot of the whole range the sheep were found nibbling peacefully, guarded by the faithful dogs; and not far away, in the shadow of a beetling rock, lay the body of Hoxie in his old canvas coat, with his canteen by his side, and his ghastly face turned upward to the starry twilight sky.

"Great Heaven!" cried Fleetwood, "look at the print of horse-hoofs in the grass, round about, Crawford! Black Dave has been this way—the poor fellow's presentiments are all fulfilled!"

The two men bent over the herder's body. It was plain that he had been dead for some hours. They tore away the clothing from his breast, and found there the track of the bullet which had ended his life. Alas! this leaden messenger had accomplished that which the lariat had failed to do. From the deerskin shirt, Fleetwood drew out a slip of dirty paper, drenched now in Hoxie's blood.

"Great God! How strange!" he muttered with a thrill of superstitious horror, for lo! the deadly bullet had cut its way straight through the name of Concordia Tempest, of Cinderville, Maine.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO GIRLS.

"MIGNON! Mignon!" said a girl's voice from out a green wilderness of fern, lighted by flickering patches of June sunshine, "are you listening?"

"Ay, with all my might," laughed Mignon, as she lolled lazily at the foot of a tree, shading her lily complexion with a huge red parasol, "and, like Oliver Twist, I can only cry for more."

These two were stragglers from the main army of Madame Verb's school picnic. They wore airy white hats, English walking boots, and the freshest of lawn gowns. At their trim waists hung leather wallets containing specimens. One carried a sketch-book, the other a microscope and a field-glass. Boston girls? Not at all. Both were strangers and aliens in that city of culture.

"*Ma chère!*" said she who had been called Mignon, and whose beauty was the boast of Madame Verb's whole school, "I give you my word that I never before heard of such blood-curdling adventures in real life! Robbed, murdered and resuscitated all in one night! Why, it quite takes my breath. Surely, dear, your lover's claim to the title of hero is now fully established."

Maud Loftus, a Canadian blonde, rather fat, rather dumpy, with china-blue eyes, and the fairest of lint locks, smoothed out a letter which she had been reading aloud to her bosom friend, in this snug forest nook—a letter from Crawford's Ranch, Colorado, in which the late tragic adventures of Mr. Guy Fleetwood were plainly set forth.

"Oh," she shivered, "suppose that horrible robber had really killed Guy—what, think you, would my feelings now be?"

Mignon, who was sketching a little green vista in the cool wood, dropped her pencil, as if overcome.

"There's a limit to everything, even to the human imagination," she answered, in a hollow voice; "but it is my private opinion, dear, that you would rush into crape and bombazine to-day, and to-morrow you would be flirting again with that good-looking German teacher at the school."

"Enough!" cried Maud, severely; "I can forgive your heartless jest, Mignon, because you have never loved."

Mignon, the beauty, the pet, the bright particular star of the most aristocratic finishing school in New England, laughed out:

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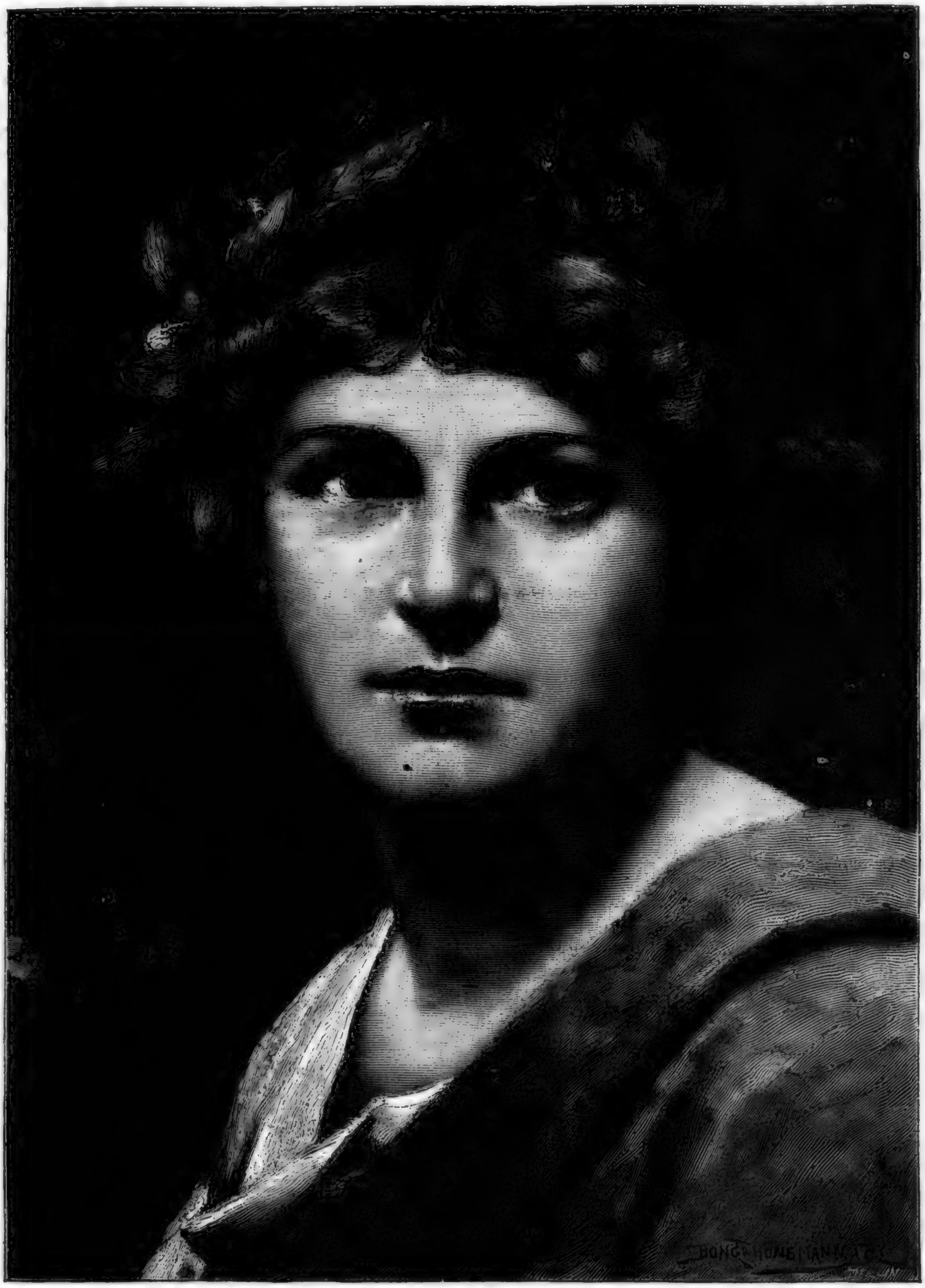
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MIGNON.

"No; thank goodness, I never have! It must be an intensely disagreeable business!"

"What heresy," cried Maud, "from the lips of a girl who is as beautiful as Psyche herself!"

Mignon shrugged her shoulders. She was used to admiration and accepted it as naturally as a flower the sunlight. In figure she was slight, but beautifully rounded—an airy, fairy darling, with a skin as dazzling as pearl; languishing eyes, like seal-brown velvet, and plaits of hair as yellow as burnished brass. She was barely sixteen, but her career of conquest had already begun, and Mignon Vye was born for conquest. All her sweet short life she had been petted and adored by everybody who approached her.

"You know, *m'amie*," said Maud, "that there isn't a girl in the school who can compare with you in looks!"

"Nor one that can equal you in importance," laughed Mignon, as she watched a little caravan of black ants traveling to some desired Mecca across the open leaf of her sketch-book. "You are the only engaged one among us, you see; and to be engaged seems such a strange, delightful and highly desirable thing to madame's artless flock!"

It was quite true that Maud Loftus, in spite of her undeniably dumpy figure, and tip-tilted nose, enjoyed unusual distinction, as a betrothed maiden, among her fair fellow-students.

"But," continued Mignon, briskly, "we are wandering from our subject. Your *fiancé*, Mr. Fleetwood, is robbed, shot, left for dead—your love-letters and photographs fall into the hands of the road-agents, and then, mystery of mysteries! they return, they revive the slain, they restore to him his filthy lucre—all—everything, but your letters and picture, and they leave him with his friends, and ride away in a most strange and melodramatic manner. Now, doesn't the whole story strike you as very odd, Maud dear?"

"Very!" assented Maud, as she folded up her lover's letter in a perplexed way. "You see that Guy himself is quite at a loss to explain the matter."

"And what punishment would you like to mete out to that Black Solomon—no, David? Surely, something worse than Louis XV. visited upon Damiens?"

"I would, indeed," answered Maud, betwixt a sob and a shudder. "Oh, poor dear, darling Guy! Mignon, do you think it *could* have been my last letter which touched the heart of that fiend in human shape, and led him to return and care for Guy, and convey him safely to Robert Crawford's ranch? Do robbers have hearts, anyway?"

"Who can tell? Did you write something very, very touching, dear?"

"Oh, yes; I told Guy all about our lovely dresses at the school tableaux, and how your cousin Cyril quite spoiled mine by upsetting his ice upon it, and I confessed that I had been flirting a little with our German teacher. And then I told him how brilliant our graduating class was to be, and gave him the order of exercises, as well as I knew it at that early day, and I meandered onward to the visit which I was to make you before I returned to Canada, and declared my determination to turn your cousin Cyril's empty head with my enchantments, and I assured him of my faithful, undying love, and bade him be true to me in that dreadful mutton country—and—and—I forget the rest, dear, but it was all in my very best style."

"No wonder," said Mignon, "that the road-agents relented toward your lover, after reading all that! Like Desdemona, you now love him for the dangers he has passed. I wonder," brandishing her red parasol, "if I shall ever have a lover who will write me such blood-freezing adventures! How the other girls would enjoy this letter, dear! And to think that I am the only person permitted to share its thrilling contents with you! I ought to feel greatly flattered—as, of course, I do."

"I have no secrets from you, Mignon," said the blonde Canadian, "we are bosom friends, you know, bound by vows of eternal fidelity and devotion. I really believe that I love you next to Guy."

There is nothing in life more real, and at the same time more transitory, than these ardent schoolgirl friendships. The perfect, clear-cut lips of Mignon curled in a sweet, little smile.

"Thank you, *m'amie*. And now, do you find yourself quite ready to follow Browning's advice:

"'Love
Give love, ask only love, and leave the rest.'

"In other words, dear, are you willing to turn your back upon the world, and fare forth the pretty pastoral of love and sheep in the far, dear, beautiful West?"

Maud started in horror.

"Never! How can you ask such a question after hearing Guy's letter? Sheep? Oh, I abominate them, living or dead! And to call the West dear and beautiful when such monsters as this Black Dave are permitted to run loose about it, robbing and shooting decent people—well, really, Mignon, it seems a little too much, even though you *are* Western born. Never will I go to Colorado now. On the contrary I shall write immediately to Guy, and urge him to shake the dust of the sage-brush from his feet, and return at once to civilization."

Mignon smiled, and twisted the cool, green ferns about her dainty ungloved fingers.

"Of course," she answered, "that road-agent, and the robbing and shooting and bloodshed, are all too dreadful for anything, and it is very natural, Maud, dear, that, after such an adventure, you feel little inclination for the land or the people. But I—yes, I *am* Western born, and," with a sudden radiance in her velvety brown eyes, "I love the West with all my heart! It is my dear father's country—it is poor mamma's—it is mine! Why should I not love it?"

"The West is your father's country, only by adoption," corrected Maud, to whom the history of her friend was as familiar as her own. "You have told me a dozen times that he was born in the hub of the universe—Boston; and have I not been in Yankeeland long enough to know that no Vye could properly be born anywhere else? From the old judge—your great grandfather, wasn't he?—down to your cousin Cyril, I understand that the Vyes have always been the bright and shining lights of the Suffolk Bar. But, jesting aside, dear, you were such a little thing when you came to live in the East, that surely you remember little of your Western home."

The Western girl arose to a sitting posture among the ferns. The lovely color pulsed into her oval cheek.

"I remember everything," she cried, "the ranch—the free, glad life we all led there—the immense herds that represented my father's fortune—papa was, and is, a cattle king, you know—monarch of a great, grand domain. Almost from babyhood I was accustomed to the saddle. I used to ride with papa over all his range. I could handle a lariat and branding-iron, and curb a bucking horse with the skill of a cowboy. The ranchmen petted me—papa adored me. Ah, a child of eight does not forget, and I had reached that age when mamma's health gave way, and we were told that she must be sent

East to the care of competent physicians. Poor mamma was always delicate, and the climate of Colorado did not agree with her. Then, too, it was time for me to go to school—papa said he was very ambitious for me—and so I was torn from my dear ranch, and my wide ranges, and the great herds, and the white peaks piercing the rosy sky, and the free air of those vast solitudes, and brought, with poor mamma, to the East; and papa carried us to Rookwood, his own birthplace, and ordered the best physicians that money could command to attend mamma, and then embraced and blessed us, and went back, alone and lonely, to his herds and rancheros. Ah, I wonder how he has managed to live eight weary years without us there!"

There were tears in her lovely eyes. Above all things earthly this girl adored her absent father.

"And you have never seen him since that parting, dear?" said Maud, full of sympathy.

"Never!" sighed Mignon. "When poor mamma died he was far away in some remote place buying cattle, and so did not hear the news for a long time. I wrote to him in an agony of homesickness, and begged him to come and take me back to the ranch; but he answered 'No,' it was best for me to remain at school; the ranch was no place for me without poor mamma, and he delivered me to the care of Uncle Philip, whose ward I am"—with a little grimace—"to the present day."

"I do not like your Uncle Philip," said Miss Loftus, drily.

"No more do I," replied Mignon, with great frankness, "and now that my schooldays are nearly over, I hope that papa will recall me from my long exile. I do so long for him and for my great, free West! You love civilization, Maud, but I am a Western gypsy, eager to give up society and refinement, everything, in fact, for the old ranch and the great ranges, and my dear father, once more!"

"What an affectionate daughter you are, to be sure!" said Maud, admiringly. "Your father must be a Sir Galahad, *sans peur et sans reproche*, or you would never be so fond and proud of him. I am glad there are good men in Colorado as well as road-agents and assassins. I think better of the place because your father lives in it; but all the same, I will never go there myself—— Oh, horror! look at that green thing wiggling over your sketchbook, dear! Let us fly!"

A little snake, like a ribbon of living emerald, was slipping across the open page. The conversation ended abruptly. Both girls sprang up from the lair of fern, and ran off screaming into the woods.

Where were the other members of the class, and the two under-teachers who had the "fair girl graduates" in charge? They looked and listened, but neither saw nor heard anything of the rest of the party.

"Oh, they are spreading lunch somewhere, I dare say," remarked Maud Loftus, ruefully. "I fear the patties and cold chicken will all be eaten before we find them, and alas! I am dreadfully hungry!"

The June forest was full of the odor of pines and scented green things growing. There was a soft musical stir of young leaves everywhere, and a sound of birds twittering high up in the treetops.

"I think we are lost, like the Babes in the Wood," said Mignon, gayly, "and it is very delightful. Let us hunt for specimens and wait for the rescuing party, which will surely be sent out when Miss Grimes awakes to a realizing sense of our loss."

But Maud was not so well-pleased with the situation.

"Perish all specimens, *ma belle*, if only the jelly and sandwiches remain! Attention! Do your olfactory nerves detect the odor of tea in the atmosphere?"

"No," said Mignon, "it is sweet-fern and brier-rose."

"Pooh! I tell you it is tea; yes, and *bouillon*. Can it be that a banquet is in progress near by? Miss Grimes was going to light a fire, you know, and boil a kettle. Eureka! what is that curling up through the trees yonder? Smoke! I smell young twigs burning, I smell the flesh-pots of Egypt. We are saved, Mignon—you from the fever of specimen hunting, and I from devouring you in my excessive hunger."

The girls, guided by a sound of voices and some gray spirals of smoke curling up through the neighboring branches, made a dash forward, but suddenly stopped, aghast. They had stumbled, not upon any guardian under-teachers with a class of fair girls around them, not upon sandwiches and cold chicken; but upon something so strange and unfamiliar that both stood dumbfounded.

In a cool hollow of the wood was a tent—an old, weather-worn canvas stretched on poles, with a corner hitched up for air. Near it were grouped wagons, like the ships of the desert, which Mignon had seen on the plains in her childhood. Tethered horses fed close by, and over a crackling fire of sticks swung a big iron pot, in which some savory mess seethed and boiled, and around which lean dogs and brown, half-nude children tumbled and rolled together. Two swarthy, gleaming-eyed men lay on the turf in front of the tent, smoking clay pipes and thumbing a pack of greasy cards; and the cry of a baby, mingled with a woman's low crooning, came from under the canvas.

It was a camp of gypsies—those mysterious nomads that come and go everywhere, like crows in the tree-tops, and whose reputation is questionable in all things, but especially in that of a horse-trade.

As the two girls stood surveying the scene, somebody arose from a pine stump near the boiling pot and advanced to meet them—a preternaturally tall woman, with a red handkerchief twisted about her head, and enormous hoops of gold swinging in her ears—a brown, imposing creature, with a glance like lightning, and strong white teeth showing betwixt dusky red lips.

"Pretty ladies, shall I read your fortunes?" she said, in a wheedling tone, holding out her dark palm for the customary fee.

Mignon shrank back.

"No; oh, no!" she murmured, but Maud Loftus gave her a vigorous pinch.

"Oh, you dear little goose! Of what are you afraid?" she whispered. "Of course we want to know our fortunes! This is surely some Romany queen. Do you happen to have any change about you?"

Mignon was one of the few schoolgirls whose allowance always seemed to exceed her expenditures. She produced a little purse, and Maud promptly took from it two silver pieces.

"Are you sure that you can read fortunes?" she asked, rather skeptically.

"Try me and see," replied the gypsy.

"We did not come here to pry into the future," said Maud, with great dignity. "We are looking for a picnic party. I suppose you have not seen anything of the kind here in the woods?"

The Romany grinned.

"Yes, pretty lady; down yonder by the brook. I have been there, reading fortunes—two—four—eight—ten—of them."

"Is it possible," cried Maud, indignantly, "that Miss

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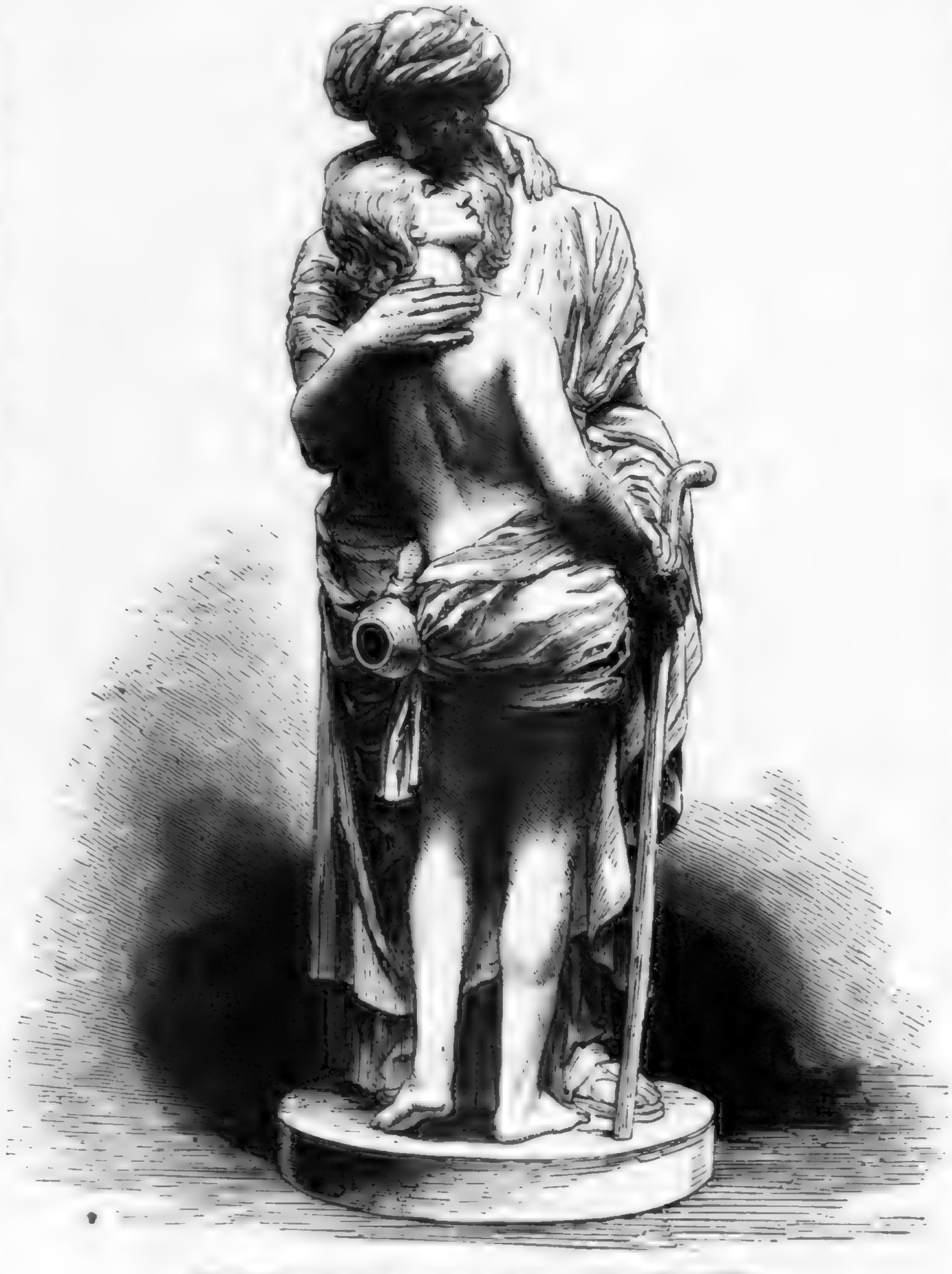
Grimes has been indulging in such frivolity at her time of life? We will not be outdone by the sly creatures, Mignon! Fifty cents worth of revelation, if you please, Cassandra," and she tossed the silver pieces into the gypsy's hand.

The swarthy card-players went on with their game. The lean dogs and scantily clad children rolled together on the forest earth beside the cracking fire. An old hag ran out from among the trees and stirred something in the savory pot. With a mysterious air, the Romany seized Maud's palm and began:



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.—BY JOSEPH MOZIER.

"You have a lover, pretty lady, but he is far away. He has been in greater danger, and there's a greater yet in store for him."

Maud gave a nervous start.

"Dear me! what does that mean?"

"It means that you feel sure of your lover, lady. He vows he loves you—he has put a ring on your hand, he has promised to marry you, but all the same, you will lose him—you will never be his wife."

"I know *that* is a lie!" cried Maud, hotly.

The Romany smiled calmly, and by a shake of the head set the great gold hoops swinging in her brown ears.

"It is no lie, lady. Men are very fickle. Let me give you a word of warning. *Beware of the tempest!*"

"The tempest!—what tempest?" said Maud, derisively.

"A tempest full of destruction for you and yours!" answered the Romany. "Do you hear the twigs cracking under the *kékari* yonder? Your lover's vows are as empty as that sound. Now, shall I tell you who you *will* marry, and will you believe me?"

"Tell me anything you like," answered Miss Loftus; "as for believing your *gudlo*—that is another matter."

"Ha! you have picked up a Romany word, lady! Now, listen! Baa—ba-a-a!" She imitated to perfection the bleating of sheep. "Your future husband carries that sound always in his ears—he loves it better than music, and you will live far away in a wild place, among herds that make that noise the day long."

Mignon burst into a merry peal of laughter.

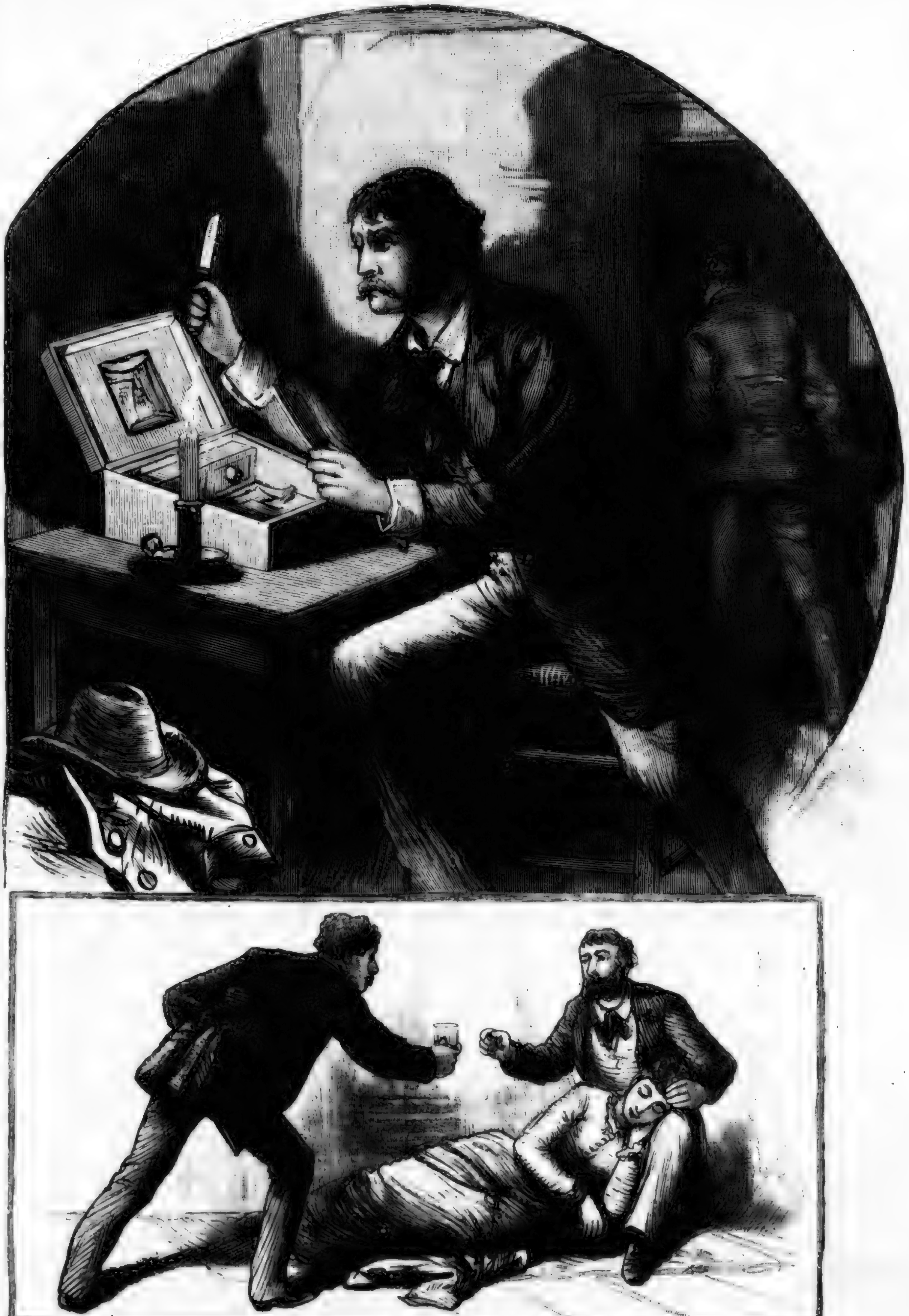
"A sheep-ranch!" she cried; "oh, Maud, is it possible? A sheep-ranch, in spite of all your antipathy to mutton!"

"Let us go!" said Maud, with disgust and indignation.

"Hold!" said the Romany; "that is not fair, lady—I have said nothing to this other little one. Give me your hand. How soft it is—how white! Ah, my poor dove," fixing her gleaming gypsy eyes on Mignon's startled face, "the hawks are after you! They are ready even now to tear you in pieces! Ask me the things you most wish to know, little one. You do not believe in the gypsy's skill? You will not? Well, listen! It would be better for you if your face was not so fair. You will have many lovers, but to some women love brings joy, and to others, misery. With all your beauty, it will not bring joy to you. The man who is fated to love you more than all the others—more than his own soul, will do you the greatest wrong—yes, a cruel and deadly wrong. *When you cross water by night*, lovely lady, remember what the Romany said to you—*you are lost if you take to the water under the light of the moon.*"

So weird and impressive was the creature's look as she delivered these words that Mignon started back involuntarily and grew pale.

"You're in great peril," went on the sibyl, "and it comes upon you in many forms—it's all around you like a net. Oh, take care what you do—take care! Shall I name your dearest wish? You are young and beautiful. You are rich—you have plenty to follow and flatter



ONE CHRISTMAS.—"I CAREFULLY CUT AWAY THE LARGE IVORY-TYPE THAT WAS SET IN THE LID. AS I LIFTED IT FROM ITS BED I SAW SOMETHING THAT BROUGHT MY HEART INTO MY MOUTH." . . . "I HANDED VIVA A CUP OF FRAGRANT CHOCOLATE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

you; but your heart is not here. You are longing to make a journey"—Maud uttered a cry of surprise—"to one a long way off, but near of kin. Beware, little lady! Don't turn *that* way. There are dead men in the path!"

This was too much. Mignon tore her hand from the gypsy.

"Enough!" she said; "do not tell me any more—I do not want to hear any more!"

"Nor I!" cried Maud. "What a surfeit of horrors! My dear Madame Romany, the Witch of Endor was nothing to you;" and then, seized with a sudden panic, the two girls turned and fled.

A low derisive laugh seemed to follow them as they darted back into the woods, pausing to take breath only when the gypsy camp was beyond sight or call. Then they looked at each other. Both were white and breathless. Maud began to laugh.

"What precious geese we are!" she cried. "It was bad enough to listen to that creature's twaddle of tempests and dead men and false lovers, but infinitely worse to believe it!"

"Quite true," answered Mignon, rallying also, though her heart still throbbed painfully. "Beware, Maud dear," and she tried to imitate the Romany's tone, "that you do not lose the love of Mr. Guy Fleetwood."

Maud tossed her blonde braids.

"The woman does not live who can take him from me," she replied, audaciously. "We have adored each other since childhood. It would take more than a gypsy's ravings to shake my confidence in Guy's fidelity. Ugh! how earnest that creature seemed, though! She gave me a terrible fright, which was my just recompense for squandering your money for naught, dear. Oh, joy! here are Miss Grimes and the girls—just opening the lunch-baskets, too!"

A sudden turn in the woodland path had brought them in full view of the picnic party. The appearance of the stragglers was greeted by a frantic waving of handkerchiefs and parasols.

Maud Loftus paused a moment before joining the company and looked at her friend.

"Mignon, you will not believe anything that female Ishmael said; surely—surely you will not?"

And Mignon answered, lightly:

"Not a word!" *(To be continued).*

ONE CHRISTMAS.

By Helen A. Natsch.

Christmas in Paris! What memories that calls up for many! Visions of the gay boulevards, gayer than ever at this season, with the groups of eager people gazing into the shop-windows, filled to overflowing with alluring *articles de Paris* to conjure money out of the purses of the thousands who have gone out with them well filled to choose their Christmas gifts.

Not a sad face meets my view as I stroll down the Faubourg St. Honoré; nothing but beaming looks and eager happiness, so it seems to me. Can I be the only one in all this crowd of English and Americans—sprinkled through with a few French and Russians—who is not bent on pleasure to-night? But I, at least, have anything but a pleasurable task on hand, and I turn off from the wealthy "English Quarter" into a neighborhood where the Christmas gifts are of a very humble kind. Here the three-sou public have to be catered for, and here, too, are wistful faces enough, that look longingly at the cheap *étrennes* they yet are too poor to buy. I soon found myself in the Place Cadet, and there began my business. I was changing my lodgings, and had to do, as I had done many times lately—look for one cheaper than the last, and this was the likely neighborhood; and, indeed, in a very short time I had found what I wanted—a tiny room, at the top of a house whose lodgers were of all classes—from the well-to-do merchant, *au premier*, to the out-at-elbows Bohemian like myself, *au cinquième.*

In the evening I found myself installed in my new quarters. It was a frightfully cold night, and my room had probably had no fire in it for months. I shivered, and looked longingly at the few billets of wood I had carefully saved and brought away in my portmanteau; but to-morrow the cold would be worse; at all events, worse to bear, for to-night, if it got unbearable, I could go to bed, so I resolutely wrapped myself in my overcoat and set myself to read. My next-door neighbors were evidently a jolly set; sounds of hilarious laughter came to my ears, and sent my thoughts from my book to former Christmas Eves, when I, too, had been merry. I tried again to read, but the voices disturbed me, and I gave it up and determined to go to bed.

As I rose, a few words struck my ear. Surely I knew that voice! I listened again, and heard nothing! Suddenly a rich baritone voice broke forth with the familiar and, to the wanderer, pathetic strains of "Home, Sweet Home!" A clear, sweet woman's voice joined in, and, moved by I know not what impulse, I also took up the air. Directly I did so the singing ceased, and the man's voice said, "By Jove! There's an American in the next room!"

Now I knew the voice.

"Charlie!" I called through the door.

The next moment I met at the door of my room my old friend, Charlie Grant.

"Alton! what the deuce brings you here?"

"I may ask the same!" I said.

"Well, that's a long story; I'll tell you presently. But come in now, and see my wife Viva. Why, you used to know Vivienne Sinclair?"

A pang went to my heart; my old wound was still tender. Know her!

"Viva is not quite well, Jack. Life is pretty hard on us just now, but I have been trying to keep her spirits up. Help me to be cheerful to-night!"

I went in and found my love—my old love—seated on a miserable little couch; a beautiful shadow of her former self, and yet how gay and joyous she seemed as she greeted her old friend kindly!

The room was bitterly cold, for poverty's iron hand was evidently pressing heavily on my poor friends.

"Well, this is something like, now!" said Charlie, with boisterous enjoyment.

We soon fell to talking of old times and mutual friends, and Charlie told me how they came to be in their present plight.

Vivienne's mother had remarried—when Viva was quite a child—a stern, avaricious man. This I had known; known also that poor Vivienne's life with her stepfather had been a hard one. He always feared her mother was bestowing too much upon her to his loss, and when that mother died, two years ago now, Viva had found it impossible to live at home, and had taken a position as governess to a family going to Europe.

In taking a position to cross the ocean, Viva had been influenced by the pleasure of being in the same city as her lover, for Charlie was engaged to her before he went to Paris to study art, and make his name and fortune.

But the family she went with were vulgar, purse-proud people, who looked on their governess as a hireling, bound to them body and soul, and her meetings with Charlie were few and far between.

Yet a few delicious minutes each evening they had for themselves, when Charlie came under Viva's window while the Moores, Viva's employers, were at dinner.

One unlucky night Charlie came as usual, and they had their chat, and saw each other. With, this Charlie had usually gone away happy. This night, however, Viva looked out an hour or two later and saw a figure pacing up and down opposite—the figure of Charlie. Not to let him know she saw him was too cold-blooded for impulsive Viva, and Charlie came beneath the window.

"Come down one minute, dearest; only one minute!" and Viva went down, loving little woman as she was. And the minute had stretched into an hour, and still Viva and Charlie were whispering last words under the *porte-cochère*. Suddenly Viva was startled to hear a clock strike ten.

She fled from her lover and up to the Moores' apartment without a word, her heart beating with fear.

* * * * * *

An hour later Charlie was sitting in his room, which was also his studio, gloomily contemplating the great historical picture which was expected to have made his fortune, when there came a tap at the door, and in another moment Viva was weeping in his arms.

Amid shame and tears she told him how she had met Mr. and Mrs. Moore in the ante-chamber as she was making her way to her room, and had been contemptuously ordered by Mr. Moore to leave at once. Mrs. Moore had suggested that she should be permitted to stay till morning and then go; but the brutal husband had laughed at the suggestion "that it was late for a young girl to be in the streets."

"Not for such girls as she. There's plenty of shelter ready for her, I'll be bound."

And so, knowing not what else to do, Viva had come to her only friend, who soothed and comforted her; and that night she occupied his room, while he lay across his door outside. The next day, as the best thing they could do, they joined their poverty and married. Their short married life had been a series of misfortunes. Charlie's father, hearing of his son's mad marriage, had refused to give him one cent, and every effort to make money had failed, and so they had parted with everything they had to buy food and fuel.

Charlie told me this story of their poverty and trials with so much humor, and made such mockery of their woes, that we all laughed at the sad recital.

"Viva has stuck to that," pointing to a handsome morocco writing-case, the only object of any value in the room, "till the last, for her mother's portrait is set in the cover, and it was her last gift; but I fear, poor dear," he said, tenderly, "we shall have to part with it to get us through to-morrow."

"It is just upon midnight—let us sing Christmas in," and we all struck up "Home, Sweet Home" for the second time that evening. I heard a perceptible tremor in Viva's voice, and looked toward her. She was white as death, and her lips were blue. And no wonder, for the room was like a tomb. Suddenly her voice ceased, and Charlie sprang toward her.

"Oh, I am so cold! I can't help it."

I rushed into my room for the little wood I had, while Charlie chafed her hands and feet. In a few minutes I had a fire burning on the hearth, and then, with the five cents I had been saving for my roll and milk in the morning, I went down to the *concierge*, got from him a piece of chocolate, and sent him out for milk and fuel, promising him a pair of dress-boots, the only thing belonging to me that I could think of, to pay for them.

I found Viva on the hearth, where Charlie had laid her, in the warmth of the fire. Her eyes were open, and she smiled; but so wan, so pathetic was the smile, that I turned away to hide the tears that started to my eyes.

By the time the chocolate was made, the *concierge* came up with the milk and a basket of wood.

I handed Viva a cup of fragrant chocolate.

"Oh, how I have longed for a cup of chocolate!" she said, as she took it. "Oh, how good this is!"

I then went into my room to get the boots for the *concierge*. I had scarcely found them when Charlie hastened in.

"For God's sake, go for a doctor! Viva is dying!"

I waited for no second word, but off I started at full speed, and soon returned with the first doctor I could find, and then went to my room to await the result.

In a few minutes Charlie came in, the morocco-case under his arm.

"Viva is about to become a mother, Jack!" and the doctor orders several things we can't get, unless we can find any one at this hour who will give a few francs for this. I was going to try and sell it this morning, but Viva clung to it. I hated to part with it till the last moment, and that has come!" As he spoke he tumbled out the packets of letters and odds-and-ends it contained. "You'll try and sell it, or get what we need, for it, won't you, Jack?"

Of course I would. I took the case, and opening it again, I said:

"We may as well take out the portrait? No one will give a sou more for it being in, and Viva will treasure it, I am sure!"

And so speaking, I carefully cut away the large ivory-type that was set in the lid. As I lifted it from its bed I saw something that brought my heart into my mouth.

At this moment the doctor came and called Charlie into the room, and I was left alone.

I lifted with trembling hands the objects that had so startled me. Yes, they were two one-thousand-dollar bills! Placed there, no doubt, by the poor mother for the daughter she was not allowed openly to aid. Heaven grant the treasure had not come too late!

I sat long, waiting for some word from the sick-room, and burning with impatience to impart my news, yet not daring to go near; and then I heard the heavy sobs of a man, and my heart sank within me.

Then I heard the doctor gently order Charlie out, and he came to me.

"She is dying, Jack!—but she shall not die!"

I silently laid the bills before him. Ah, what a Christmas they would have brought to him and Viva had they been found before! Now it was too late.

* * * * * *

We laid her and her babe in Père-Lachaise, and Viva began the New Year in heaven.

THE Admiralty Islands have a great deal of artistic taste, and their obsidian spear-heads, by far the finest of the kind existing, are very handsome objects. They carve out of single blocks of wood most graceful food-bowls, of large size and wonderfully accurate form, with spirally coiled handles pierced and carved, and this is apparently done without the use of iron.

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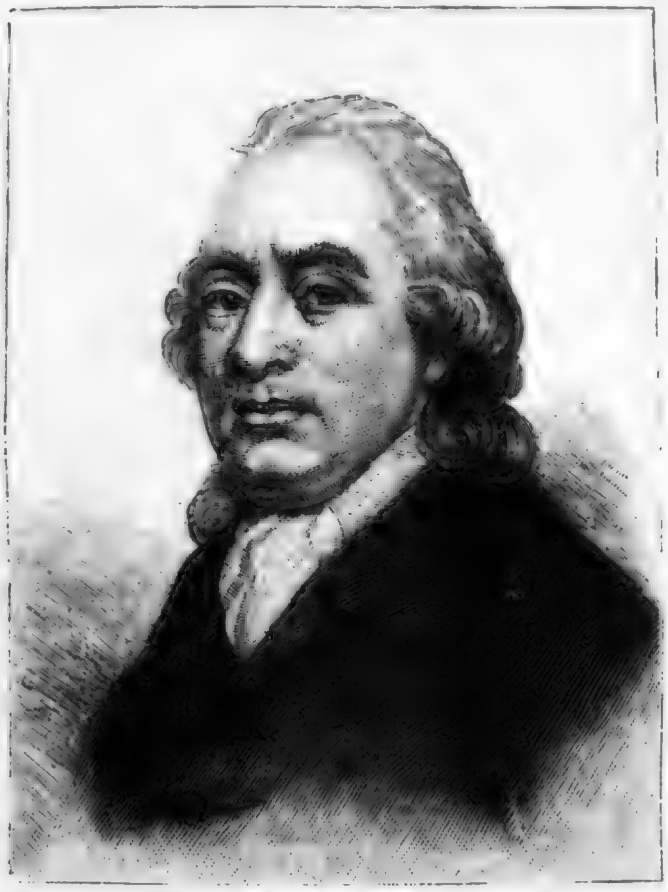
THE KEMBLES.

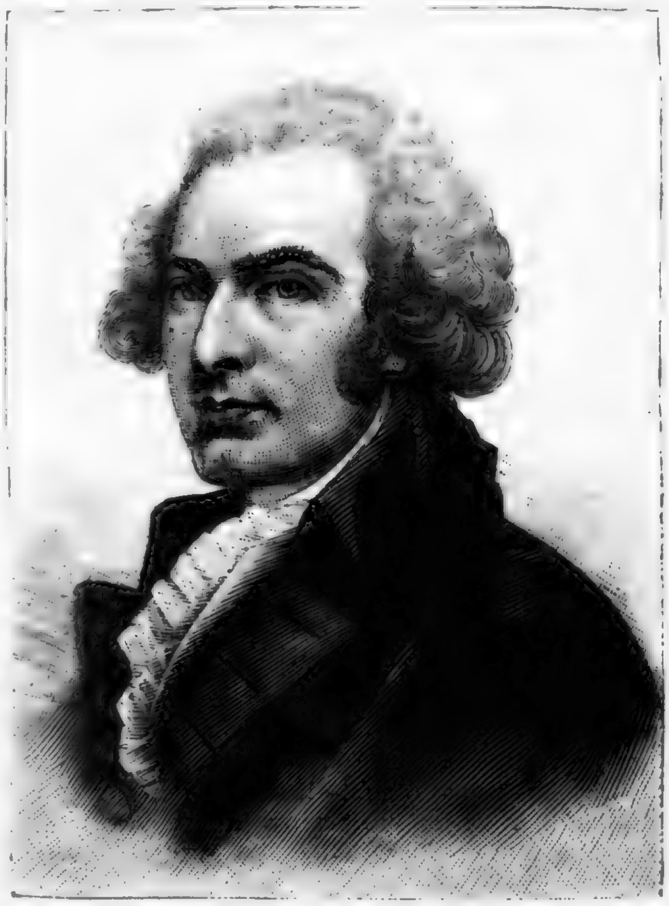
By Brander Matthews.

In the history of no art are there more instances of the passing on of great ability from father to son and from son to grandson, than in the history of the art of acting. In political life and in literature it is not uncommon to see a son follow in his father's footsteps, and sometimes even to eclipse his father's fame; but it is far more frequent on the stage. Instances abound, and there is no need to do more here than to set down the names of Edmund and Charles Kean, of Junius Brutus and Edwin Booth, and of Charles and Charles James Mathews. Of the Jeffersons there have been five generations on the stage. This is, perhaps, because there is no profession in which inherited faculty and early training count more for success than they do in the histrionic. In no family has this inherited faculty and this early training given to the world more and greater artists than in the family of the Kembles. The grandfather and the father of Sarah Siddons, of John Philip Kemble and of Charles Kemble, were actors. Henry Siddons, son of Mrs. Siddons, was an actor, and Fanny Kemble, the daughter of Charles Kemble, was an actress. The pretty Mrs. Scott-Siddons was the granddaughter of George, a brother of Henry Siddons; Mr. Owen Wister, who took part in the Greek play at Harvard College, was a grandson of Fanny Kemble. Six generations of the family have adorned the stage, and there is no more glorious name in histrionic annals than that of Mrs. Siddons. As Henderson, the actor, said of her when she was on the threshold of her career, she was an actress who never had had an equal, nor would she ever have a superior.



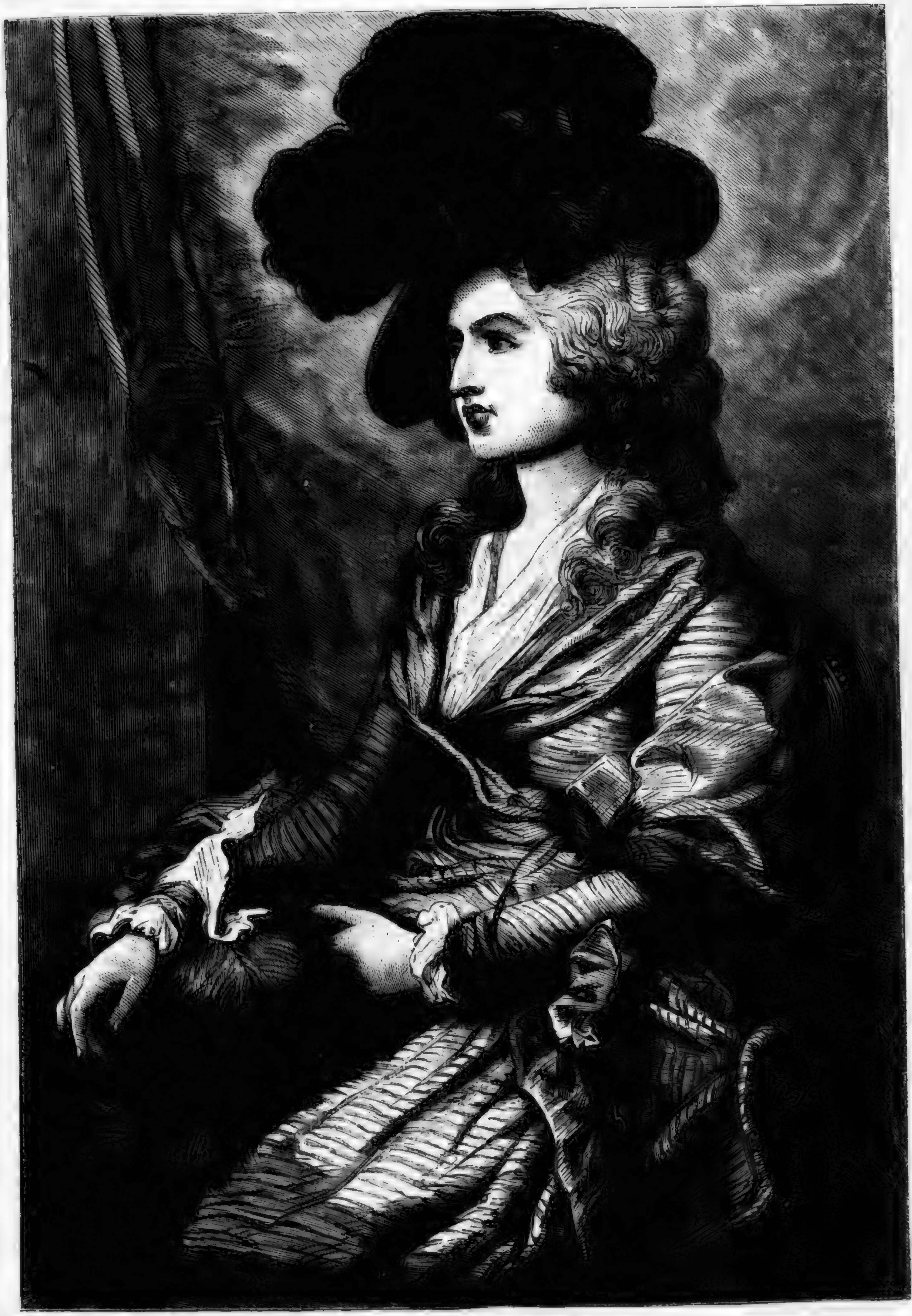
ROGER KEMBLE.

Sarah Siddons was born July 5th, 1755, at Brecknock, in South Wales. Her father was Roger Kemble, a strolling manager and actor. He was a man of high character and good breeding. His wife once said to Boaden: "There sits, unconscious of our remarks, the only *gentleman* Falstaff that I have ever seen." Mrs. Kemble was the daughter of Ward, the actor and manager who, in 1746, gave a benefit in the Townhall of Stratford for the purpose of restoring Shakespeare's monument. It was from her mother, apparently, that Mrs. Siddons inherited her beauty. As a child she appeared on the stage with the other members of the family. Her father sought to give his children the advantages of a good education, and Mrs. Siddons was as carefully instructed as their circumstances would allow. She was more especially trained in music. "When she was about seventeen," Campbell records, "Mr. Siddons, who was still an actor in her father's company, paid his first attentions to her, and it was soon perceived that they were acceptable." But if acceptable to the young lady, they were not to her parents. Mr. Siddons thought he was to be jilted in favor of a neighboring squire, and he took the audience into his confidence one night by a song of his own composing, in which he called himself Colin, and bewailed the fickleness of Phyllis. His allusions were so personal and direct that when he came off the stage the manager's wife boxed his ears. With the daughter he soon made it up, and she agreed to marry him whenever her parents would consent. It was probably to separate the lovers that Mr. Kemble placed his daughter in a private family for a while, apparently as a companion or reader. She soon returned to the stage and to Mr. Siddons, and at Coventry, November 26th, 1773, they were married. Mr. Siddons was a useful actor, ready to play any part at shortest notice, and likely to render it at least acceptably; but he was not a genius and his wife was. He made her a devoted husband, and the marriage was happy in all respects.



JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.

Two years later, when she was twenty, she was engaged by Garrick, and as *Portia* she made her first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, December 29th, 1775. *Portia* was as unsuitable a character for Mrs. Siddons, as *Shylock* was for King, who acted with her; she made no hit in the



MRS. SIDDONS.—BY GAINSBOROUGH.

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part. Garrick was then giving his farewell performances; he seemed interested in her; he gave her advice and seats to see him act; when, in May, 1776, he revived the "Suspicious Husband" to play *Ranger*, he cast her as *Mrs. Strictland*, with a line to herself in the bills. She had other parts of no great value, and she played *Lady Anne* to his *Richard III.* Then Garrick retired, and Sheridan, Linley and Ford succeeded him. Plainly enough Garrick had not seen—as, indeed, how should he?—what she was capable of. He seems not to have recommended her especially to the new managers; and in the Summer, while she was acting at Birmingham, she received an official letter from the proprietor of Drury Lane, acquainting her that her services would be no longer required. "It was a stunning and cruel blow," she wrote, years afterward, in the autobiographic fragment which Campbell used; "it was very near destroying me. My blighted prospects, indeed, induced a state of mind that preyed upon my health, and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline."

For six years Mrs. Siddons remained in the provinces, playing chiefly at York and at Bath, both noted theatrical towns, and steadily increasing her reputation. Boaden records that she ventured even to appear as *Hamlet*—just as Miss Charlotte Cushman acted both *Romeo* and *Wolsey*—an effort more curious than valuable. She strove steadily to perfect herself in her art, and she had her reward. In time there came an offer of a three years' engagement from the new managers of Drury Lane, and for the sake of her children, so she says, she accepted it. She took leave of her friends at Bath in a poetical address of her own composing, quite as personal as the song of Mr. Siddons of ten years before. She had promised to produce three reasons for leaving Bath, and she kept her word, bringing forward her three children:

> "These are the moles that heave me from your side,
> Where I was rooted, where I could have died."

Mrs. Siddons reappeared at Drury Lane Theatre, October 10th, 1782, as *Isabella*, in Southern's "Fatal Marriage." During her absence her powers had matured, and her success was instant and indisputable. In the next three weeks she repeated the part eight times, and on October 30th she appeared as the *Grecian Daughter*. Then she was seen as *Jane Shore*, and as the *Fair Penitent*, and as *Belvidera*, in "Venice Preserved." In these she sustained and deepened the impression she had made as *Isabella*. They were all pathetic and tear-compelling characters, and never before had their tragic force been as well revealed. She became the social as well as the theatrical celebrity of the hour. She acted eighty nights in this season, and fifty-three in the next; appearing in a greater variety of plays, including two of Shakespeare's —"Measure for Measure" and "King John"—in which she was *Isabella* and *Constance*. During this second season, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her as the Tragic Muse. "When I attended him for the first sitting," she wrote (Campbell I. 242), "after more gratifying encomiums than I can now repeat, he took me by the hand, saying, 'Ascend your undisputed throne, and graciously bestow upon me some good idea of the Tragic Muse.' I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears. This idea satisfied him so well, that without one moment's hesitation he determined not to alter it." When the picture was finished, he told her that the colors would remain unfaded as long as the canvas would keep them together, gallantly adding, "And, to confirm my opinion, here is my name; for I have resolved to go down to posterity on the hem of your garment." When Garrick's "Jubilee" was revived, which was a sort of pageant or procession of the whole company in the costumes of the chief Shakespearean characters—not wholly unlike the *cérémonie* still seen on set occasion at the Comédie Française—Mrs. Siddons was drawn in a car as the Tragic Muse.

In the succeeding seasons she appeared as *Lady Macbeth*, as *Queen Katherine*, and as *Volumnia* to the *Coriolanus* of John Kemble. In the Winter of 1789-90 she withdrew from Drury Lane and acted only occasionally in the provinces. While she was in Birmingham she was offered a stucco bust of herself; it could not have been a striking likeness as the shopman did not recognize her. The actress could not help thinking she could do better, and from that time on she busied herself with sculpture, as Mélingue and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt have done in our day, and as Mr. Jefferson amuses himself with painting. In the Dyce Library, at South Kensington, there is her own bust of herself. No doubt the study of sculpture was of use to her, although her attitudes had always been statuesque. Moore records that she told Lord Lansdowne "that the first thing that suggested to her the mode of expressing intensity of feeling was the position of some of the Egyptian statues, with the arms close down by the side, and the hands clinched."

Campbell was with her when she first visited the Louvre and saw the "Apollo Belvidere"; she remained a long time before the statue, and said, at last: "What a great idea it gives us of God, to think that He has made a human being capable of fashioning so divine a form!" She played *Hermione* in the "Winter's Tale," March 25th, 1802, and, in the great scene, as Campbell says, "looked the statue, even to literal illusion; and, whilst its drapery hid her lower limbs, it showed a beauty of head, neck, shoulders and arms, that Praxiteles might have studied." Boaden declares that in *Paulina's* chapel she "stood one of the noblest statues, that even Grecian taste ever invented. . . . Upon the magical words, pronounced by *Paulina*, 'Music, awake her! Strike!' the sudden action of the head absolutely *startled*, as though such a miracle had really vivified the marble."

In 1803 John Kemble bought one-sixth of Covent Garden Theatre, and Mrs. Siddons and Charles Kemble joined him. She acted at Covent Garden every season until 1812, when, on June 29th, she took her farewell in a poetic address, written by her nephew, Horace Twiss. She had been acting in London at the head of her profession for thirty years. She emerged from her retirement the next year to read before the royal family, and the season after to give readings in public at the Argyle Rooms. Her selections were chiefly from Shakespeare and Milton. It is to be noted that in 1822 there was published "The Story of our First Parents, Selected from Milton's 'Paradise Lost': for the use of Young Persons. By Mrs. Siddons." At intervals she was seen again on the stage at benefit performances; between 1813 and 1819 she acted perhaps twenty times in London and Edinburgh. These occasions were probably a welcome relief to the monotony of her retirement. Mrs. Kemble declares that "the vapid vacuity of the last years of my aunt Siddons's life had made a profound impression upon me. Her apparent deadness and indifference to everything, which I attributed (unjustly, perhaps) less to her advanced age and impaired powers than to what I supposed the withering and drying influence of the over-stimulating atmosphere of emotion, excitement, and admiration, in which she had passed her life." Rogers bears witness to the same effect. It is to be remembered that she had lost her husband in 1808, and that one of her

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sons was dead and another was away in India. She told Moore that she had lost twenty-six friends in six years; it is small wonder that she was lonely in her old age. She died May 31st, 1831, in London, at the age of seventy-six.

Mrs. Siddons was probably the greatest actress the world has ever seen. Her voice was rich and warm, and free from the weakness which kept John Kemble constantly on his guard. Erskine said that "he had studied her cadences and intonation, and that to the harmony of her periods and pronunciation he was indebted for his best displays." Boaden declares that there never was a better stage figure than hers. She was strong, supple, graceful and easy in her person. Her face was "so thoroughly harmonized when quiescent, and so expressive when impassioned, that most people think her more beautiful than she is." Her intelligence and her industry were equal to her purely physical gifts. Although she had humor in private life, on the stage she failed to reveal it. Her comedy was not mirthful, and she seems to have been a little lacking in variety. But these trifles were all that detracted from her perfection. In youth she gave a pathos to the young and lovely heroines of tragedy that they had never had before; and in the maturity of her powers she arose to the severe majesty of the highest histrionic genius. She filled exactly Talma's ideal of tragic acting—"the union of grandeur without pomp and nature without triviality." One of her biographers, a critic of long experience and high authority, called hers the only perfect *Imogen* that he had ever seen. That she was well-nigh perfect as *Constance* also, as *Queen Katharine*, as *Volumnia*, and, above all, as *Lady Macbeth*, admits of no doubt now. Of her *Lady Macbeth*, her greatest part, we are fortunate in hearing her own analysis (see Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons," Vol. II. p. 10.) and also in having a careful record of her acting in the character, taken by as competent and exact an observer as Professor G. J. Bell, and given to the public with an introduction by the late Professor Fleming Jenkin, one of the most original thinkers of our generation, and one of the most acute of dramatic critics (see the *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1878).

"Next to the pleasure of running a man down," says Lord Byron, "the critics like nothing so much as the vanity of writing him up; but once up, and fixed there, he is a mark for their arrows ever afterward." It is perhaps the highest possible testimony to Mrs. Siddons's merits as an artist and to her character as a woman, that the only fault found with her was that she was mean and grasping in money matters. The same charge was brought against Mlle. Rachel and Miss Cushman; and in no case, probably, had it any more basis than the charge of parsimony often urged against Garrick. Her life was written by Thomas Campbell, and he dedicated it to Samuel Rogers, beginning his dedicatory letter with the assertion, "I have often heard you say that, rare as it was to meet with so gifted a genius as that of Mrs. Siddons, it was almost equally so to meet in human nature with so much candid and benignant singleness of mind as belonged to her personal character." The longer one labors over the abundant records of her life, the more emphatically is one inclined to echo this saying of one poet written down by another.

John Philip Kemble was the eldest brother of Mrs. Siddons. He was born on February 1st, 1757, at Prescot, in Lancashire. As a child he acted with the strolling company which his father managed; but as Roger Kemble did not intend any of his children for the stage, the boy was sent first to a Roman Catholic Seminary at Sedgeley Park, in Staffordshire, and later to the English college at Douay, where he was to be qualified for the priesthood. Boaden records that at Douay, when for some indiscretion there was an imposition in the class of two books of Homer, Kemble volunteered, "and by close application and his uncommon memory, enabled himself to remove the censure by accurately repeating at least 1,500 lines." He was foremost in getting up scenes from plays, a means of instruction often in favor in institutions controlled by the priesthood; and he was remembered as *Brutus* and as *Cato*. He seems to have studied to advantage; but he felt called to the stage, and before he was nineteen he left school and returned to England. On January 8th, 1776, at Wolverhampton, he made his first appearance as an actor, playing *Theodosius*, in a forgotten tragedy of that name. Early in October, 1778, he joined the famous York company under the management of Tate Wilkinson. Here he acted many leading parts in comedy and tragedy. For his benefit, on December 29th, 1778, he brought out a tragedy of his own, "Belisarius," and on April 10th, 1779, a comedy of his, the "Female Officer," was acted at the benefit of a fellow-actor. In 1780 he published at York a volume of "Fugitive Pieces," the forty-two pages of which contained copies of verses in English and Latin, several prologues and epilogues, a Latin epitaph for Mr. Inchbald, the husband of the dramatist, and also an English ode to his memory.

After a stay of three years he left the York company and went to Dublin, making his first appearance, November 2d, 1781, as *Sir George Touchwood* in the "Belle's Stratagem," a hopelessly miserable character. Both in the English provinces and in Ireland, Kemble had occasion to show that he was a gentleman and that he was prepared to defend his position as such with dignity and courage.

At last, when he was twenty-six years of age, his path being made smooth for him by Mrs. Siddons's success, he was engaged at a London theatre. A few days before John Philip Kemble made his first appearance at Drury Lane, his brother, George Stephen Kemble, appeared at Covent Garden as *Othello*, but without success. He did not interfere with the elder brother's reception as, in Boaden's words: "The incident seemed to turn itself into a joke against the manager of the rival theatre, who had engaged the *big* instead of the *great* Kemble." John Kemble made his first appearance in London on September 30th, 1783, as *Hamlet*. As he had seen no great actor in this part, his view of the character was in great measure his own, and not a few of his readings differed from those of Garrick, and of Henderson, who had succeeded Garrick as the accepted *Hamlet*. It is evidence of the impression made by the young actor that his impersonation was violently discussed by the critics, and that the manager of Covent Garden promptly brought forward Henderson as *Hamlet*. Kemble acted *Hamlet* in rivalry with Henderson, then the foremost actor of the English stage, just as Garrick and Barry had been rival *Romeos* a generation before. During this first season in London he appeared also as *Richard III.*, and as *Sir Giles Overreach* in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts"—not equaling Henderson in either character, and yet gaining ground with the public and with the critics. Later in the season he acted with Mrs. Siddons, for the first time in London, playing *King John* to her *Constance*. Boaden notes that at this period he did not think the performances of John Kemble "equal in effect to those of Mrs. Siddons. Their talents, although they bore a strong family resemblance, differed considerably as to their

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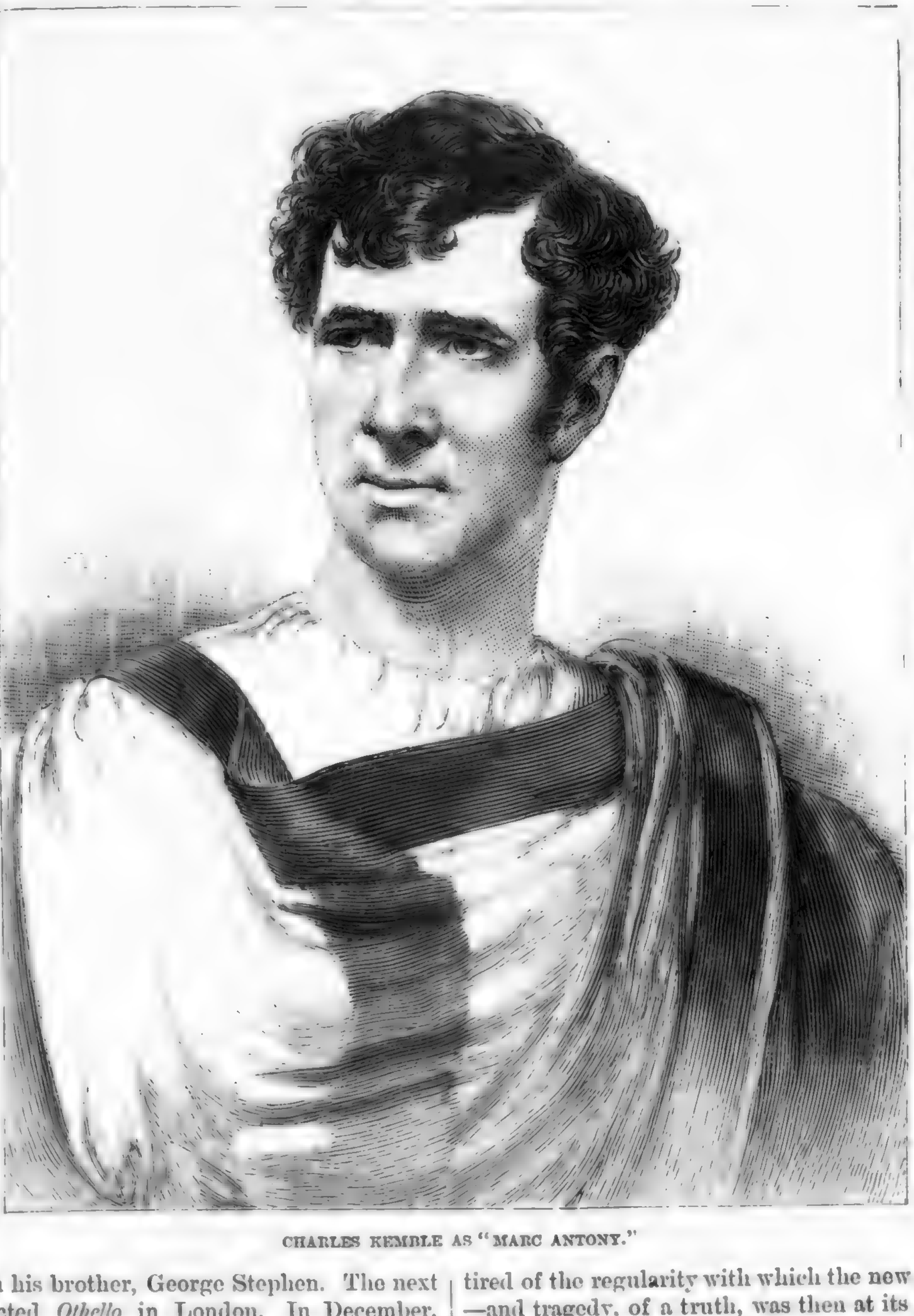
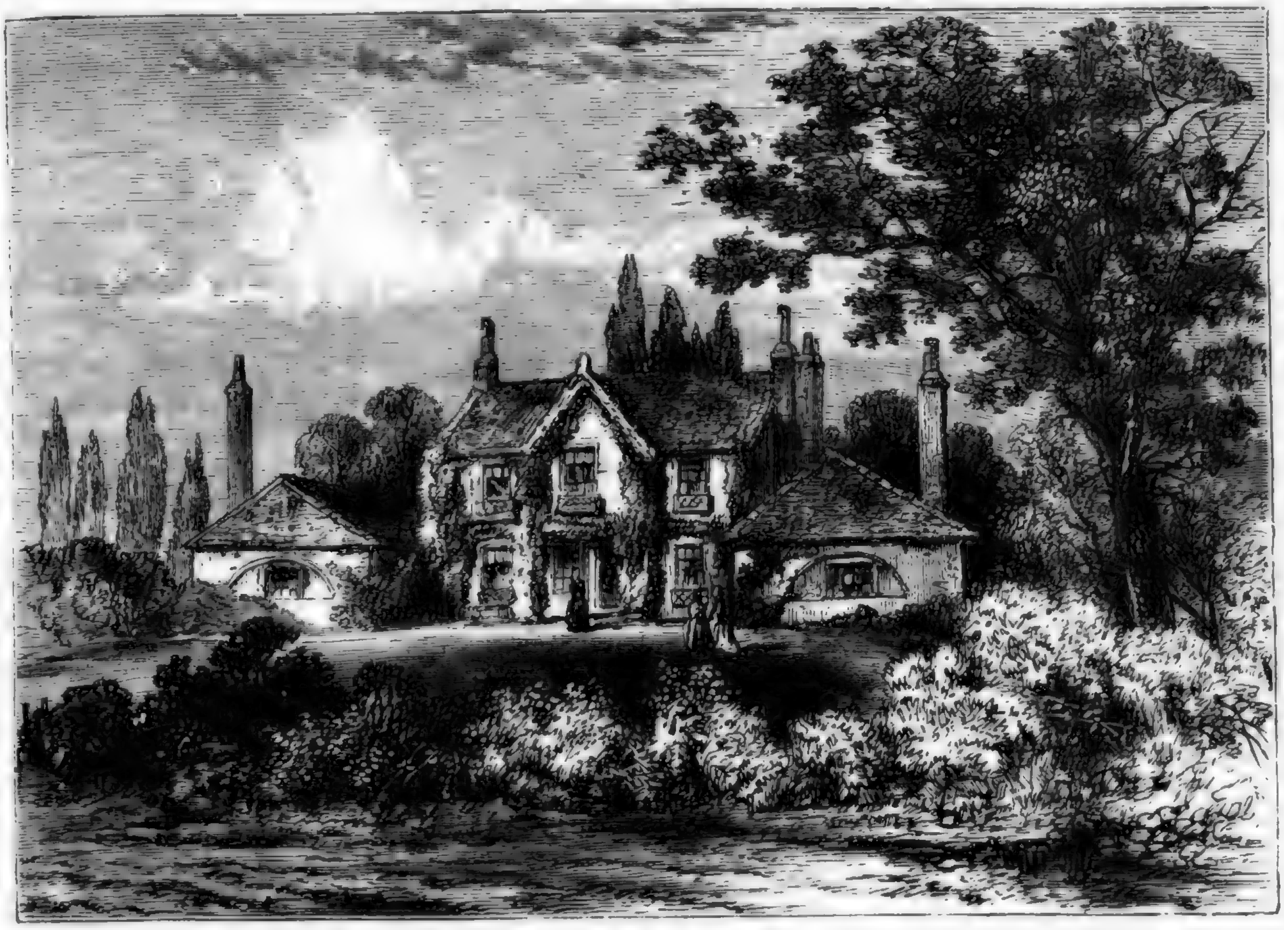
powers, and, in some respects, character. The organ of the brother was weaker than his sister's; he was, besides, very far indeed from his meridian." Apparently John Kemble's genius ripened slowly. The young actor was ambitious, energetic, and well educated; he had the desire for improvement and the faculty of study. He labored long and earnestly to improve himself in his profession, neglecting nothing. Boaden makes the fine distinction that Henderson "varied less from himself than any great actor of his time," as "his memory was amazingly tenacious, and he had early made up his mind as to the characters he acted," while "Kemble, on the contrary, seemed to me always to consider the work as still *to do.* He never dismissed a part from his study, as having given to it *all* the consideration he was capable of. To the last of him, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* had still, as he conceived, calls upon him for improvement." It was this willingness to study *ohne Hast, ohne Rast,* which raised Kemble to his final and indisputable eminence.

During his first Summer recess he acted at Liverpool and Manchester with his brother, George Stephen. The next year he first acted *Othello* in London. In December, 1787, he married Mrs. Brereton, who was the widow of a fellow-actor, and who, as Miss D. Hopkins, had been the original *Maria* in the "School for Scandal." The marriage, although Mrs. Siddons did not approve of it, was suitable, and it gave happiness to both parties. Six weeks later, on January 21st, 1788, Kemble acted *King Lear* for the first time, Mrs. Siddons playing *Cordelia.* "I have seen him since in the character," Boaden wrote, "but he never again achieved the excellence of that night."



CHARLES KEMBLE AS "MARC ANTONY."

Kemble's *Lear* was at once accepted as second only to Garrick's—and *Lear* was perhaps Garrick's greatest triumph. In the five years of his London engagement Kemble had risen rapidly; proof of this may be seen in the offer to him of the management of Drury Lane Theatre under Sheridan, who was already engrossed by politics—he was even then busy with the impeachment of Warren Hastings—and he was beginning to be neglectful of the stage save as a source of income. In October, 1788, Kemble became manager, and he held the position, with a brief interval, until 1801, struggling with the accumulating indebtedness and disorder due to Sheridan's want of thrift. Kemble had already begun that fine collection of English plays which came in time to rival Garrick's in its comprehensiveness, and which he sold ultimately to the Duke of Devonshire for £2,000. He gave close attention to the scenery and costuming of Shakespeare, on whose plays he wished the theatre chiefly to rely. As Charles Lamb said, Kemble believed all the good plays had been written. Kemble, at least, had tired of the regularity with which the new tragedies failed—and tragedy, of a truth, was then at its last gasp. He told Boaden that, while "showy afterpieces and laughable farces might be necessary" from contemporary authors, the dramatists of the past were the main prop of the theatre; and he persuaded Sheridan to let him produce Shakespeare with stronger casts and with more elaborate and accurate scenery and appointments. While the new pieces were sometimes well mounted, for the stock-plays—and Shakespeare's were stock-plays—any old scenery and any old dresses were thought good enough. The costuming was often incongruous and absurd. Kemble himself had

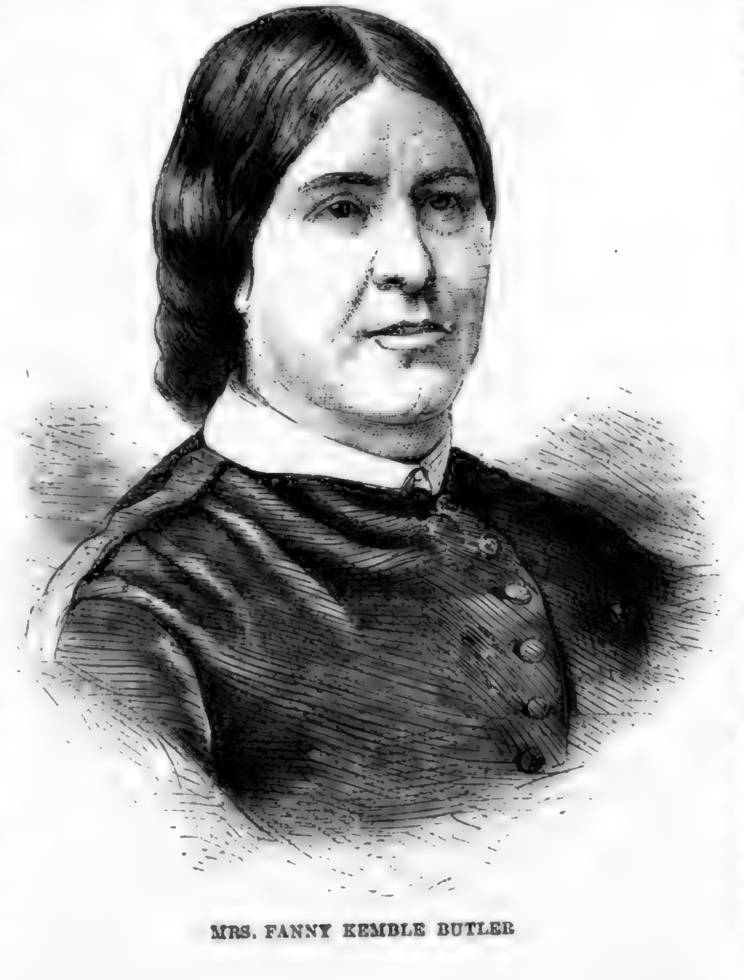


MRS. SIDDONS'S COTTAGE.

dressed *Othello* in the coat of a British general, but with Turkish trousers and turban. When he became manager, an effort was made toward the historical exactness which was to be carried to extremes fifty years later by Charles Kean. Kemble was content to act the plays of Shakespeare, and the accepted tragedies of the preceding generation—now carefully forgotten, all of them. Toward the new plays of new men, he was not hostile, perhaps, but he maintained an attitude of armed neutrality. Yet circumstances forced him to appear in not a few new plays, in some of which he was abundantly successful. In Colman's "Mountaineers" he was a most effective *Octavian*, but in Colman's "Iron Chest" he failed as dismally as did the drama itself. Colman published the play with a preface, in which Kemble was scourged with the most savage satire; and then he gave the play another chance at his own theatre, the Haymarket, with Elliston as *Sir Edward Mortimer*. It revealed a semblance of life, and although it is a deadly, dull drama, Junius Brutus Booth used to act it effectively; and more recently Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Henry Irving have been seen in it. The "Iron Chest" was founded on Godwin's "Caleb Williams," but Godwin's own "Antonio" met with no better fate, and is recalled now only because of Lamb's delightful account of its damning. In the pseudo-Shakespearean "Vortigern," Kemble had to say one line

> "And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

which marked the climax of the noisy turbulence with which the fraudulent tragedy was received. But in two of the newer dramas, both adapted from Kotzebue, whose plays were then prevalent everywhere, Kemble made the most emphatic successes of his career. These were the "Stranger," translated by Benjamin Thompson, but touched to life by the skillful hand of Sheridan; and "Pizarro," rearranged by Sheridan, who had strengthened the part of *Rolla*, which Kemble performed, with numerous patriotic passages from his own speeches.



MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER

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Despite the enormous profits made by the popularity of "Pizarro," the finances of Drury Lane became more and more involved. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons had great difficulty in drawing their pay. They determined to make a change, and on June 24th, 1802, Kemble appeared for the last time at Drury Lane. He spent the next year on the Continent, visiting Spain and remaining a while in Paris. In 1803 he bought one-sixth of Covent Garden for £23,000; the whole value of the patent, the house, the wardrobe, the scenery, the machinery, the stage-properties, etc., being taken as £138,000. Kemble came to Covent Garden as manager, under Harris. He brought with him Charles Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, with her son and daughter-in-law. He made his first appearance there, September 24th, 1803, as *Hamlet*. It was just twenty years since he had made his first appearance at Drury Lane in the same part. He retained George Frederick Cooke, his chief rival, and even played *Richmond* to Cooke's *Richard III*. During the Winter of 1804-5, Kemble was thrust aside by the inexplicable *furore* for Master Betty, the infant Roscius, an infatuation which subsided rapidly after the first season. On November 3d, 1806, Kemble brought out "Coriolanus," and presented perhaps his most moving and magnificent performance.

Five years after Kemble had bought into Covent Garden, on September 20th, 1808, the theatre was burnt to the ground. The insurance was insufficient, and the Duke of Northumberland, unsolicited, at once lent Kemble £10,000 to aid in the rebuilding, and, on the laying of the corner-stone of the new house, the duke sent him back the bond cancelled. The expenses of the new theatre forced the managers to raise the prices to certain parts of the house, and this was resented by the more turbulent of the public, who clamored for the old prices. These "O. P." riots lasted for sixty-seven nights, and were finally terminated by a compromise. After Mrs. Siddons's retirement from the stage, in June, 1812, her brother took a long vacation, making a visit to Ireland. He reappeared in January, 1814, only a few days before the first appearance in London of Edmund Kean, the only actor who seriously challenged his supremacy toward the end of his career. Three years later, March 29th, 1817, he took his farewell of the Edinburgh stage with a poetical address written by Sir Walter Scott, and on June 23d he acted at Covent Garden Theatre for the last time, performing *Coriolanus*. Four days later a public dinner was given to him, at which Lord Holland presided. Talma made a speech in English, and Young recited the poem which Campbell had written for the occasion. After thirty-four years of life in London, Kemble went, for rest, first to Toulouse, then to Italy and Switzerland; finally settling down at Lausanne. There he died of apoplexy on February 26th, 1823, at the age of sixty-six.

"We feel more respect for John Kemble in a plain coat than for the Lord Chancellor on the woolsack," said Hazlitt, expressing the opinion of all old playgoers. Kemble belonged, beyond all question, to the grand school. His style was stately and academic almost to the verge of frigidity; but if he was ever lacking in fire he was never wanting in force. Coleridge considered that "Dryden's genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion; his chariot wheels *get* hot by driving fast." And as much might be said of Kean's genius. Kemble had rather the massive splendor of a towering iceberg. It was awful in its effect; massive and overpowering. His grandest character was, perhaps, *Coriolanus*, the mighty dignity and force of which has probably never been surpassed. In "Hamlet" he was without a peer. Lamb declares that "it is difficult for a frequent playgoer to disencumber the idea of *Hamlet* from the person of Mr. K."; and Mr. Matthew Arnold, a careful and thoughtful critic of the theatre, writing as "An Old Playgoer," says that "all *Hamlets* whom I have seen dissatisfy us in something. Macready wants person, Charles Kean mind, Fechter English, Mr. Wilson wants elocution. . . . . Perhaps John Kemble, in spite of his limitations, was the best *Hamlet* after all." Assuredly Kemble did not want person or mind or English or elocution. Indeed, these were four qualifications for the part he had in union beyond all other actors. He was a handsome man, with his full share of the Kemble beauty. "How very like his sister!" was the general exclamation when he made his first appearance in London. Boaden said "he had the finest head, perhaps, that has ever been seen;" and the beautiful mezzotint from Lawrence's portrait, prefixed to Boaden's biography, bears him out in this assertion. That he had mind needs no evidence now; the high intelligence which directed all his work is proof enough of this. In his English he was exact and precise; his pronunciation was punctilious almost to an extreme. He made a dissyllable of "aches" when the metre and old usage suggested the so doing, and, when urged by the Prince of Wales, he corrected the Prince's French pronunciation of "oblige." His supremacy as a master of the art of elocution was never seriously disputed. Although he was seen at his best in characters of classic simplicity, and although his *Hamlet* and his *Coriolanus* were far superior to his *Richard III.*, yet, as Dr. Doran notes, the new parts in which he was most successful were romantic more often than not—the *Stranger*, for example, and *Rolla* and *Octavian*. While he was unapproached in the height of tragedy, and unrivalled in less exalted melodrama, his comedy was sadly to seek, if we may judge by the epigram, which referred to his performance in the "School for Scandal" as *Charles's Martyrdom*, yet Lamb did not think ill of him in the part. He was a skillful and conscientious arranger of Shakespeare's plays and an adroit adapter from the French. In private he had humor of a most unexpected turn. He would condescend to play marbles in the street with little boys, and he would make a grand, eloquent oration to the stage-hands before giving them a guinea to drink his health; and his sense of humor was strong enough to let him see the point of a joke even when it pierced his own side. To sum up: he is one of the very greatest figures in English histrionic history; and his career was an honor to himself as his character was an honor to his profession.

Charles Kemble was the eleventh child of Roger Kemble and of Sarah Ward, his wife, whose eldest daughter was Mrs. Siddons, and whose eldest son was John Philip Kemble. He was born at Brecknock, in South Wales, November 27th, 1775. Like his eldest brother, he was educated at the English College at Douay. He received an appointment in the Post Office, but he did not keep it long; for in 1792 he made his first appearance on the stage, at Sheffield, as *Orlando* in "As You Like It." When the new Drury Lane Theatre was opened he was first seen in London as an actor, performing *Malcolm* to the *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. Siddons and the *Macbeth* of John Kemble. Then, and indeed as long as his brother and sister remained on the stage, Charles Kemble was overshadowed, and had perforce to content himself with a second place. In time he made this second place his own, and raised it until it was but little behind the first. As the awkwardness of his rough beginnings wore away, as he gained power over himself from practice, and authority with the public from experience, his position became more assured and his skill more abundantly recognized. His *Laertes*, his *Cassio*, his *Falconbridge*, his *Macduff*, his *Edgar*, his *Jaffier*, came in time to have no rivals, and to hold their own as far as might be against almost any other actor's *Hamlet, Othello, King John, Macbeth, Lear* or *Pierre*. He was the most gifted and graceful of *Romeos* since the rivalry of Garrick and Barry. He left Drury Lane and went to Covent Garden in 1803 with the other members of the family, when John Kemble bought a share in the theatre; and there he acted *Marc Antony* to the *Brutus* of his brother, the *Cassius* of Young, and the *Casca* of Terry. Although John Kemble had a certain humor in private life, it did not find expression on the stage, and Charles Kemble was free to act the chief characters of comedy. John Kemble had made a reserved gentleman of *Charles Surface*, but Charles Kemble soon restored that lively scapegrace to his pristine airiness. As *Young Mirabel* in the "Inconstant," as *Young Marlow* in "She Stoops to Conquer," as *Captain Absolute*, as *Mercutio*, and as *Benedick*, there was no other actor who came nigh him. His comedy was incomparable; it had high spirits and high breeding; it had no trace of either tragedy or clowning; it was the very embodiment of well-graced wit.

John Kemble left Charles his interest in Covent Garden Theatre. Unfortunately, the affairs of the house became involved in inextricable confusion, and the disputes of the proprietors, one with another, and of the proprietors with their creditors, gave rise to an interminable chancery-suit. The company at Covent Garden was headed by Edmund Kean, Young, Macready, Charles Kemble, and Miss O'Neil; but the finances of the theatre sank lower and lower. In 1827 Charles Kemble was one of the company of English actors who crossed the Channel and revealed Shakespeare to the enthusiastic Parisians, and thus hastened the Romanticist revolt. About the same time the phenomenal success of Weber's "Der Freischütz" gave Covent Garden an Indian Summer of prosperity. But "Oberon," which Weber wrote specially for the theatre, did not gain popular acceptance. In October, 1829, Charles Kemble brought out his daughter, Frances Anne Kemble, as *Juliet*, appearing himself as *Mercutio*, while Mrs. Charles Kemble encouraged her daughter as the *Nurse*. The success of Miss Fanny Kemble was undoubted, and for a while the theatre prospered. To lend weight to his daughter's performances, Charles Kemble assumed the heavier characters of tragedy: *Othello, Shylock, Macbeth*; in these he showed that he was a master of the art of acting, although he was not as well suited by nature to the performance of these parts as he was to the presentation of *Mercutio, Marc Antony*, and *Benedick*. His *Hamlet* was the best since John Kemble's.

In 1832 Charles Kemble and his daughter paid a visit to the United States, where his sister, Mrs. Whitelock, had long been highly esteemed. He made his first appearance in New York at the Park Theatre, September 17th, 1832, as *Hamlet*, his daughter making her first appearance the next night as *Bianca* in "Fazio," and both being seen as *Romeo* and *Juliet* on the third night. Mr. Ireland, the historian of the New York stage, records that "the sensation created by the appearance of Mr. and Miss Kemble had been equaled in kind only in the days of Cooke and Kean, and in duration and intensity was altogether unparalleled." For a year and a half they traveled together through the United States, playing again and again in the chief cities with unbroken success. Then, in the Spring of 1834, Mr. Charles Kemble returned to England alone, his daughter remaining in America as the wife of Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia. He remained on the stage until December, 1836, returning occasionally to act his chief parts before the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, the young Princess Victoria. His final appearance was in 1840. About this time his second daughter, Adelaide, was brought out in English opera, and made an unqualified success as *Norma*. In 1843 she married Mr. Sartoris. Charles Kemble gave readings from Shakespeare after he had withdrawn from the stage. After the death of George Colman the younger, in 1836, Charles Kemble had been appointed Examiner of Plays, an office which he held until his death. He died in London, November 12th, 1854.

"Charles Kemble, who had an ideal face and figure," Leigh Hunt declares, "was the nearest approach I ever saw to Shakespeare's gentlemen and heroes of romance," and in these characters he was, by common consent, unsurpassable. His comedy was incomparable. His tragedy—excepting possibly his *Hamlet*—could not be placed on as high a level. "To fathom the depths of character, to trace its latent motives, to feel its finest quiverings of emotion, to comprehend the thoughts that are hidden under words, and thus possess one's self of the actual mind of the individual man"—this is the duty of the tragedian, so Macready tells us, and this was, in a measure, beyond Charles Kemble's power to compass. He had not the haziness of expression caused by weakness of conception, for his intelligence was high and abundant. It was rather the deficiency of execution due to physical incapacity to body forth the character which the mental faculties could portray adequately enough. His voice was weak, for one thing, and his delivery of voice, although melodious, was monotonous. Toward the end of his life he became very deaf. On the stage and off, he was at all times a gentleman and a scholar, yet he was without the pedantry of scholarship which John Kemble did not always conceal. Like his brother and like his son, Charles Kemble had a gift for philology. He adapted plays from both the French and the German; but none of them has been quite as long lived as his wife's adaptation "The Day After the Wedding."

Frances Anne Kemble was the eldest daughter of Charles Kemble. She was born, November 27th, 1809, in London. She seems to have been a venturesome and investigating child, when, at the age of seven, she was sent to school in France; at first at Boulogne, and afterward in Paris. Here she took a part in private theatricals, in which she revealed a full share of the histrionic faculty of the family. When she was between fifteen and sixteen she returned to her father's house in London. Here she studied by herself, read much and began to write. When she was sixteen she caught the smallpox, which robbed her of her beautiful complexion and marked her face.

"Plain I certainly was," she has recorded; "but I by no means always looked so; and so great was the variation in my appearance at different times, that my comical old friend Mrs. Fitzhugh once exclaimed, "Fanny Kemble, you are the ugliest and the handsomest woman in Europe." Before she was eighteen she had written a poetic play, "Francis I.," for which Mr. Murrray gave her £400. In 1829 Covent Garden Theatre, of which Mr. Charles Kemble was part proprietor, was advertised to be sold, and, in the hope of retrieving its fortunes, his daughter was brought out as an actress. She made her first appearance as *Juliet*, October 5th, 1829, when Covent Garden opened for the season. She was thought to be very like her aunt, who took a great interest in her. Mr. Harness said that she looked like Mrs. Siddons seen through the

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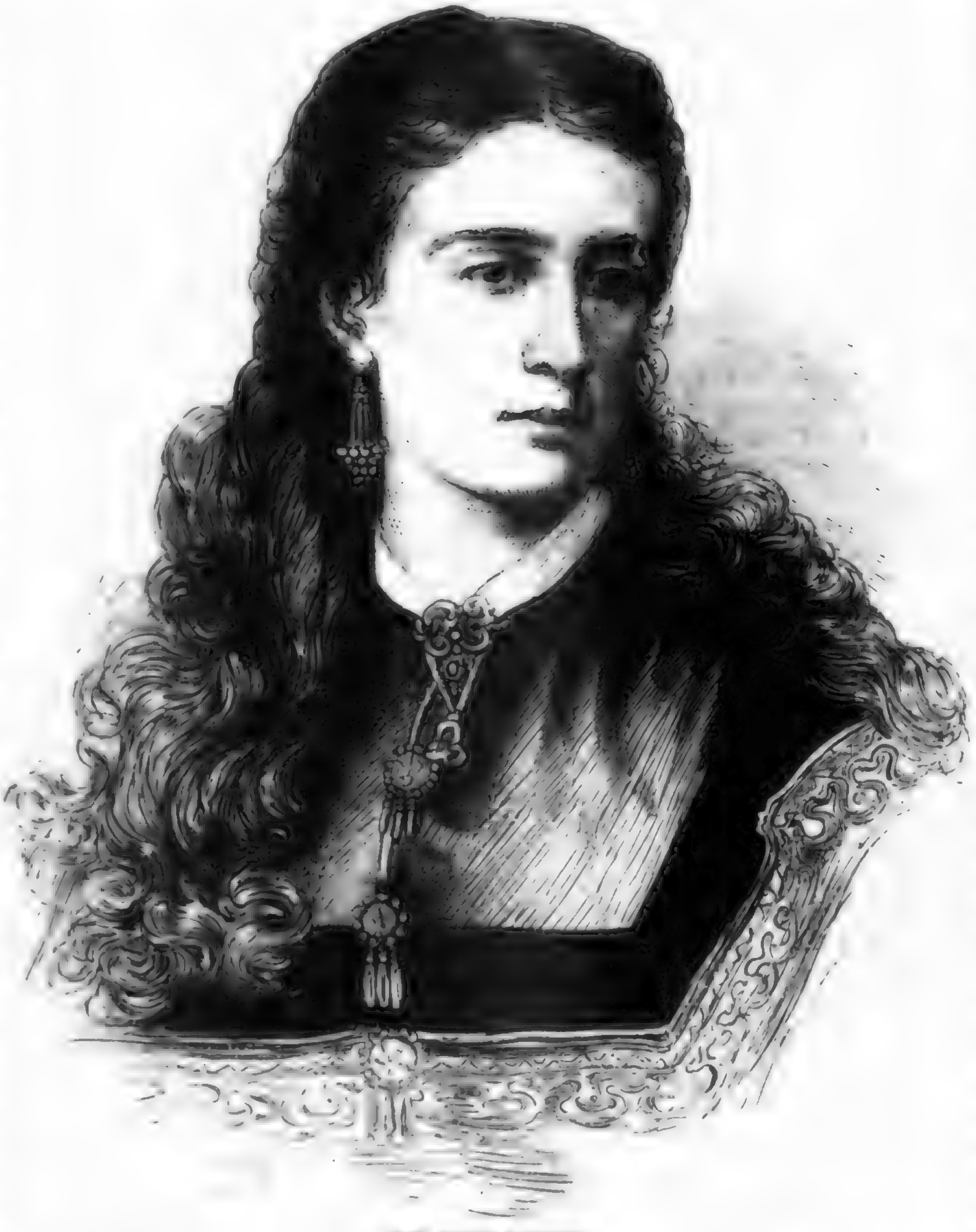
diminishing end of an opera-glass. Her acting was less finished and more spontaneous than her aunt's, and she was not "all paw and pause," as Mrs. Barry had said of the Kembles. So great was her success that she performed the part more than a hundred and twenty times. In the course of that season and the two following she acted *Belvidera* in "Venice Preserved," *Mrs. Beverley* in the "Gamester," *Euphrasia* in the "Grecian Daughter," *Portia, Isabella*, in the "Fatal Marriage," *Mrs. Haller* in the "Stranger," *Calista* in the "Fair Penitent," *Lady Teazle, Lady Townly* in the "Provoked Husband," *Bianca* in "Fazio," *Beatrice, Lady Macbeth, Constance, Camiola* in Massinger's "Maid of Honor," revived at her instance, *Louise* in her own play, "Francis I.," and *Julia* in the "Hunchback," then first produced. With her father she acted in Ireland, Scotland and the English provinces.

The same success followed her to America, whither she went with her father in 1832, making her first appearance in New York at the Park Theatre, September 18th, as *Bianca* in "Fazio."

"Her triumph here was complete," Mr. Ireland declares. "She was the acknowledged Queen of Tragedy from Boston to New Orleans, without a rival near her throne." She acted in the United States for two seasons, making her final appearance in New York at the Park Theatre, June 20th, 1834. She had married Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, a fortnight before, and she was not seen on the stage again for a decade.



MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

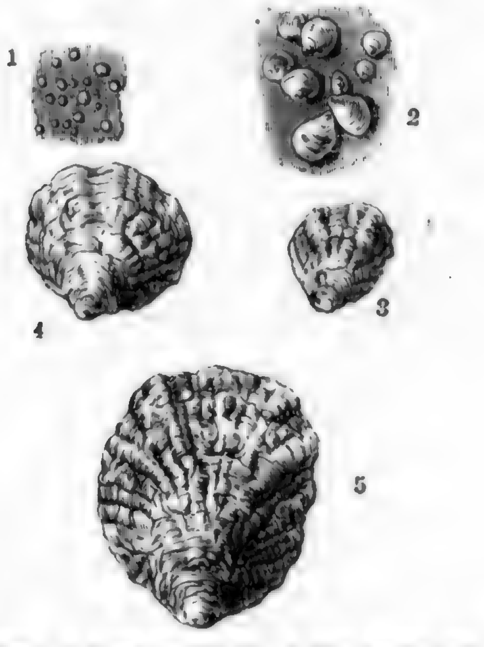
During her theatrical wanderings she had kept a diary, and in May, 1835, there was published in two volumes the "Journal of Frances Anne Butler." It is difficult now to understand the sudden outburst of feeling which this publication excited. In those days we Americans were a thin-skinned race, and the merest scratch drew blood. Mrs. Butler was with her husband on his Georgia plantation during the Winter and Spring of 1838-9, and here again she kept a journal. This she refused to publish until the Civil War, when she found those whom she knew in England taking sides with the slaveholders of the South, and then she thought she had no longer a right to withhold her testimony as to the unspeakable wickedness and misery which she knew to be inseparable from slavery.

In 1841 Mrs. Butler went back to England, and in 1846 she returned to the stage. She had paid a visit to Italy, and in 1847 she published the journal of this journey, under the title of "A Year of Consolation," and her divorce from her husband was pronounced in 1849. In 1848 she played with Macready at the Princess's Theatre in London. Since then she has not acted. "In the Summer of 1848 I returned to America," she tells us in her "Records of Later Life," "where my great good fortune in the success of my public readings soon enabled me to realize my long-cherished hope of purchasing a small cottage and a few acres of land in the beautiful and beloved neighborhood of Lenox." Her poems had been published in 1844, and have been repeatedly reprinted since. Her second drama, the "Star of Seville," on a subject closely akin to "Preciosa," the "Spanish Student," and a play of Lope de Vega's, had appeared in 1837, and in 1863 she published a volume containing three more plays, "An English Tragedy," and adaptations of Schiller's "Mary Stuart," and Dumas's "Mlle. de Belle-Isle."

Her final appearance before the public as a reader was in 1869. Since then she has put forth two delightful books of autobiography, "Records of a Girlhood" (1878) and "Records of Later Life" (1882), and a volume of

"Notes upon some of Shakespeare's Plays" (1882). The publication, in 1863, of the "Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation" has already been recorded. Ever since her first visit to America in 1832, Mrs. Kemble has vibrated between Great Britain and the United States, residing now in one country and now in the other.

Mrs. Kemble had the high intelligence and the nobility of character for which the Kemble family was noted, and, as her birthright, she had a full share of the histrionic faculty; but her dramatic gifts were never purified or polished by the unceasing toil which alone may make an artist of the first order. She herself quotes Macready's remark that she did not know the rudiments of her profession. "I brought but one-half the necessary material to the exercise of my profession, that which nature gave," she confessed, "and never added the cultivation and labor requisite to produce any fine performance in the right sense of the word; and, coming of a family of *real* artists, have never felt that I deserved that honorable name." The reason of this failure is not far to seek, and she has given it to us. "My very nature seems to me dramatic. I cannot speak without gesticulating and making faces, any more than an Italian can. I am fond, moreover, of the excitement of acting, personating interesting characters in interesting situations, giving vivid expression to vivid emotions, realizing in my own person noble and beautiful imaginary beings, and uttering the poetry of Shakespeare. But the stage is not only this, but much more that is not this; and that much more is not only by no means equally agreeable, but positively odious to me, and always was." It was this hatred of the stage which kept her from holding the first place on it. That this hatred was genuine and of long standing no one can doubt who has read her autobiography. That she should have succeeded on the stage, despite her distaste for it, is proof positive of the strength of her hereditary endowment. Her books—five of them are substantially autobiographic, taken either from her diaries or her correspondence—reveal a woman of robust character and of vigorous intelligence. She was truly womanly, but in no wise effeminate. Her mind was as fine in its texture as it was strong. She had great social gifts, and she made friends in the best circles on both sides of the water. Nothing is more striking, as we read her "Records," than to note the number of distinguished people whom she associated with. Intellectually and socially she seems to have got the best, without effort, and as by right.



1. Spat. 2. Three months old. 3. Five months old.
4. Eight months old. 5. Twelve months old.

HOW THE OYSTER GROWETH.

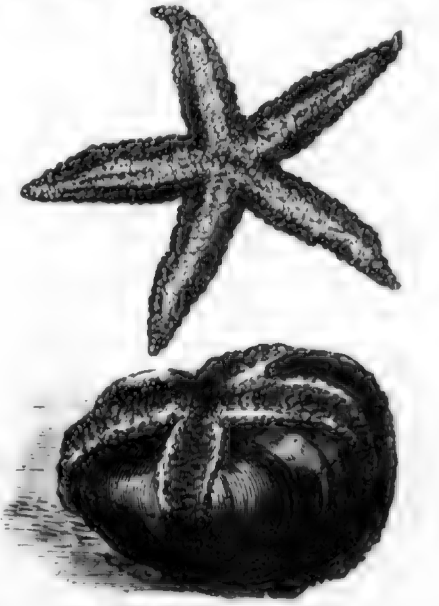
OYSTER AND EPICURE.

Relics of primeval oyster suppers, banquets of the aborigines, are found along the Atlantic coast of America and elsewhere, in the form of great mounds or buried deposits of shells, which plainly tell of festivities on a generous scale. The distinctive appellations of Saddlerock, Blue Point, Shrewsbury, Rockaway and East River were unknown to the prehistoric epicure, and doubtless the preparatory processes of stew, fry, escalop, pâté and pie, never dawned upon his simple mind; but the oyster raw, and under any other name, must have tasted as sweet.

The oyster's sweetness, as we know, is not in its looks; and much admiration has been bestowed upon the anonymous man who

> "First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
> And risk'd the living morsel down his throat."

It has been surmised that he was compelled to do so for a punishment. Other legends go still further back, and relate how the poor human of the alluvial age puzzled his weak brain over the rough and flinty shell, which instinct told him should contain something good to eat, if only it might be got at. The soft sediments of river and sea having not yet hardened into rock, our



THE FOE OF THE OYSTER.

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ancestor could not open his oyster with a stone. He stamped on it, but only hurt his foot. He threw it in the air, but the fall did not break it. He tried in turn entreaties, flatteries, threats, jokes and sarcasm. No use. The exasperating mollusk remained stolid, deaf and dumb. Suddenly, as the perplexed man observed his aged grandsire approaching, a novel idea occurred to him. Watching his opportunity, he brought his oyster down sharply upon the aged man's bald pate. The shell cracked—so did the unfortunate cranium with which it had come in contact. The discoverer of the oyster swallowed the delicious morsel. It was like a beautiful dream; but the poor savage's mind was ill at ease. He had not many hard-headed relatives, and if he must use up one for each oyster he ate, the banquet would be not only very costly, but tantalizingly insufficient. He imparted his secret to a friend. That very night, as he slept, the friend came and cracked an oyster on his skull. The knowledge of the newly discovered bivalve got abroad, and men began to go about with oysters concealed upon their persons, in the hope of finding somebody whose cranium might serve to break the stony shell. This deadly habit, it is averred, became so general that it might have imperiled the future of the human race, had not the advent of the Stone Age caused the hard human head to be superseded by the still harder rock, as an oyster-smasher. Gradually the inventive mind of man evolved the idea of *opening* the oyster instead of pulverizing its shell; and some antiquarians shrewdly surmise that the thin, sharpened scraps of flint and obsidian, often found in Indian mounds, and popularly supposed to be "arrowheads" and "hatchets," are in reality primitive oyster-knives.

The respect which we cherish for "the ancients" of classical history is increased by the knowledge that they knew and appreciated the oyster. The Jews, who were forbidden to eat oysters, were probably the only nation of antiquity to whom the delicacy was unknown. The Greeks and Romans feasted upon the succulent bivalve; and it is said that the former, instead of building grottoes with the shells, used them as blackballs for the banishment of obnoxious citizens. Lucullus, who has been seized upon by history as the typical *gourmet*, paid particular attention to the oyster. He had sea-water brought in canals to his villa, and cultivated them wholesale. There were giants in those days, and Vitellius is said to have eaten a thousand oysters in one day—a proud record which has never been broken. Caligula nourished his tyranny, and Cicero his eloquence, with the dainty. The Latin poets immortalized it in songs, while the fast men of Pompeii and Herculaneum used to sing over their "half-shell raws" in the small hours of the morning.

So in every century since. The Dark Ages were solaced by the silent but comforting oyster. The Middle Ages studied and appreciated him. Cervantes ate oysters, and then wrote "Don Quixote." Napoleon likewise feasted, and then fought. The British wits and philosophers, who knew a good thing in the gastronomic as well as the intellectual line, have left many complimentary opinions on record. In the Old Town of Edinburgh, there used to be—and are still, in a modern guise—the quaint and dingy "oyster ploys," generally in cellars, which "the quality" did not disdain to visit for the purpose of partaking of oysters and brown stout. No doubt those rare *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Christopher North were intimately connected with the more material luxury of the *Ostræa edulis*.

The lobster, it is said, is in danger of becoming extinct; but it is not at all likely that the oyster will ever be a museum curiosity. It is amazingly fruitful. A single oyster, it is estimated, may yield enough to fill 12,000 barrels, as the microscope reveals in a single globule of "spat" some hundreds of thousands of perfect eggs. Of course, comparatively few of these embryo oysters ever arrive at maturity, and the market. Those oyster-lovers of the sea, the starfish and crab, seize upon the young innocents before they are old enough to take care of themselves, and banquet upon them by thousands. It requires several months before the young oyster takes his shell, settles down, and joins himself, by the strongest kind of attachment, to his kindred; forming with them the bed or bank to which, during the "R" months, the dredgers come with a pressing invitation to market.

"The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind;
But the oyster loves the dredging song,
For he comes of gentle kind."

British oysters of fame come from Colchester and Milton, Faversham and Burnham. Scotland has her Pandores and Aberdour oysters; Ireland, the Carlingford and Powldoodies of Burran. France derives her oysters from the Bay of Biscay, Mont St. Michel and the Norman coast, besides millions of little salt Belgians from Ostend. The oyster-farming of France is one of the great European industries of the present age, there being on the shores of that country upward of 7,000 fish-farms for the cultivation of the oyster alone. Lake Fusaro (the Avernus of the Latin poets), near Naples, is to-day the great oyster-park of Italy. There is a small, delicate oyster at Genoa, and a green-finned one at Venice, both of which are excellent. The Chinese eat oysters, but prefer them dried.

The North American oyster is of a different species from those of Europe. Its scientific name is *Ostræa Virginiana*. It is longer from the hinge ligament to the shell muscle than is the European oyster, while the left valve of the latter is generally deeper than with our oyster. To the abundance and popularity of this mollusk throughout the United States all our readers can testify. Evidences of it are visible on all sides, in the oyster-saloons, oyster-wagons, oyster-boats and oyster-markets. The cooking of oysters is carried on at all hours, "in every style." This is especially true of the cities of the Atlantic seaboard. "Oysters pickled, stewed, baked, roasted, fried, scalloped and raw; oysters made into soups, 'patties' and puddings; oysters with condiments and without condiments; oysters for breakfast, dinner and supper; oysters without stint or limit—fresh as the pure air, and almost as abundant—are daily offered to the palates of the Manhattanese, and appreciated with all the gratitude which such a bounty of nature ought to inspire." True, there are the R-less months of Summer, when fashion and economy alike decree that the overworked bivalve shall have its vacation; but the oyster lover's observance of his lenten season gives all the more zest to the feast of September. Then begins the tremendous oyster-traffic, which does not cease until the end of May; and during this long season the consumption in New York alone is said to exceed 70,000,000 per month, employing some 50,000 people. Millions more of oysters are shipped to the interior of the country, mostly in cans and kegs, although many hundreds of barrels are sent in shell. Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Omaha and Leavenworth yearly increase their demands for the rich-flavored oysters of New York, and even California prefers them.

Our oyster-beds, taken in the aggregate, show no signs of exhaustion, although in certain localities they are driven out by the pollution of the waters. For instance, Newark Bay, which fifty years ago was one of the principal breeding-grounds for oysters, has been almost destroyed for that purpose by the chemical and manufacturing establishments on its shores; and its seeds were long since transplanted to Prince's Bay, Shrewsbury River, etc. Prince's Bay itself has suffered seriously of late from illegal dumping of the refuse dredged from the Raritan River. The oysters of the Hudson River, small and discolored by the impurities poured into the stream, are at present only fit to be used for seed. Those of New York Harbor are green from sludge acid, and quite unfit for the table.

The two great national oyster-markets are New York and Baltimore. The New York oysters come chiefly from the salt creeks, sounds and bays of New Jersey, Long Island and Connecticut, notably Long Island Sound and Shrewsbury River. They are all classed under the generic terms of East Rivers, Rockaways, Shrewsburys, Blue Points and Saddlerocks. In the general trade parlance, all the largest oysters are Saddlerocks, and all the smallest Blue Points. Boston is supplied from Buzzard's Bay, Cotuit, Vineyard Sound, Mark's Cove, Matapoiset, Marion, Agawam, Dartmouth, Cole's, Providence, and other local rivers, Squeteague Pond, etc. Rhode Island has her Narragansett Bay, and a score of rivers, coves, rocks and points where the mollusk multiplies.

The Baltimore oyster supply is drawn from an immense area. In fact, all the salt waters of Maryland teem with oysters. The export business is enormous, there being between 8,000 and 9,000 persons employed in "shucking" or opening oysters in that State alone. The average price paid for shucking is fifteen cents per gallon. It is estimated that 84,000 persons in the vicinity of Baltimore are supported through the trade. On the coast of Virginia there are 14,350 persons engaged, consisting of negroes and whites in about equal proportions. The grounds are: Lynnhaven Bay, Chincoteague, Hampton, Elizabeth City, Back River, Mill Creek, Poguosin River, Hampton Roads, James River, York River, Mattaponi and Pamunkey Rivers, a broad arm of the Chesapeake some thirty miles in length, West Point, terminus of the Richmond, Yorktown and Gloucester Point. There are 5,000 in the oyster industry at Rappahannock. The number of oysters packed at Norfolk two or three years ago exceeded the combined totals of all packing points in Maryland, Baltimore excluded. The total number of bushels of Virginia oysters for the year ending May, 1880, was 6,837,000, valued at $1,948,636.

The great oyster-packing establishments of Norfolk are one of the sights familiar to all visitors to the Summer resorts and sanitaria on the Hampton Roads. A large proportion of the oysters are sent away in cans, having been previously steamed. This steaming is done on a colossal scale, three car-loads of oysters at a time being run into a closed structure of iron, and cooked with the utmost celerity.

Steamed oysters, by-the-way, are a delicacy better known in the restaurants of the Southern cities than in New York and Boston. A half-peck is the amount of the customary order for one person, the oysters being cooked in the shell, in wire buckets lowered into the steam reservoir. After steaming, the shell opens easily, and the shucker, with a dexterous twist, picks out the oysters and throws them into a soup-plate, which is nicely filled by the meats of the half-peck in the shell. Adding the usual condiments—butter, pepper, salt and lemon-juice—you have one of the sweetest and freshest dishes of oysters possible, at a cost of only about thirty cents. It is the glory of the oyster, however, that in whatever guise or disguise he may be served up by the artful *chef*, he always preserves more or less of that individuality of flavor which, to the epicure, is a thing æsthetic and a joy for ever. It has inspired poets and philosophers in all ages, and we deem it quite fitting that our modern native muse should have paid homage in the following *spirituel* strain:

> "Let us royster with the oyster,
> In the shorter days and moister
> That are brought by brown September with its roguish final R.
> For breakfast or for supper,
> On the under shell or upper,
> Of dishes he's the daisy, and of shellfish he's the star.
>
> "We try him as they fry him,
> And even as they pie him;
> We're partial to him luscious in a roast;
> We boil him, and we broil him,
> We vinegar-and-oil him,
> And, oh! he is delicious stewed with toast.
>
> "We eat him with tomatoes,
> And the salad of potatoes,
> Nor look on him with horror when he follows the cold slaw;
> And neither does he fret us
> If he marches after lettuce,
> And abreast of cayenne pepper when his majesty is raw.
>
> "So welcome with September,
> To the knife and glowing ember,
> Juicy darling of our dainties, dispossessor of the clam!
> To the oyster, then, a hoister!
> With him in royal royster
> We shall whoop it through the land of Uncle Sam.'

METHODS OF COMPOSERS.

HAYDN was one of the most quiet of composers; he required no strong stimulants, no enlivening punch or sparkling champagne, to give an impulse to his genius; but he had a familiar spirit of his own of another kind, a gentler sort of *Samiel*, and this was a diamond ring which had been presented to him by Frederick the Great. Did it sometimes happen that at his studies the ideas would not flow with ease, the fault was at once laid on the ring; he had forgotten to put it on. And no sooner was the magic ring on the composer's finger, and its brilliants sparkling in his eye, than the springs of his awakened fancy were at once unsealed.

In order for the fancy of Gluck to become enkindled, nothing would do but he must be off to some green meadow. His Dorothy must perforce have her piano lugged thither, and a bottle of sparkling champagne be placed at his side; and thus warmed by the double glow of the sun and his favorite wine, he poured forth some of the most brilliant of his inspirations. How wofully, then, have some of the writers of his life been mistaken! Inspired by "Iphigenia," forsooth! nonsense: it was by the perfumes of a fresh made haycock.

Sarti went quite an opposite way to work. He shut himself up in a large, dark room, faintly lighted by a single aperture; and in this abode, as melancholy as the grave, and not less silent, immured the livelong day, and frequently the night too, would he compose those lovely airs which breathe all the freshness of the most gay and vigorous existence.

The method to which Zingarelli resorted to catch inspiration seems scarcely less singular; before sitting down to compose an opera, he would read some portion

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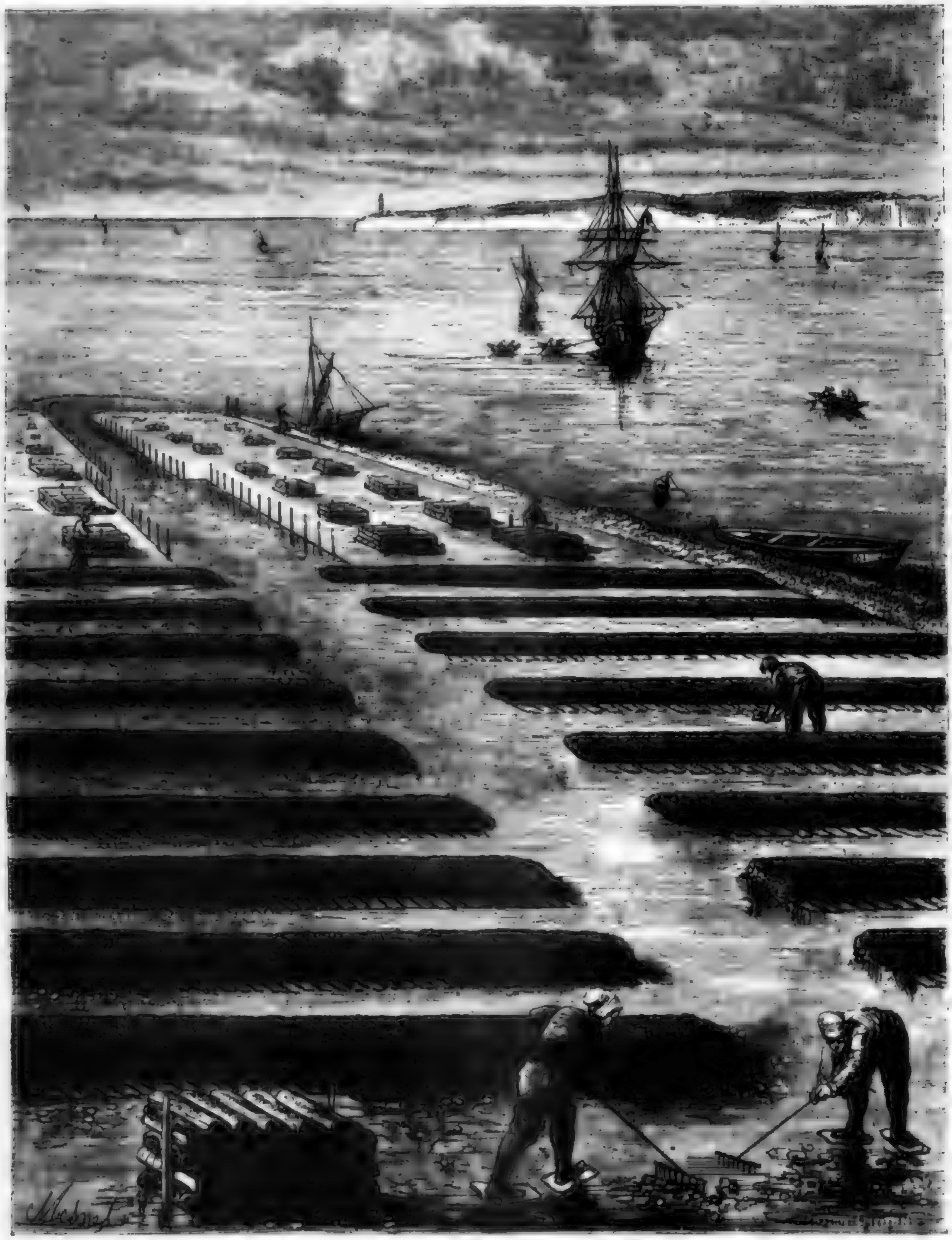
of the lives of the fathers of the Desert—perhaps the history of St. Anthony's temptation in the wilderness.

Salieri disdained the confinement of rooms and books, and sought his genius amidst the busy hum of men. He would roam up and down the street with his pockets full of confectionery, and, as the spirit happened to move, would note down his thoughts in his pocketbook.

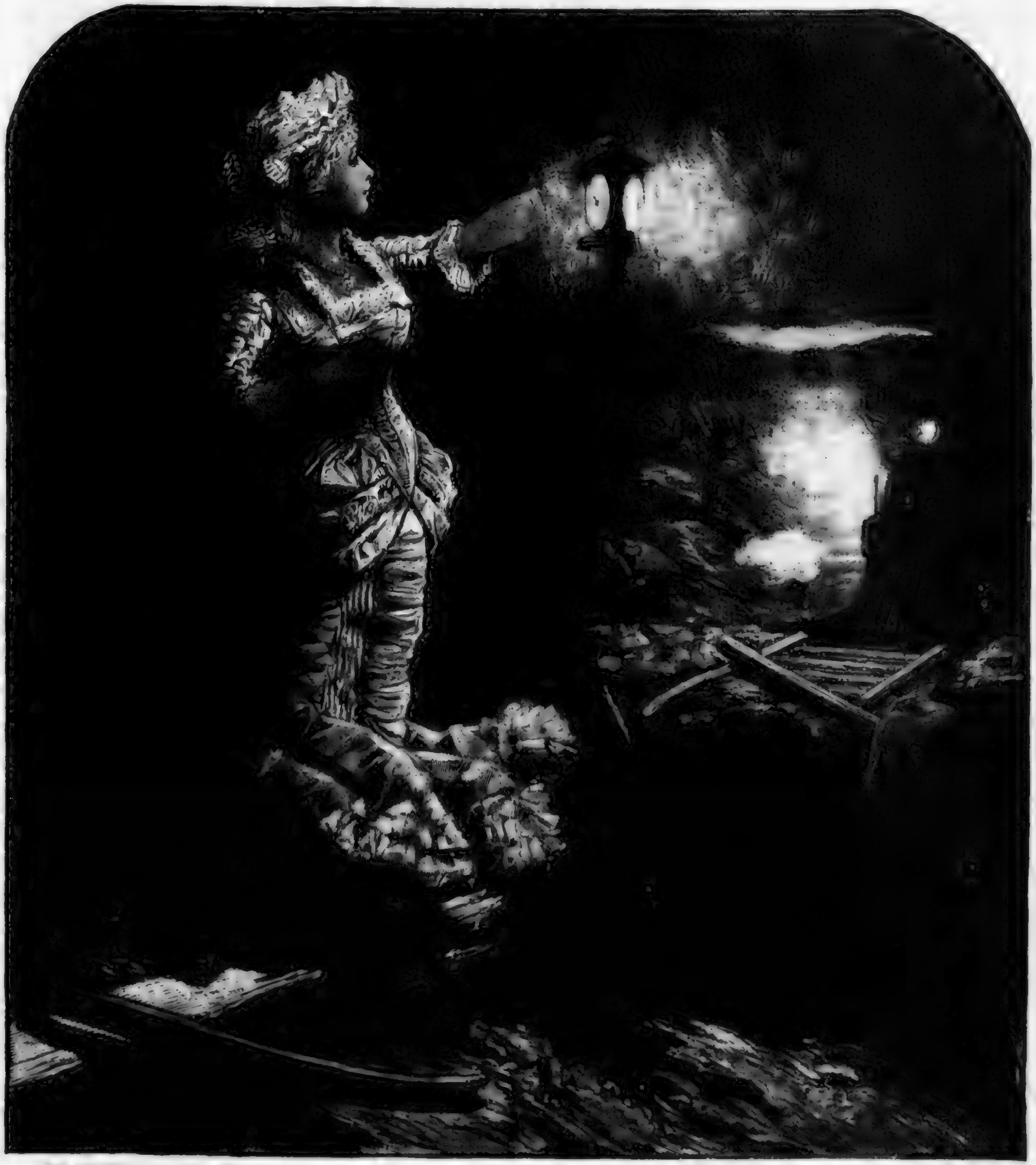
Paer wrote his "Sargino," "Achille," etc., whilst trifling in the midst of his friends, quarreling with his servants, playing with his favorite dog, or wrangling with his wife and children.

Paesiello composed his "Nina," his "Molinara," and his "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" in bed.

Climate of the Soudan.—In the Soudan there are virtually only two seasons, the hot and the cool. The former lasts from April to October, and is made wretched even to the Arabs by an arid, dust-laden wind. Vegetation scorches up beneath it, and animals and men suffer from the intense dryness of its heat. On the Nile itself, however, about Khartoum, northerly winds, which materially reduce the temperature, set in in May. One harvest is cut in June, and soon after that the Nile, which has then reached its lowest level, begins to rise, and continues to increase till September. Winter dates from October to March, and the weather during this time is not only pleasant, but healthy to the European constitution.



OYSTER-FARM AT ARCACHON, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 93.



HIS CHRISTMAS LOVE.—"SHE HELD ALOFT A CARRIAGE-LAMP, AND ITS LIGHT SMOTE ACTUAL FLAMES FROM HER NECK AND ARMS AS IT STRUCK ON THE JEWELS BINDING THEM."

HIS CHRISTMAS LOVE; OR, THE MASTER OF SWAN HALL.

By Isabella Valancy Crawford.

"A bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me;
Give those who prefer it champagne!"

"That's a rollicking stave. Who's the singer, Pedro?"

"That little villain, Phil Dudley," said Pedro, moodily. "Hang the fellow! Is he coming here? Can't he stay at home one day in the week, I'd like to know? He's got the old place, and can't he be content and stay there?"

The door dashed open, and his dark face—a spirited, olive-tinted face, which had gained him the nickname of Don Pedro—softened, the "Winter of discontent" vanished, and he nodded a greeting to the charming little gentleman in the black frame of the old doorway—a slim youth, in gray knickerbocker suit; a slender aristocrat, with curled red lips, luminous gray eyes, a bold, delicate nose, and a close crop of crocus-yellow, waving hair, his head poised as stately as that of Goliath of Gath might have been, and a wicked dimple in one rose-and-lily cheek.

"Hallo!" said Pedro, wiping his gunstock lovingly with his handkerchief while he eyed his visitor.

"Hallo!" responded Mr. Dudley, airily. "Who's your chum, old man? Introduce a fellow, can't you?"

"You've heard of him, Phil," said Pedro, laughing.

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"It's Tom Burgoyne, lawyer and—ahem!—lover! You know, Madge's fate! Hallo! What's the matter with you? Where's your backbone gone?"

Phil gathered himself up from the doorpost, putting out a slim hand to the brown-bearded, brown-eyed young man with the pleasant smile, who rose from the edge of the table to greet him.

The *arc de Cupidon* lips were chalky, the oval cheeks livid, and the hand the lawyer clasped in his icy and trembling.

"I have heard of you from Madge," he almost gasped. "I am delighted to see you, Mr. Burgoyne!"

"Won't you stay and have a cigar, Phil?" asked Pedro. "I'm not due at the mines again to-day."

"No. I—I—— Where's Madge, Pedro? I came over to see her."

"Well, you'll find her in the kitchen, Monsieur le Prince, preparing a sacrifice of baked meats in honor of Tom, here," said Pedro, kindly. "She'll be awfully glad to see you, I dare say."

"I dare say!" said Mr. Dudley, with an attempt at airy nonchalance, under the observant legal eyes smiling at him. "Madge generally *is* glad to see a fellow! Well, I'm off!"

"How did you come over—Tam o'Shanter style, or tandem?"

"I came on my wheel," said Mr. Dudley, coolly. "The governor goes frantic when he sees me perched on it, so I tried how close to the edge of the cliffs I could keep it, all the way from the Hall here. He could see me from his window, and I hope he liked it, that's all. *Au revoir*, gentlemen."

"It's *au revoir* to some purpose," said Pedro, as Monsieur le Prince vanished, leaving an odor of violets behind him. "He half lives here. Don't set up the Othello business, Tom, but he is up to his pink ears in love with Madge, poor little cub!"

Burgoyne laughed, a mellow laugh, with a ring of truth in its manly music.

"And Madge?"

"Madge is very fond of him," said Pedro, staring down his beloved gunbarrel, "and so am I. His governor is a polished old beast, a bloodless tyrant, with etiquette for a heart and manners in place of a liver; a modern Chesterfield, with patent improvements in ultra-refined selfishness, and Phil's poor little neck is under his elegant foot. He's a small dare-devil is the prince, but I've seen him lie a long hour with his head rolled up in Madge's flounces and frills, crying like a baby, after some shindy with old Dudley. He's very reticent, though, about domestic affairs. I tell you, your sudden appearance has cut him up. Don't notice his ways, old fellow; he's only a boy—nineteen next Christmas."

"He may weep on Madge's muslins as long as he likes," said the lawyer, laughing; "I'm not given to jealousy. And so you don't like his *pater?* Well, that's natural under the circumstances."

Pedro groaned, and then laughed.

"Yes; you see poor old Cousin Tim Dudley rather sold me. He had disowned his only child, Phil's governor, years ago for very excellent reasons, and he adopted and educated Madge and me as his co-heirs. That was lovely, but when he died a year ago, his will left all his great wealth to us, with this proviso, that if his son Courtney Dudley had a living son, that son was to be heir. Well, Courtney Dudley was advertised for, and turned up nine months ago from somewhere in Spain, with a son, Monsieur le Prince, and Madge and I took thankful possession of our legal crumbs—this old cottage and twenty thousand dollars divided between us. Courtney Dudley reigns at Swan Hall until Phil's majority, and I'm an overseer at the Swan Iron Mines. *Vera suntilla!* Come, old lad, if we're to have a shot at anything, suppose we start? Partridges wait for no man."

"Pedro bears his disappointment with lots of pluck," thought Burgoyne. "And so Monsieur le Prince is in love with my loyal Madge! It looks rather that way, I must admit."

His "royal Madge" was dusting the dainty little drawing-room, assisted by Mr. Phil Dudley, who was very pale about the lips, and very large and dark and pathetic as to the gray eyes, and while Pedro went to call the dogs, Burgoyne stood looking at them curiously from the narrow hall."

"Royal Madge" was certainly a lovely girl—very like Pedro—dark, glowing, magnetic, with two kindly brown suns under her sweet, broad brows, and a lithe, slim, soft, strong figure, pliable as a willow, and at present draped in soft, flowing woolen drapery, of a deep, satisfying red.

"Phil," said the richest and most sympathetic of voices, "if you stand so close to my elbow, I'll end by smashing my 'rose du Barri vase,' and my heart with it. It's Tom's last present, you know."

Burgoyne's trained, observant eyes flashed, for, with an almost imperceptible gesture, the prince brushed against the lifted lovely arm wielding the feather duster, and, with a crash, the gorgeous bit of china lay on the carpet in fifty fragments, and Burgoyne turned away without having been observed, his lips set, the thin upper one curled a little, lawyer-like.

* * * * * *

The next day a groom brought an invitation to dinner from Swan Hall to the cottage.

These civilities were frequently exchanged, for Courtney Dudley found his brilliant, accomplished young cousins very entertaining from many points of view, and for Phil's sake they were cordial to his father. "Mr. Burgoyne, your friend, of whom I have heard so often," was included courteously in the informal invitation, and the crisp, golden September sunset, with its grand patient moon waiting whitely to shine on her throne, and hints of stars in the crocus-and-daffodil sky, found them walking up the solemn avenue to the fine old stone house, with angels' heads on its sprouts, oriel windows for the sunrise, bay-windows for the sunset, mellow stained-glass windows for the cold north, and conservatory roofs glittering on the south—phalanxes of really ancient trees, like groups of kings in coronation-robes of September glory, and what gave the place its name—a long, narrow artificial lake, white with swans, lying close under the drawing-room windows.

"Prepare for a very dandified lord of Swan Hall," said Pedro to Burgoyne. "Phil is simply immense in evening dress. Ask Madge."

"Phil is unlike other young men," said Madge, with a rather troubled look, "and if Tom watches him he will see what I mean. Poor Phil!"

"Rats in his garret, Tom," said Pedro, concisely; "a decided crack in his crocus-colored noddle. I rather imagine that's the true inwardness of his governor not sending him to college."

"Hush! Here he is!" said Madge, hastily.

He bounded down the six stone steps in a flying leap, landing before Madge, a jeweled hand on each of her pretty shoulders, the last of the solemn sunset on his spirited, beautiful face, and Pedro winked at Tom with open amusement.

A figure from a Watteau face stood before them, as nearly as could be approached, in a knickerbocker suit of pale-blue velvet, with collars and cuffs of white satin, brocaded with delicate pink roses. Lace jabots adorned his bosom and fell over his slim hands, diamond studs flashed from the lace, and his exceedingly elegant legs were dreams of beauty in pink silk stockings with gold clocks, while diamond buckles sparkled on his arched insteps. He was simply radiant, but a little penitential.

"Am I forgiven about the vase?" he asked, archly. "I did not venture down to-day in dread of a scolding. I say, Madge, kiss and be friends, won't you, dearest and loveliest? I'll be more careful of your china next time."

He darted a swift, piercing look at Burgoyne, who was staring in open astonishment at the picturesque young gentleman on whom Madge was bestowing a comfortable, sisterly kiss of pardon.

"Come in, boys," he said, vivaciously, as he gave Madge his arm, "the governor is in the drawing-room. Madge will go and placate him—he's in a temper—and you fellows come to the billiard-room. The new table came to-day, Pedro, and I want you to see it. It's a beauty."

He whisked Madge's fleecy white wrap off in the hall, flung it to the footman, and led her—a lovely figure in shining, shoaling shaded pink silk—to the drawing-room door and pushed her in gently.

"Here's Madge, governor," he shouted. "Come out of the blues and entertain her. She's no end stunning this evening."

He came back, whistling until the grand carved oak ceiling rang.

"He doesn't care for a woman unless she's a beauty or a wit," he said. "I'm more catholic—I like them all.

"'Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,"

and all the rest of it—eh, Pedro?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Pedro, laughing. "Madge is the one woman I love at present. I suppose my time will come, however, monsieur."

"Stave it off," said Mr. Phil Dudley, with solemnity, "as I do. 'Merry and free is a bachelor's revelry,' when a fellow can't get Madge, that is—— Beg pardon, Mr. Burgoyne. Don't look so serious; though you *are* my successful rival, you need fear no poisoned daggers or unwholesome *entrées* at Swan Hall, *je vous assure, mon ami.*"

"Get out, you little scamp," said Pedro. "What a volley of folly! Don't mind him, Tom; the moon's at full to-night, you know."

So it was, smiling suddenly in at them through a solemn arched window, as they crossed a corridor to the billiard-room.

A polished cuirass hung directly in its beams and, mirror-like, caught Tom's eyes. He half paused, and then swung square round in time to catch Mr. Phil Dudley, who was swaying like a slender tree, his face white as the moon outside.

He placed him on the cushioned window-sill.

"Get wine—water—anything! He has fainted," he said, quickly, and Pedro rushed away like a whirlwind.

Phil's eyes opened. He sighed heavily, muttered something to himself in Spanish, and sprang to his feet with a sharp cry, changing to a laugh as he met Burgoyne's eyes. With strange intentness the lawyer stood looking at him in the moonlight.

"I'm subject to these attacks," said Phil, pluckily keeping on his feet. "Deuce of a bore, isn't it, for a fellow as fond of adventure by flood and field as I am? Come, let's go back to Madge; we can see the table afterward, and christen it with champagne—the gov has got a brand fit for the gods. Where's Pedro? Ran for smelling-salts, I suppose. Hallo! Give me your arm, Burgoyne; I'm shaky yet."

The lawyer silently passed his arm round the lad, and Phil leant against the strong frame quietly for a moment, sighing heavily, evidently sick and faint almost to death. At Pedro's step, ringing along the corridor, he released himself and looked admiringly at Tom.

"I wish I had your stamina, old fellow," he said, sighing; "but any I had is vanishing into thin air. I'm not half the fellow I was six months ago. I'm getting hipped. The gov's a cantankerous old lad, and there isn't a girl except Madge to flirt with in the neighborhood. When I'm dead put 'Died of the blues' on my funeral urn. See here, you're not going to take Madge away directly, are you?"

"Next month—next week—if I could induce her to come then," said the lawyer, briefly and coldly.

Phil's yellow head dropped on his lace jabots.

He lifted his rival's sinewy hand, and pressed the *arc de Cupidon* lips on it.

"You and she will be very happy," he whispered, tremulously. "In the wide world there is not another like Madge."

"Thank you," said the lawyer, not unkindly. "Shall we go to the drawing-room? Here's Pedro."

In the drawing-room Mr. Dudley welcomed them with admirable polish—a lean, elderly man, with a hooked chin and quiet eyes, like gray stones under drooping lids—whom Phil treated with an odd mixture of impertinence and terror.

The evening passed brilliantly, though more than once Madge wondered what made Burgoyne so very silent.

Phil was in wild spirits, and Pedro's brow was clouded as the three walked back to the cottage in the misty midnight moonlight.

"I'm afraid Phil is ill in mind and body," he said, sadly. "There's a screw loose about the boy. He's as cracked as rare old china. No one can fail to see it."

"I fail to see it," said the lawyer, rather curtly.

"Oh, don't come medical jurisdiction over us!" said Pedro, sourly. "I know him better than you do, and I say he's sick and cracked, by Jove!"

"His state seems to affect you profoundly, old boy," said Burgoyne, with a level look at Pedro's frank, handsome, dark face, bright in the moonlight.

"Pedro is as nervous about Phil as a hen with a solitary chicken," said Madge, with her soft, happy laugh "and so am I. We love him dearly, Tom."

"Happy Monsieur le Prince!" said Burgoyne. "By the-way, if he should die before his majority?"

"We are his heirs," said Pedro, "according to the will. I wish it were not so. To connect our gain with Phil's death seems unbearable. You don't know what a loving, generous, reckless, noble little scamp he is, Tom; but we—Madge and I—do."

Burgoyne said no more; but early in the dawn he was still sitting in his vine-clad window, smoking and thinking.

At last he laid down his pipe and rose wearily.

"Two years to his majority," he said to himself, summing up the case finally. "There is not much lost by letting things alone until then. He may die in the interim, Pedro and Madge get their own smoothly and without scandal; and if not—well, I shall know how to act when the time comes. Poor little Phil! poor little Phil!"

He gathered up a heap of documents which he had evidently been examining in the strong electric moonlight, replaced them in their envelopes and locked them into his valise, his face still dark and troubled.

"I wish I might confide in Madge," he thought. "But I can't—at least, until we are married. She shall decide the question then. My true woman! my royal Madge! Poor little Phil!"

But the question was decided before that.

* * * * * *

"Apple-plexy," said one grade of society. "Apoplexy," said another. "Pulmonary apoplexy," said the physicians. "A judgment," said yet another class.

"A good riddance," thought Burgoyne, even as he and Pedro stood looking down at the hooked chin and mean, meagre head, still and heavy as a stone, on its satin pillow in the rosewood coffin.

Courtney Dudley had died alone in the night, even while Burgoyne had sat and smoked and read his documents in the moonlight; and now, after the funeral, Phil sent for them.

He had shut himself up since the death, refusing to see even Madge.

He had not appeared at the grave. He was ill, the servants reported, and Pedro and Madge were in despair, which, however, lightened as they heard his light foot crossing the stone floor of the hall to the library, where they and Burgoyne waited.

The door opened and the master of Swan Hall came in.

Pedro, nearest the door, strode to meet him. Burgoyne rose, and Madge sprang toward Phil, only to pause in amazement and utter dismay at the change in his appearance.

"Oh, Phil, Phil!" she said, in great compassion, and would have clasped his neck, but he recoiled sharply, with a peculiar moan of intense agony, and dashing aside Pedro's strong brown hand, glided to the opposite side of the table, where he stood holding to a chair-back and trembling like a reed.

He was a mere ghastly shadow of the radiant little gentleman Burgoyne had first seen five days before. He was dressed in his usual dark-gray knickerbocker suit, with a crêpe badge on his arm; the dilated, luminous eyes were fixed and glaring, the oval cheeks hollow, the mouth set in fierce agony.

Burgoyne quietly took a chair so close to him that he could touch him without rising.

Madge again tried to approach him, but he waved her off. Pedro stood staring in blank amazement.

"Phil," he said, tremulously, "dear old fellow, what's this. Don't you know how Madge and I love you? And yet you repel us in this way, and, by Jove, I never thought you cared so much about your governor as all this."

Phil's hand went to his heart, and he dropped his stately golden head heavily on the back of the chair, then lifted it wildly, staring straight at Pedro.

"I sent for you and your sister," he gasped, "to say this to you—*I am not Dudley Courtney's son*! He had me in his power and forced me into the imposture. Phil Dudley died in Spain."

"Two years ago," said Burgoyne, quietly, "in a village in the Spanish Pyrenees, and was buried there by the village priest, Father Antonio Baltro. I know all the details, Pedro. I have all my documents in this wallet. I stumbled against the truth in the tour of Spain from which I have just returned. You and Madge are the owners of Swan Hall. 'Phil,' as you call him, is——"

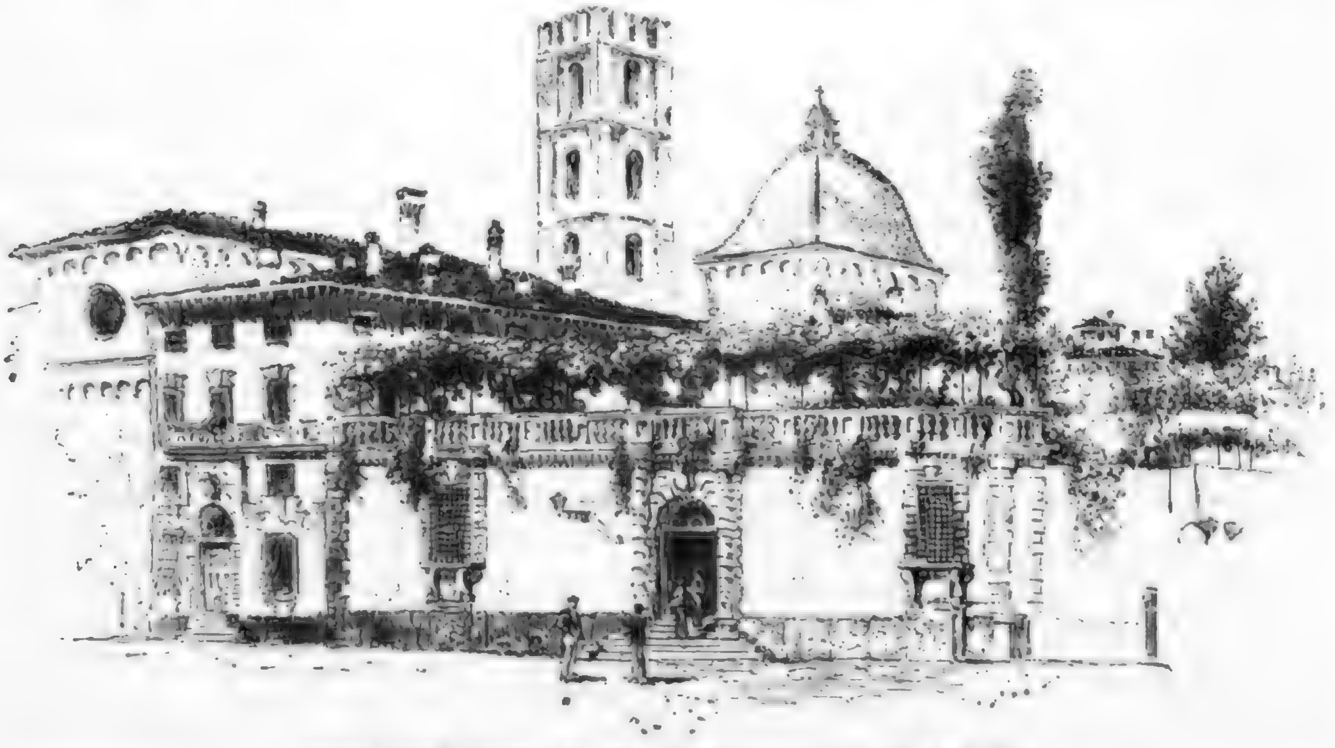
But with a cry, impossible to describe in its horror and intensity, the wretched lad fell at Burgoyne's feet, clasping his knees frantically.

"Oh, Heaven! Not to Pedro and Madge! I have confessed all they need know. Oh, Mr. Burgoyne, I felt from the first that I must dread you. I am going away; they will never see me again. I have left a written confession with Pedro's lawyer of all that is necessary. Let me go without telling them more."

Burgoyne turned his piercing eyes on Pedro, who, livid and breathless, was gazing at the figure writhing in anguish at the lawyer's feet.

"How shall it be, Pedro?" he asked. "It is for you to decide, and Madge."

He smiled, for Madge had already decided. White with horror and amazement, pity and love, she sprang forward and threw her soft, strong arms around the impostor's neck.



NORTH TUSCAN NOTES.—BY THE CATHEDRAL, LUCCA.—SEE PAGE 104.

In Barga
J Pennell
524.

NORTH TUSCAN NOTES.
IN BARGA.

"Phil, Phil!" she cried. "I can't learn to unlove in a moment. Oh, my poor little Phil, I don't care what you may have been or done. I don't care to hear. You shall be as dear as ever to me, indeed you shall, and to Pedro, and stay with us. Pedro, Pedro, tell him so."

Burgoyne drew back, with a faint laugh. Pedro had taken Phil bodily from Madge, and was hugging the usurper of his rights cordially.

"You little scoundrel!" he said, huskily. "So you were the tool of that courtly old ruffian, were you? And perhaps a pickpocket beforehand! Well, never mind, old boy, you shall have a chance to be a credit to the name yet. Phil Dudley you are, and Phil Dudley you shall remain, that's fixed as fate. I'm like Madge. I can't learn to unlove, as she says; and now, Tom, when you've done grinning, put your legal brain to work, and help us out of the difficulty. I won't have Phil disgraced, not for twenty Swan Halls—by Jove, I won't! I don't care what he did to leave himself in Courtney Dudley's power. He's naturally an honest fellow and a true gentleman—as good a little rascal as ever breathed!"

Pedro made a magnificent and knightly champion, his handsome dark eyes flashing, his chest well thrown out, and one large, long arm round the boyish culprit; but Phil burst from him and rushed to Burgoyne.

"Make them let me go," he whispered, "or I'll kill myself! I swear I will!"

Burgoyne put a heavy hand on the gray shoulder.

"And I swear," he whispered, sternly, "to tell the truth on the spot, here to Pedro, in your presence, if you don't obey me! You will not be permitted to rush to ruin, Mr. Phil Dudley, allow me to assure you!"

Phil's eyes flashed fire. The library-window stood open, and tearing himself from Burgoyne's hand, he sprang on the sill.

Below glimmered the Swans' pool, and before either man could rush forward and prevent him, the light figure shot into the air and alighted magnificently on the opposite slope of green turf.

He reeled, recovered himself, and, without one backward glance at the three white faces in the ivy-framed window, fled like the wind across lawn and slope.

Late that night, as the train thundered into the New York depot, Mr. Phil Dudley crept dejectedly out of the car—a cattle-car, in which he had stolen a trip to the city in the uncongenial society of a flock of sheep—and, rubbing his dim eyes, looked up into Burgoyne's coldly wrathful, inly amused face.

"You've had an agreeable trip, sir," said the lawyer, grimly. "I trust you found your traveling companions entertaining. I *thought* I should find you on this train, Mr. Dudley."

XUM

Phil leaned heavily against a hideous bale of rags awaiting shipment.

"Did—did you tell them?—tell Pedro?" he gasped.

"No, sir, I did not. Come this way, if you please."

He led his captive to the telegraph-office and dispatched a curt message:

> "Have found P. all right. Will write to-morrow."

"Now, sir," he remarked, dryly, "you will come home with me, if you're not afraid to trust yourself with your rival. I believe I have the honor of occupying that position toward you, Mr. Dudley. Much obliged for the honor you do Madge, I'm sure."

Phil hung his head, lifted it royally and made a last spirited dash for liberty.

He wrenched himself from the kind, compelling hand, and fled into the very thick of the vehicles roaring down the gas-lit street.

Burgoyne plunged after him—a little fierce in the chase—and a policeman headed off the fugitive, who wavered before the warning club, turned sideways, and the next moment was lying in the dust under the wheels of a passing vehicle.

He opened his eyes eagerly as Burgoyne bent over him, and smiled happily.

"It is all over," he whispered, gayly. "I'm smashed to atoms. Swear you'll never tell Pedro!—swear, swear."

"I swear I won't!" said Burgoyne, hoarsely. "Poor little Phil!"

Phil smiled contentedly, settling into death.

"He said he loved me! Give him my pearl ring—on my finger—and tell him I loved him—my God! so much!"

* * *

"As Phil declines to see me, I have nothing more to say," wrote Pedro, two months later. "I hope he will be more reasonable when I return from Europe. I am hurt and offended, by Jove! and can't see why I'm treated so scurvily in this affair. Tell him I won't mention his name again until he says he's ashamed of treating me in this style. I have made over half my share of the Swan Hall property to him. I don't know a little fellow radically worthier of good luck than Phil, and if he should remain crippled, he will need all the cash he can get to make life endurable. You and Madge will do the best you can to make him happy, I know that; but I'm going away sad and mad at the reflection that while Madge married you at two hours' notice in order to rush off and nurse his highness, I have been ignored, set aside, snubbed and sat upon. 'Don't come; Phil won't see you,' writes Madge, in her last. Well, I won't, having a little spirit left; but tell my little Phil his place in my heart is as well aired as ever, and that his past is less than nothing to me, whatever it may have been. I am certain he was more sinned against than sinning. Be sure and tell him that!"

And so generous Pedro went his sunny way, to wander in the Old World, and Phil's eyes grew grayer, larger, deeper, as they followed him in spirit from place to place.

* * *

"Hullo, Tim!—hullo!"

"'Tain't never! Wal, this is good. So you're back, Pedro Dudley! Wal, this *is* good."

"Yes, I'm back, Tim. I'm bound for Swan Hall to-night. Mr. and Mrs. Burgoyne are there; but they don't expect me till next week. How are all at Swanville?"

"Smart," said Tim, concisely; he was Pedro's foster-brother. "Want a ride on the engine, like old times, I s'pose. It's a nasty night, though, Pedro."

"Oh, it's all right. I'm come back as tough as ever. So here we are, homeward bound!"

"It'll be an almighty ride! We're overdue an hour, and the mail is tearing after us; best go in the cars, Pedro. Wal, if you won't, you won't; so jump on. I guess she'll do sixty miles in the next hour. We've got a clear track ahead! Be praised for it!"

Pedro's quick blood boiled with excitement as the cars thundered through the windy moonlight of the December night.

The engine fairly leaped along the track, and the noise was indescribable as its iron pulses beat, and its giant breast hurled itself against the wind.

Tim stood to his work silently, a little grim as he felt the monster bounding under him, but enjoying the danger he was able to control, and Pedro smoked and stared ahead through the glass of the "cab," and pictured Madge's joyous welcome, Tom's hearty handclasp, and Phil's shame-faced delight—poor little Phil, dear little Monsieur le Prince, who had felt his disgrace so keenly that he would not even write a line to him, Pedro, during the two long years of absence.

Pedro smiled at these pleasant visions of *dulce domum*, and shouted above the din:

"Has the sudden thaw made much of a freshet about here?"

"Fit to drown Goliar, 'sposin' he was fifty foot higher," responded Tim, in poetical thunder. "But we've nothin' to cross but the bridge at Boiling Creek, and that's as safe as ——, an' we're most thar. I won't slow, neither. Let her shake."

This commonplace hero fixed his steady eyes on the wild scene.

On one side rose fields, white and ghastly in the moonlight; on the other, a wood, black and bare, the boughs clattering in the fierce gusts.

"Down grade!" roared Tim.

The next moment they thundered round the curve leading to the mad little mountain torrent.

The next second the fierce shriek of the engine gave its alarm, and the tocsin "Down brakes!" rang out, while the burnished giant fairly bounded, maddened by an attempt to control its headlong rush.

Ten seconds—a minute—two—of Titanic struggle between man and the Helot forces he has enslaved, and the engine quivered into stillness, conquered, and lamenting its defeat with wild outcries from its brazen throat.

"So the darned old bridge is bust," said Tim, in an easy, conversational tone. "I say, Mr. Pedro, just look ahead!"

Pedro *was* looking ahead, and so were the other six hundred passengers who had so nearly continued their journey by another route and to another destination.

There was a moment's dead silence in the crowd which had flocked from the cars, and then a vocal thunder beat the air into quick pulses, as cheer after cheer burst from six hundred throats.

A fresh rush from the mountains had swept the bridge out of existence, except one gaunt beam projecting from the opposite bank to about the middle of the stream.

On the extreme end of this timber, which shuddered as the water billowed against it, stood a slight figure in mists of white drapery, which almost seemed a part of the flying foam nearly shrouding the airy form.

She held aloft a carriage-lamp, and its light smote actual flames from her neck and arms as it struck on the jewels binding them.

Her position was one of terrible danger; and on the bank behind was visible a compact coupé, its driver wringing his hands in terror as he waddled up and down, watching her.

There was a sudden blank of silence. She had saved them! Would she perish in the teeth of that hungry torrent?

No. She retraced her steps in safety, and, just as her foot touched the earth, the beam parted, rose erect in the whirlpool, plunged and vanished.

She sprang into the coupé, and, while renewed cheers followed her, the carriage dashed away, and the heroine who had saved six hundred, disappeared

* * * * *

"And now for Phil," said Pedro, an hour later, when he had related his adventures to Madge and Tom, and sung pæans to the heroine of the bridge.

Madge looked at some distant satin and lace curtains over a bay-window.

"Phil is there—ran and hid when you came striding in so unexpectedly."

"Little donkey!" said Pedro, in high good humor.

He strode, very dusky and magnificent, over to the dainty *cache* indicated.

"Phil, you rascal, come out, or must I pull you?" he said.

He put in a large, strong hand, groped for masculine broadcloth, and drew back with a very scared face, his fingers full of wet tulle, and in the wet tulle a slim, tall, crocus-haired young beauty, with a white, quivering face and solemn violet eyes, who plucked herself from his limp grasp, and rushed into Madge's comfortable and beauteous arms.

"Tom," said Mrs. Burgoyne, severely, "it is really enough for Phil to have lost her Christmas Eve party at the Blessingtons, where she was going when she saw the disaster to the bridge, and to come home drenched to the skin, without *your* heartless grins, Pedro. This is the heroine of the bridge, also Philla Dudley, twin sister of the real Phil, who died three years ago in Spain; Philla, whom her father forced by threatening her life and his own to personate the dead boy. She put off telling you this, she was dreadfully ashamed of what was really no crime of hers, and made no promise to remain silent until you would come home. Monsieur le Prince is supposed to have died in New York, and no one is mystified by our loving his twin sister, who is supposed to have been at school in Spain, very, very dearly. Phil and Philla were never parted until he died, and all Phil knew, Philla, the little wild thing! was learned in, from smoking mild cigarettes to playing billiards."

"She can give me points and beat me three games out of five," said Tom, patting the yellow head encouragingly as it buried itself in Madge's laces. "You look cut up, Pedro."

"You knew this all along, Tom?" said Pedro, blankly.

"Yes, I did," said Burgoyne; "but who could have the heart to hurt Phil? I waited, hoping in the chapter of accidents, and things fitted in very neatly; the old fellow died and Philla did you and Madge swift justice. She had a right to her own secret though, you know, and Madge and I kept it for her until this moment. We'd do a large variety of things to please our dear little Phil, would Madge and I."

* * * * * *

"But you *said* you loved me—Tom told me *that*," said Pedro, the very next evening, while Madge sang Christmas carols to her harp, and Tom discreetly turned over her music, ignoring the pair in the distant bay.

"That—that was when I was a—boy, and I thought I was killed and it couldn't matter," protested Philla; "and it was very unkind of Tom to tell you, when he knew I was going to live—very unkind."

But the silent eloquence of the tiny pearl ring in Pedro's brown palm, the peculiar, steady, ardent flame in his brown eyes as he looked at her in the moonlight, broke down her little bit of defense. She shook her delicate, stately head shyly.

"Couldn't you wait, and ask me again next year, if you *really* continued to—to feel this way?" she asked, tentatively. "I am afraid you may grow sorry—it's too sudden. Ask me next Christmas Day, Pedro."

This, of course, was surrender, and the next minute she was crying softly in his arms.

"Poor papa!" she said, "I hope he knows that his crime has not darkened my life. Pedro, it was not my fault, it was not. It nearly killed me, indeed it did."

"My precious Philla!" said Pedro, "I'm quite willing to hope, however faintly, that your admirable father is tolerably comfortably situated in the Elysian Fields, for only for his rascality I never should have met my dear little Phil, nor won My Christmas Love!"

FAVORITE DISHES.

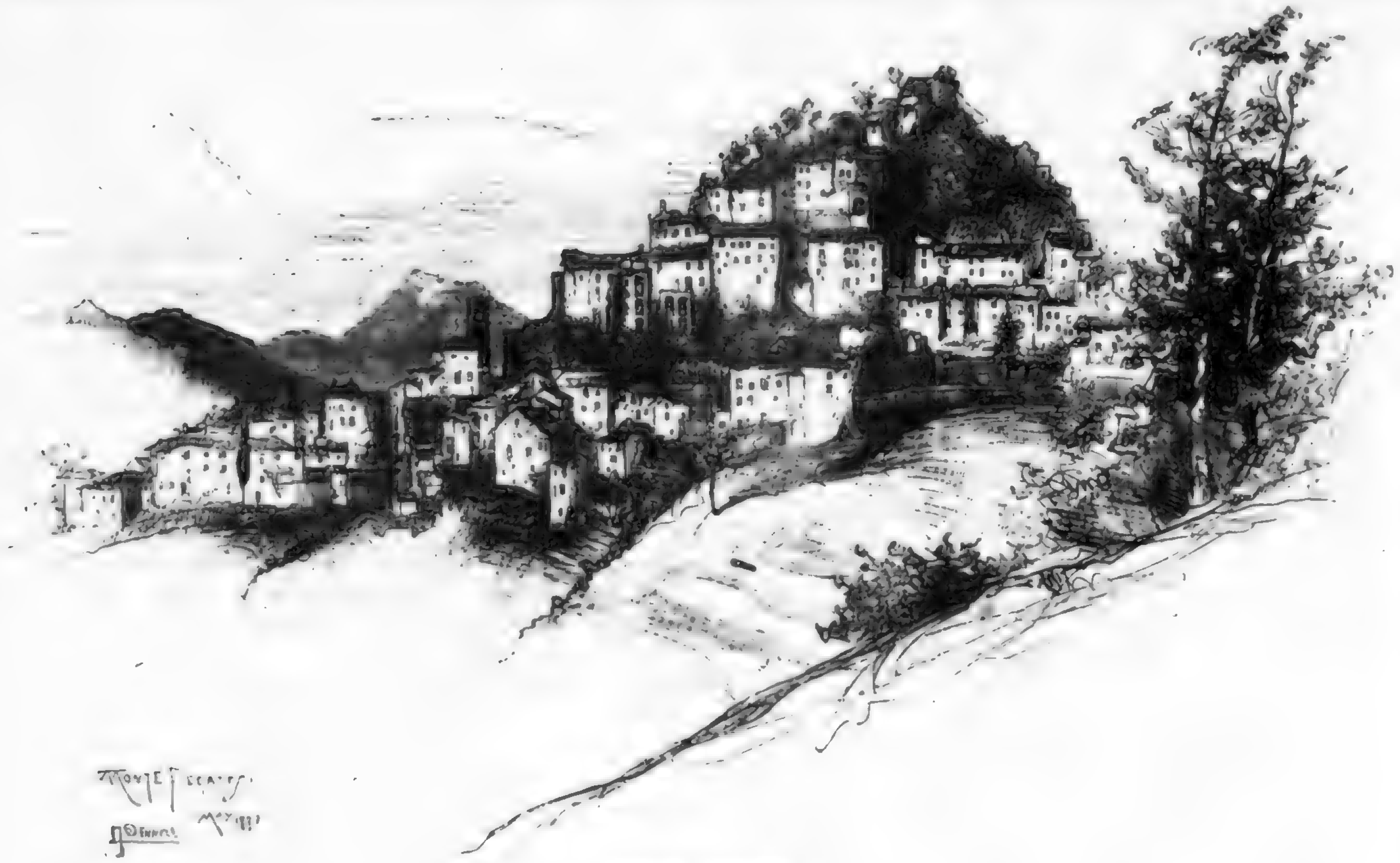
Dr. Rondelet, an ancient writer on fishes, was so fond of figs that he died, in 1566, of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Parr confesses his love of "hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he were told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he rose instantly and came down to table. A gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and clotted cream, of which he ate so largely that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a voracious attachment for a leg of mutton. "At my Aunt Ford's," says he, "I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would scarcely ever be forgotten."

Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says: "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

Dr. George Fordyce contended that as one meal a day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. Accordingly, for more than twenty years the doctor used to eat only a dinner in the whole course of the day. This solitary meal he took regularly at four o'clock, at Dolly's chop-house. A pound and a half of rump steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale, satisfied the doctor's moderate wants till four o'clock next day, and regularly engaged one hour and a half of his time. Dinner over, he returned to his home in Essex Street, Strand, to deliver his six o'clock lecture on anatomy and chemistry.

Baron Maseres, who lived nearly to the age of ninety, used to go home one day in every week without any dinner.

Aristotle, like a true poet, seems to have literally feasted on fancy. Few could live more frugally; in one of his poems he says of himself, "that he was a fit person to have lived in the world when acorns were the food of men."



MONTE FEGATESI.

NORTH TUSCAN NOTES.

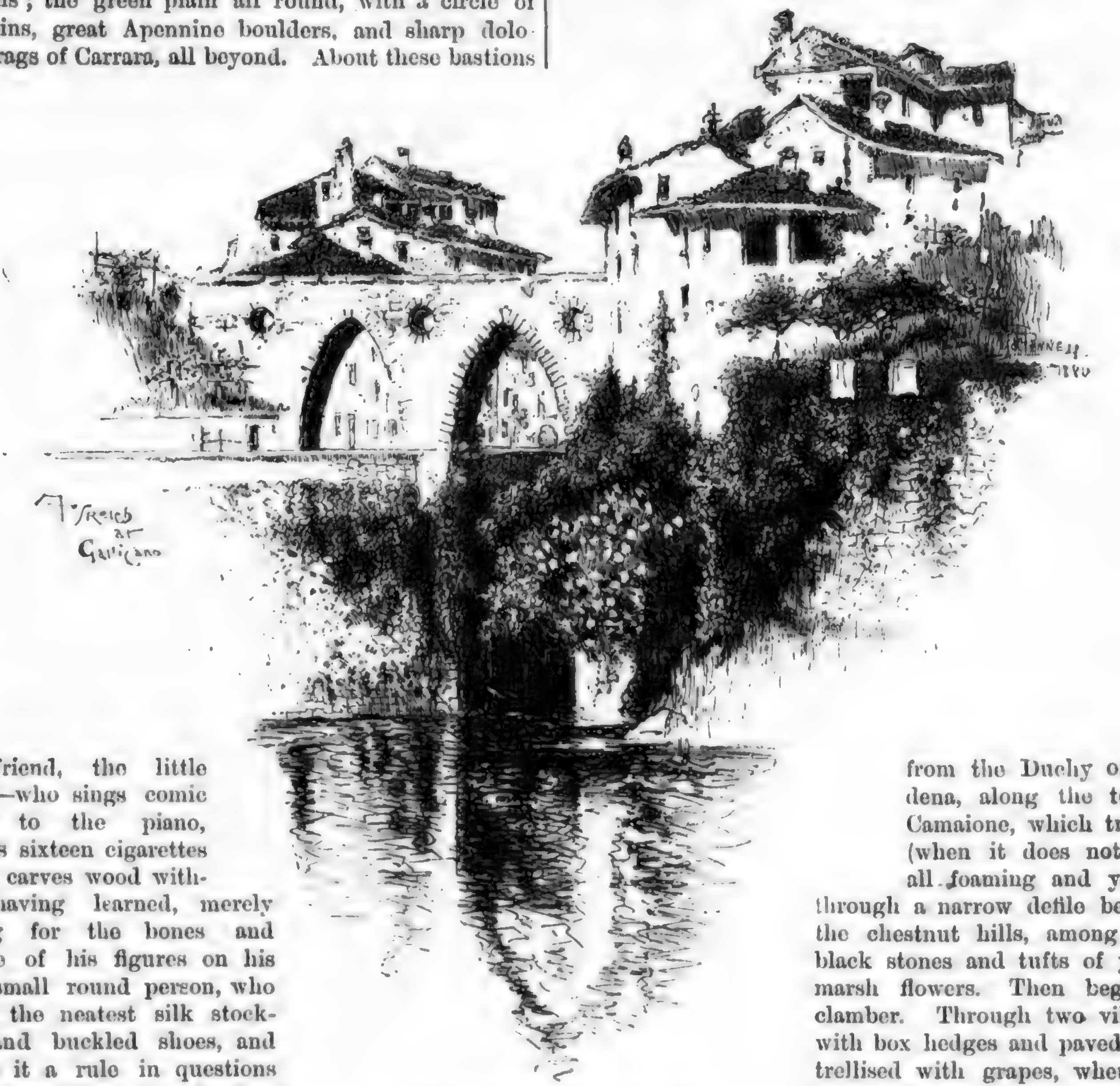
BY VERNON LEE.

I.—THE FESTIVAL AT LUCCA.

YESTERDAY we went into Lucca for the feast of the Holy Face. The morning was lovely, and the entry into the plain of Lucca, where the Serchio issues from between the steep hills of Vinchiana, with their long white monasteries surrounded by cypress avenues, the olive slopes with their lines of vine-trellis and isolated old villas and farms and churches, was most beautiful. Still more so the plain itself, with its intense green of vegetation, its fields of maize, of long seeded brown grass, its rows of poplars and screens of reeds, its farms with their heaps of yellow Indian corn before the door, and their immense overhanging fig-trees and gourd-slung trellises; the whole bounded by the soft low Pisan hills—"quel monte per cui i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno"—where Archbishop Roger hunted the wolf in Ugolino's dream; and the Carrara peaks quite pale and ghostlike against the pale blue sky. There was a great fair going on, of shining white hemp, and tinware, and new barrels, and grape-pails, outside the town, where the bastions, with their dark walls and trees, seem like islands in the meadows. The streets were crowded, and pieces of crimson and yellow brocade were hung outside all the windows. The cathedral was surrounded by fellows hawking medals, woodcuts, descriptions of the Holy Face (the legend, which has been appropriated also by Burgos Cathedral, of the holy image kicking off first one slipper to the poor fiddler, and then, when he was accused of theft, the other to prove his innocence)—this literature most popular, of course. On the stone benches under the palace window gratings numberless venders of lemonade, magenta cakes, sugar-plums with the pictures of the Holy Face in the middle, rosaries, and every kind of peasant literature, chivalric and saintly. The church was simply decorated with superb purple brocade; and it was the first time I ever thought a church gained by such hangings. The effect was splendid, the light falling through the stained glass upon the rich brocade; the long beams of sunshine, gray and golden, flickering on to the crimson silk and the carved stone, through the fretwork of the Gothic clerestory, on to the scarlet cloth of the choir, the wine-colored and gold vestments of the bishops and canons, and the orange-red of the acolytes—a truly magnificent harmony of tints. The music was not particularly good, though every now and then the burst of the trumpets (why do trumpets always sound so much more effective in a church?) was very fine; and there was a beautiful effect when the bells ringing outside began to mingle with the music, much as the incense-gray light of the nave mingled with the yellow flicker of the tapers.

After service we walked about. There are many picturesque corners in this compact little old town; the two Guinigi's Palaces, for instance, at opposite corners of a quiet street, yellow and red brick, all fissured, and as it were bursting, with herb and flower pots in their wide Gothic windows, and weeds in their chinks, and grass and two olive-trees growing in the high crenelated tower of one of them. Also Sta. Maria della Rosa, a charming pure Gothic chapel, with breast-high decorations of roses and thorns, projecting with shrine and little belfry against the elms of the bastions, and overtopped by the pillared cathedral belfry; and a number of small Lombard, or, rather, Pisan portals, black, with garlands of imps and horsemen, and twisted columns and sentry lions—things that look like detached fragments of the wonderful cathedral. Afterward we returned to the cathedral. It was still very full, crowds of peasants hanging about and kneeling in front of the little round aviary-temple of Matteo Civitali, with its quasi-pagan sculptures, its colored tile-roof and golden grating, in which, between blazing tapers and blazing jeweled ex-votos, hung the "Volto Santo," a long, dark, mummified figure covered with diamonds, with indistinct bearded head black beneath its jeweled crown. A something weird, strange, stiff, which I can well believe may have affected almost like a ghost the people of the Middle Ages; or like some Indian idol or Mexican living god hidden in the depths of a temple; something vague, dark, possibly living, quite different in its imaginative value from the flat absurdities of painted holy images.

Before driving home in the evening, we went round the bastions, which gird the old town with their walls and elms; the green plain all round, with a circle of mountains, great Apennine boulders, and sharp dolomitic crags of Carrara, all beyond. About these bastions my friend, the little priest—who sings comic songs to the piano, smokes sixteen cigarettes a day, carves wood without having learned, merely feeling for the bones and muscle of his figures on his own small round person, who wears the neatest silk stockings and buckled shoes, and makes it a rule in questions of conversation, to "lasciare operare allo spirito santo senza impacciarmene"—my little priest told me the other day one of the few ghost stories Italy has got. It appears that two rooms of Palazzo M——, rooms belonging to a suite more stuccoed, gilded, flowered, be-cupided, and generally bedizened, than anything I have ever seen, and which are used as a picture gallery—that these two rooms have not been cleaned or even opened for a good hundred years, all the valuable furniture and hangings being incrusted with dirt and cobwebs. And this because they belonged to a certain Marchesa Lucinda, who was very handsome, very proud, very vain, always surrounded by innumerable *cecisbéos*, and who, I presume, came to some bad end. Anyway, after her death, no one would inhabit those rooms. But every now and then, on holy vigils, persons passing along the bastions toward midnight have seen a splendid gilded coach, blazing like a furnace, drawn by horses breathing fire, and filled with magnificently dressed ladies and gentlemen, dash along the avenue and mysteriously disappear. And this is without doubt the Marchesa Lucinda.



ON THE GARFAGNANA, OPPOSITE BARGA.

II.—A MOUNTAIN HAMLET.

Yesterday, August 25th, we went up to Monte Fegatesi, a little fortified hamlet high on the Apennines which separate the territory of the Republic of Lucca from the Duchy of Modena, along the torrent Camaione, which trickles (when it does not rush all foaming and yellow) through a narrow defile between the chestnut hills, among huge black stones and tufts of yellow marsh flowers. Then begins a clamber. Through two villages, with box hedges and paved lanes trellised with grapes, where the women in a farmyard regaled us with baked pears from their oven. Then clambering round the chestnut-trees, and up paths which are water-courses, whose loose stones roll beneath the feet. The guide told me that sixty years ago there was not a potato in the whole Lucchese; I know in Baretti's time, a hundred years ago, only the English Consul at Venice had any. A Dutch family come to take the baths brought some, and greatly mystified the people. But even after the Duke of Lucca had issued a proclamation explaining that these things were good food, the people took years before they ate them. This clamber up the water-courses took a long time. Then on to a ridge, a sort of knife-blade, whence one looked down on either side on to the enormous rounded green masses of chestnut hills, with their wonderful white shadows and blue shadows like mists, all dotted with villages overhanging the torrent, the flame-like hills of the Lunigiana in the distance, and seemingly close above us, the bleak flank of the Monte Incoronato, one of the highest Apennine tops, white against the blue sky. Then at the sudden bending of the road you see, across the narrow, deep, deep valley, a sharp ridge, to which clings, poised and gathered on a crag, the little steepled and walled Monte Fegatesi.

At Monte Fegatesi we put up in the darkest and dirtiest inn conceivable—or rather in the house of a "signorotto di campagna," a young man descended from the feudal lord of the place, who has six or seven farms of his own, but who sells stale ham and brandy and tallow candles, never having been as far as Lucca in his life. On the other hand a sort of ragged beggar retainer of his greeted us in English, having sold plaster casts in London, as so many of these people have. This creature told us that he would take us to a place which was haunted, and as much as promised us the ghost quite hot and hot as soon as we arrived. Instead of ghosts we saw only a sharp crag covered with the broken masonry of what was once the citadel. The castle, as everything else in this part of the world, was built, he informs us, "in the times of the Goths." He pointed out some strange grottoes scooped out of the gray rock, about half a mile off. That, he said, was the place where the ghosts abided. "What ghosts?" I asked. "Why, the castle was defended by the Goths against the Lombards, who attempted to break down its walls with their artillery, but who were repulsed and slaughtered to a man at those grottoes; and it is their ghosts who haunt. And if you were to hear the noise they sometimes make by night, especially when a storm is brewing—they are like winds, without bodies or shape, but they make frightful noises; and they awfully maltreat any one they catch. Once some carriers passed along the path by night; the ghosts of the Lombards came out and enchanted them. Their donkeys were so petrified that they could not even bray, and then the spell did not end until the morning." The village folk quite confirmed this belief, and declared they would on no account again go near those grottoes after dark.

I wonder whether these Lombards were the Milanese of Sforza, who came to these parts in the fifteenth century, or whether popular tradition has merely given a later coloring to a veritable Lombard invasion—an invasion of Luitprands and Alberichs and Hildebrands, like those who possessed the self-same village of Monte Fegatesi, according to the charters of the Emperor Chlodovicus, grandson of Charlemagne, which they still keep at Lucca. Goths having been mentioned, every one had something to say about them. The donkey-driver affirmed that they had built Monte Fegatesi. He had found it all in a book, a parchment book, written in Hebrew, of which a friend of his, a cook, had translated part, and then had the whole translated verbally by a Jew clothesman. The book, unfortunately, had been since mislaid. But he had learnt from it many interesting facts relating to the history of this country—amongst others, that the strange mediæval bridge which spans the Serchio with an arch like a curved whalebone, called the Devil's Bridge, had been built in the thirteenth century. "It was left unfinished for ten years," he added, "because the country was drained of all its young men by the African War, undertaken by the Emperor of Rome." "The Crusades?" I ask. "Just so. The Emperor of Rome went to the Crusades at that moment." A peasant had joined our party. "That Emperor of Rome who went to the Crusades must have been Nero," he said. "That was the very one," answered the donkey-driver, "and, moreover, it was he, and not your Goths, who built the walls of Monte Fegatesi." The other shook his head. "I always heard it was Napoleon Primo." "Che! Napoleon Primo; it was Nero—Nero when he went to the Crusades—a-u-p! raise thy feet, Morino!" and he sent his switch over the donkey's back.

III.—A MOUNTAIN CITY.

Barga is a small but very ancient cathedral town, about twenty-five miles to the northwest of Lucca, built upon a ledge of the Apennines, which projects like a bracket high above the Garfagnana, the broad valley of the upper Serchio, which Ariosto once governed for the Duke of Ferrara. One of the innumerable little commonwealths which arose out of Latin villages in the early Middle Ages, Barga, which had a certain military importance in the days of the Othos and Henries, was, so to speak, stranded by its remote position, removed beyond the historical waves whose slow alluvion makes towns grow; and it is now much the same size that it was in the eleventh century. But the singular fact of the little mountain town being a speck of Florentine Territory (how it came to be Florentine I know not), inclosed between the States of Lucca, Modena and Massa Carrara, gave it the means of being, if obscure, at all events rich in no very creditable way; since during three centuries the principal families of the place amassed considerable money by keeping warehouses for the smuggling trade of the adjacent states. Thus the people of Barga, forgotten of the world, were yet able to build themselves palaces not much less handsome than those of Lucca or even Florence; and at the beginning of the sixteenth century they invited certain members of the Della Robbia family to work on the spot for their churches.

Of the smuggling there has not, for the last fifty years, remained any more than of the mediæval military prowess, and Barga is now abandoned to its small artisans and to a few proprietors of neighboring chestnut woods and vineyards. It is a walled town, surrounded by splendid plane-trees, and, so to speak, sprawling down the summit of a hill; and it strikes me as a smaller and more intensified Perugia, on its high ledge surrounded by its hill spurs and its green shining ravines gradually sloping into the wide valley, closed in by an amphitheatre of mountains bolder and grander by far than those of Umbria. Like Perugia also, with its precipitous streets, its long, rugged, black flights of steps between dark, unpainted houses, its tortuous alleys beneath black archways, its high houses of rough-hewn stone with escutcheons, and hooks for hanging out carpets and cressets and torch-holders; looking up at which you always see flowers and herbs in broken crockery at the windows; lighting at every turn upon some grim, dark wall covered with vines, or some rusty balcony crowded with sunflowers and tomatoes. The cathedral stands on the top of the town, on a wide, desolate, grass-grown terrace, a very sea of mountains all around; at one corner is an old wooden shed, where cocks and hens strut up and down, all inlaid with coats-of-arms, stone, marble and majolica, of various Podestàs of Barga. And near it, surrounded by weeds, a walled-up gate of the church, guarded on each side by a dwarfish knight in armor, like the Roland and Oliver at Verona. The cathedral, built early in the eleventh century by some Lombard masons, who have carved their mysterious monograms on a stone by the door, is, so to speak, the first rough sketch of the superb cathedrals of Lucca and Pisa; a rough, abortive thing, with only here and there a piece of delicate carving or grotesque decoration let into the bare stone. Inside, still rough, with huge beams, and walls merely painted black and white, in imitation of the Pisan marble paneling. But inside this first attempt at Pisan architecture is a far more interesting early example of the architectural sculpture which culminated in the works of Niccolò Pisano—a pulpit of very early Pisan-Lombard style, probably by a fellow-craftsman of Biduino. A square box, surrounded by a band of high relief of the three kings and the birth of St. John, and a border of blue and gold enamel, resting upon four columns of red breccia, three with restored capitals, but the fourth original; a sort of nightmare of strange apocalyptic monsters, among whom a fat ox, strutting with dandified step and protuberant paunch on his hind legs, his wings flapping behind him like coat-tails, his snout raised with bland self-sufficiency, his fore hoofs dangling with the priggish grace of a drawing-room æsthete—altogether the drollest beast imaginable, especially in company with the weird lions and eagles of the Revelation. This capital is, so to speak, the grotesque mystical dream of the Dark Ages; the bases of the pillars, where an outstretched man plunges a knife in the jaws of the lion seated on his chest, and a crocodile munches a tiger, and a fat, squatting bearded imp bends beneath one of the columns—this lower part is certainly the bad dream of those days. Around the raised choir of the cathedral runs a parapet separating it from the body of the church—red breccia, with black and white mosaic border, and a cornice of leafage into which is set a row of heads, large at the middle and diminishing toward the extremities. Two central heads with fillets and queenly ornaments are tied together by their long plaits of hair; the others are bearded, all extremely rude, vacant and square-cut; but in the middle of them is a head placed obliquely, with sideward glance, which, according to the point from which you look, strikes you as either a real lion's head, or as some savage, semi-human face, scowling, threatening, and somehow with wonderful intensity of fierce expression; simple, a thing of few strokes, life-like; mane and whiskers slightly indicated, a masterpiece of terrible grotesqueness; it is impossible to imagine how it has come among those other heads, as if some great master had amused himself carving it while the other stone-cutters were away.

There is a good deal of Robbia work in Barga, but of the later members of the family: Andrea, perhaps, and the younger Luca della Robbia. Tradition still gives the name of the Fornacetta to a spot behind the town, in a ravine above which the cathedral with its belfry hangs poised over a precipice; the people say that the Robbias had established their ovens somewhere about there. In the church of the Monache there is a large terra-cotta altar-piece in high relief, unfortunately highly colored and, moreover, subsequently painted over in oils. It is a fine composition of the apostles round the tomb of the Virgin, which is filled with those lovely lilies which only the Robbias knew how to reproduce, and distinguished from the bonnet-flowers of other artists. From the church of the Monache we went down to S. Francesco, the deserted church of a confraternity, through the paved rough lanes in the fields below the town, box hedges, ivied walls, and old trees with immense pendent garlands of green grapes (fit subjects for Robbia work) on either side, and at every turn glimpses of the green hills opposite, bluish in the shade, golden and hazy in the light. The little deserted cloister, with wooden shed roof, supported on rude Lombard pillars, stained walls, and with an intolerable stench of damp and charnel rising from its grass-grown pavement and weedy grassplot, has inserted into one of its walls a curious melancholy vestige of art, which brings the Renaissance nearer to us: a Robbia altar-piece, coarse but beautiful, a Madonna with St. Sebastian and St. Roth, and a view of Barga in the distance; an unfinished work, having undergone only the first process of baking—brown, unglazed, abandoned by the artist, and shattered and cracked by the passers-by. There are in the dark little church three colored altar-pieces by the Robbias, far too pictorial in conception, and with a disagreeable reminiscence of Botticelli and Lorenzo di Credi; but some of the little figures of angels and saints in white framework are simply delightful. Next to the unpicturesque inn where we put up is a handsome dilapidated villa turned into a silk spinnery. About twenty girls twisted the silk of the cocoons on reels, which through the open windows flashed as if of gold, singing the while one of those strange, weird chants of the peasantry, high, nasal, metallic, monotonous, yet as pleasant in the Summer afternoon as the unflagging song of the cicala.

IV.—A PEASANT PLAY.

Yesterday we went to a little place called Desertolo, a cluster of cottages off the road going from Lucca to Barga, to see one of those peasant plays called *maggi*. It was still too hot for the performance to begin, so we strolled for an hour through cornfields and the chestnut copses, most beautifully lit up by the broad yellow sunlight; the corn was full of flowers, and there was a beautiful effect of burning red poppies above the green wheat, and of the starry purple "Venus's looking-glass" twined among the gray rye-stalks. Going along we naturally talked about peasant plays, and of course about the Ober-Ammergau performance, which my friend C. R. saw before it had been *exploité* by Munich hotel-keepers. Comparing it with this Tuscan peasant performance, I should say the Passion play must be, despite all its artistic elaboration, in reality an inartistic thing; since it appears to aim at being a perfect repetition of a given real action, performed by intense believers therein for the benefit of other intense believers—a negation, therefore, of the free artistic principle. The people don't want art, they want to witness the Passion; and its representation, being the nearest approach to a repetition of the reality, is as unlike art as would be an exact representation of the death of Mary Stuart, based upon archæological research; only that the historic interest is replaced by the far more powerful religious one. Such a thing, deriving probably less from the Middle Ages (which were artistic in feeling) than from the morbid hysterical Seventeenth Century, is an unhealthy as well as an inartistic performance; it is one of those artificial stimulants to the love of the dreadful, the harrowing, the mystical, akin to those antique Syrian funereal rites of Adonis. Such a kind of performance as this Ober-Ammergau one would, I think, be impossible among Italians, except of the southern provinces perhaps; and the *maggio* expresses a totally different way of considering artistic and dramatic things. These Tuscan peasants want to be shown something more interesting than ordinary life, more heroic, more beautiful; it is not a love of excitement and horror and mysticism which asks for satisfaction, but a mere desire for imaginative and beautiful things. The dramatic interest is next to none, there is little illusion and no excitement, any more than in our operas; the whole pleasure consists in the sight of finer and more interesting things than the peasants usually see.

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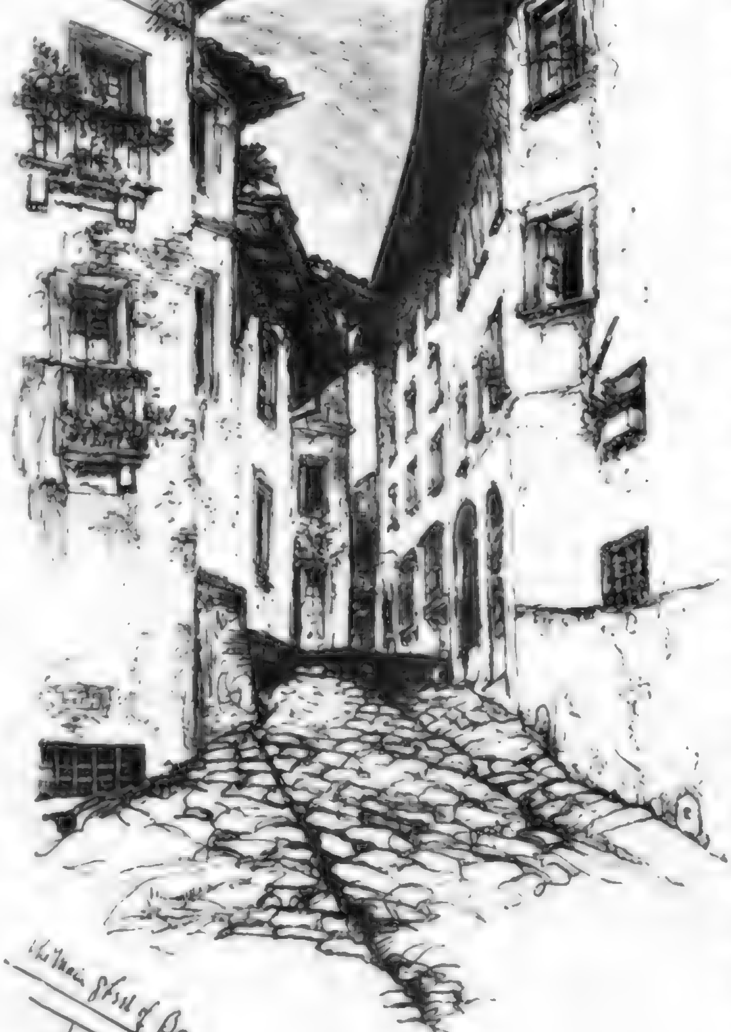
This particular *maggio*, which was performed on a plank stage erected between two farms, in a threshing-floor, was called "Il Tiranno d'Ormusse," and appears to have been concocted by the prompter out of a variety of those romances of chivalry burned by Don Quixote's curate, but constantly reprinted in cheap editions, which, together with Dante and Tasso, form the whole library of a Tuscan peasant. The performers were all peasant lads. There was not for an instant anything that could be called acting: no truth of intonation or movement or look, not an attempt thereat; but, on the other hand, considerable beauty of color, of gesture, of grouping, and of intonation. The hero, Busulmano, was acted by a very well-made young man, with a fine, well-set head, and a constant beatific, enthusiastic look; he moved very well, stepping almost grandly, and when he wrestled with the lion (the drollest beast, in brown breeches and a bear-skin) he was agile and graceful. The Tyrant of Ormus was also a fine figure, picturesquely dressed in dark-blue Turkish pantaloons, a furred caftan and turban, and wearing a very curious ancient sword with a quaint heraldic lion by way of hilt. The two princesses were very prettily got up. One was a handsome, dark, heavy-browed boy with delicate contour of jaw; the other a charming blonde little fellow. Both looked just like women, dignified and graceful, though very frigid and stiff, and gave a better idea than one could otherwise have of those choristers or young gentlemen of the king's chapel who used to play the heroines of Shakespeare and Fletcher. The others, oddly got up in old church vestments, altar-covers, and shakos like those worn by Napoleon's army, were wretchedly inanimate, but always dignified. The end of the performance was very pretty; and when, after the hero had refused the throne and declared that he must seek fresh deeds of valor for honor's sake, all stood up in a group, the tall, graceful Busulmano, in velvet tunic and cloak and spangled breastplate, in the middle, beating time with a fine gesture, and they joined in a simple, grave, solemn chorus, it gave an impression of something poetic, chivalric, romantic, in the spirit of Tasso; and this strange medley of shabbiness and beauty and childishness and poetry and grotesqueness had a singular charm of undoubted artistic feeling. The setting sun penetrated through the chinks of the rough inclosure, and threw a kind of golden halo over everything; and as we left it seemed as if we had had a glimpse of the world of romance, born of simple, unsophisticated, puzzled minds, whose highest expression was the great Italian art of the early Renaissance.


The Main Street of Barga
Jo PENNELL

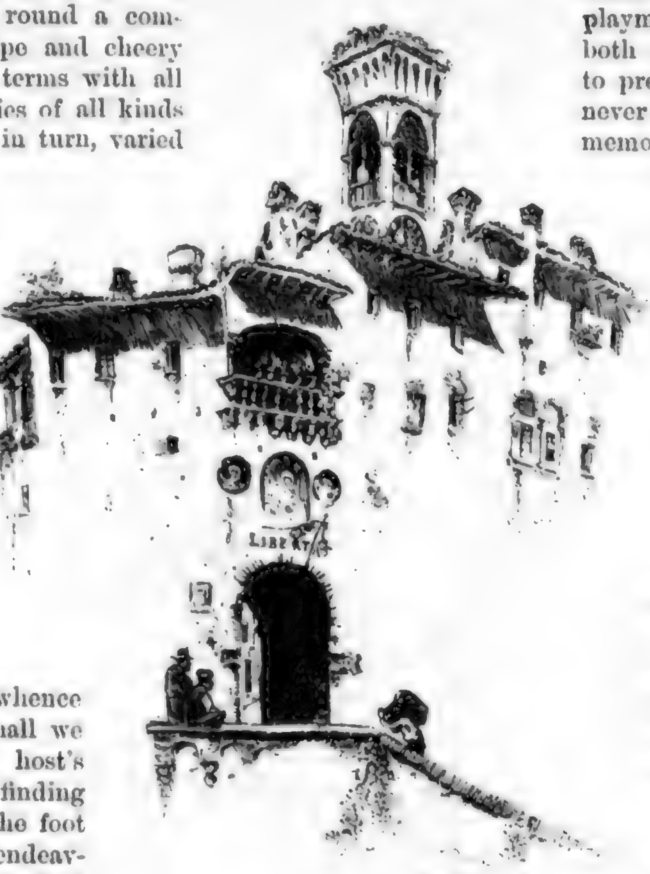
THE MAIN STREET OF BARGA.

SLEEP-WALKING FREAKS.

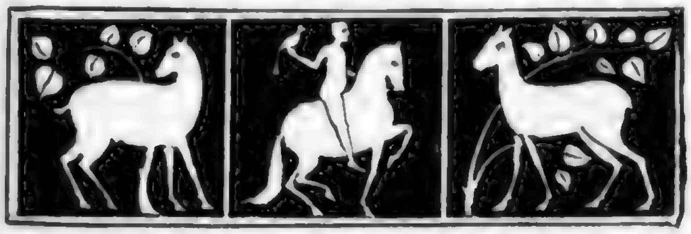
It is now some thirty years or more since I began life as a commercial traveler. During my travels on the road I have both seen and heard much that would make the poor penned-up citizens open their eyes with wonder. To those who are of active habits, and to whom the trammels of office-work would prove irksome and unendurable, the life of a commercial traveler appears all that could be desired. To me, its greatest attraction consists in the never-ending change of scene and society it entails. Every day one comes in contact with strange faces, makes short but pleasant acquaintances, and is enabled to study character in its ever-varying forms.

It was on one of my first journeys in the Midland counties, that I found myself compelled, one wet, disagreeable afternoon, to cut short my day's work and to put up at the only inn worthy of the name of which the village could boast. Fortunately, the host proved a homely, sociable fellow, ready to do all in his power to render me comfortable, so that my regret at being forced to take refuge in such an out-of-the-way place soon disappeared. After having satisfied my hunger and finished what writing I had to do, I repaired to the parlor, to see what was going on; for I thoroughly enjoy a chat after my day's work, and soon manage to get on friendly terms with those whom I may meet. On this occasion there were but four persons present when I took my seat and lighted my pipe. One was a ruddy-faced countryman, enjoying his mug of ale; another, a gentleman-farmer in the neighborhood; the third person present, a doctor from London; and the fourth, a shabby-genteel-looking individual with a dissipated look, whom I afterward learned was the son of a neighboring clergyman.

When I entered, the conversation was upon the crops and local matters, of which I knew little or nothing. By degrees it turned upon other questions, such as politics, upon which I was enabled now and again to offer an opinion, till, insensibly, I had worked my way into the little conclave and was thoroughly at my ease. Naturally, seated as we were round a comfortable fire, with soothing pipe and cheery glass, we felt on the best of terms with all the world. Anecdotes and stories of all kinds were narrated by each of us in turn, varied occasionally by personal remarks, banter, and repartee, which only tended to increase our good-humor. Our worthy host, who had a fluent tongue and an unfailing fund of anecdote, was in the midst of narrating some hunting experiences, when a cry of alarm—it was scarcely a shriek — caused him to break off suddenly and make his way to the passage. Our curiosity being aroused, we followed him more leisurely, to learn whence the cry proceeded. In the hall we found the explanation. The host's wife had been surprised by finding one of her children seated at the foot of the stairs in his nightshirt, endeavoring to lace up an imaginary pair of boots, with the intention, apparently, of going out. The boy was afterward with difficulty induced to return to bed, and we on our part resumed our seats in the cozy parlor.


NORTH TUSCAN NOTES.— A LUCCHESE VILLAGE. SEE PAGE 104.

This little incident caused our conversation to turn upon sleep-walking, and many were the theories advanced as to the origin and cure of the infirmity. Our host informed us that his son had on one or two previous occasions walked in his sleep, but could scarcely be considered a confirmed somnambulist. The family were one evening having supper, when they were startled by the youngster suddenly walking in, in his nightdress, and then going to the fireplace, where he strove his best to get up the chimney. But the freaks of this youngster were not to be compared with those of a schoolfellow of the clergyman's son above mentioned, who narrated to us the story of the really remarkable feats performed during his sleep. Incredible as the story may appear, I have every reason to believe that the facts were by no means exaggerated; but of this my readers can judge, as I will repeat the narrative to the best of my ability as I heard it related.


DECORATIVE WORK, BARGA.

"I was educated," said the clergyman's son, "at a grammar-school near Leeds, and among the boys was the son of a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood. Young Buckridge was dull and incapable of learning. All his thoughts seemed to centre upon the horses and cattle he had left, and his only wish was to be able to leave his books and return to his former playmates on the farm. It was both painful and irksome to him to prepare his lessons, for he could never retain anything long in his memory, although he might have labored for hours to master his task. In spite of every encouragement on the part of the master to brighten up the boy's faculties, no signs of improvement could be seen. He seemed to become daily more wearied and tired of the disagreeable struggle he had to maintain to prepare his lessons. This state of things went on for some time, when suddenly an inexplicable change became manifest in the manner in which Buckridge prepared the tasks he was set. He who had been the dullest and most callous of scholars, suddenly became one of the most correct and perfect in the school. Formerly, he had been unable to struggle through his exercises, but now they were found to be carefully written and almost faultless. How he managed it was a mystery. During the day, he seemed as listless and inattentive as ever. He did not curtail his hours of play, neither did he give a minute more to study than formerly. The key to the enigma was at length discovered by an accident.

"In a room adjoining the dormitory where Buckridge slept, one of the junior masters used to sleep; and one night, fancying he heard a noise below in the schoolroom, he rose to see whether any one had broken into the house. Stealing quietly down-stairs, he peeped into the room and caught sight of Buckridge with a lighted lamp in his hand. Seeing that the boy was evidently asleep, he was led by curiosity to watch his movements. Buckridge walked to his desk, took out his books, arranged them in proper order, and began to study. The master, thinking it was a trick on the boy's part, shook and pinched him repeatedly, but without avail. The boy was insensible to everything. Having gone through all his lessons and mastered them, he walked up to the principal's desk and with ease went through his imaginary examination. The master informed the principal of what he had seen, and it was decided to watch his performance again the next night. Again the boy rose, stole stealthily down to the kitchen, lit a lamp, and repaired to the schoolroom. Here he once more

DECORATIVE WORK, BARGA.

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opened his desk and prepared his lessons, with the addition of writing out an exercise. This finished, he walked up to the master's desk, where he repeated his lessons accurately in their proper succession. He even answered correctly several questions the master (was supposed to) put to him; and having passed through the ordeal, he returned with his lamp to the kitchen, and finally found his way back to bed.

"On being questioned next morning as to how he managed to become so perfect in his lessons, he declared he could not say, for it surprised himself. That his sleep was real, was undoubted, for he knew nothing of his nightly wanderings; nor was his vision affected when a strong light was held up close to his eyes. There can be no doubt that the worry attending his studies had preyed upon his mind, and his brain was still affected by the excitement and anxiety they caused him, even when his physical sensibilities were deadened by sleep."

This story was listened to with keen attention by the small knot of interested listeners, and it was apparent at the close of the narrative that there was an inclination to doubt the veracity of the narrator. But whatever doubts we may have entertained speedily vanished when the doctor, a good specimen of the old-fashioned courtly English gentleman, ventured to observe that he was perfectly satisfied in his own mind of the genuineness of the story, for he had once in his own experience met with a case offering quite as many remarkable points as that we had just heard described. He was, he remarked, perfectly ready and willing to narrate the details of the case, if we cared to be troubled with a second narrative. Being assured that we were all eager to learn the particulars of his story, the doctor at once began:

"It was one Sunday evening in October that I received an urgent summons to go round to see a lad in the employment of a butcher close by. Apparently, the lad had caused great alarm by his extraordinary behavior. It seems that he had sat down in a chair during the evening and dropped asleep. Presently, he started up, went for his whip, put on his spurs, and proceeded direct to the stable. The saddle not being in its usual place, he returned to the house for it, and being asked why he wanted it, he replied, to go his rounds. Returning to the stable, he mounted the horse without a saddle. As he was powerfully made, it was only after considerable struggling that he was forced from the horse and taken in-doors. At this moment I arrived upon the scene. The boy apparently seemed to think himself stopped at the turnpike gate. Taking sixpence out of his pocket, he held it out to pay the toll, and demanded the change. The sixpence was returned to him, when he stated he wanted no nonsense, but his change. Threepence-halfpenny was then handed to him. 'None of your gammon—that is not right,' was his immediate reply; 'I want a penny more'—making his proper change. This being given him, he made the motion of whipping and spurring his horse on. Being held down on his chair by force, he peremptorily ordered us to get out of his way and to let go his horse, or he would soon make us. He again spurred his steed, apparently to make it restive and to kick, crying out to us 'to let go its head.' Being afterward taken into the shop, he was asked what orders he had received. He then proceeded to go through the list of the customers, stating what each had ordered; naming rump steak for one, shoulder of mutton for a second, leg of lamb for a third, and so on. Ordered to clean the shop, he at once tucked up his sleeves preparatory to executing the order. It was only by main force that he was prevented.

"Thinking there might be some trickery at the bottom of his extraordinary conduct, I suggested that a good thrashing might teach him better manners. Several heavy strokes from a riding-whip were then laid across his back, but failed to cause any impression. After certain other measures had been adopted, he woke up with a start, being quite at a loss to understand the scene around him. He could not be persuaded that he had been doing anything but sleeping, and it was evident that he was perfectly unconscious of what had passed. He recollected very well several things he had done just before he fell asleep, but after that all was blank. His eyes were several times forced open during his trance, and the pupils contracted and dilated, but his vision was unaffected. When I first saw him, his pulse was one hundred and thirty-six, full and hard; but afterward it sank to eighty, with a slight perspiration on his forehead. I afterward learned that he had shortly before been attacked by fever, which had affected his head.

"Strange and unaccountable as this story may appear, I can assure you that it is not a solitary one; for I have been called in to attend many other cases of somnambulism, though none were so pronounced and striking as that which I have just described."

These cases clearly prove, as dreams also do, that our mental faculties are by no means torpid during sleep; and it is curious that persons who are of sleep-walking habits should be able during sleep to do many things, and to accomplish safely many reckless feats, from which they would shrink with dread when not under the influence of sleep.

SPEAKING A FOREIGN LANGUAGE.

Miss Selina Bunbury, the writer of "A Tour in Norway and Sweden," relates some amusing blunders committed in the course of her attempts to secure the services of a traveling companion who could drive her into the country. After sundry failures, a Scandinavian professor succeeded in finding a collector of fairy legends who was desirous of making a tour in quest of the lore of fairyland, and consented to take the whip and reins in Miss Bunbury's carriage.

"The professor had told me," she writes, "that the fairy-legend hunter spoke English—a delightful knowledge this was to me, for I am by no means strong in Northern tongues. Thus, in the hope of using and hearing my own, I was quite at ease when the next day they both made their appearance. The professor presented me formally. Herr Fairy-hunter made a great many bows, and as so many bows involve a good many courtesies, I inclined nearly as often.

"Then, with a last reverence, he spoke in English, and said, very slowly:

"'I complain of you much that you are so disagreeable; but now I make an extra.'

"'I made my best reverence in reply.

"Such a speech, by way of a complimentary one, was rather startling, and not a little alarming. I looked nervously at the professor, who, with profound gravity, interpreted his friend's meaning thus: 'He pities you for being so disagreeably circumstanced; but he is making an abridgment of his book, and therefore cannot now make his tour.'

"I bowed with a sense of relief, and the fairy-hunter and myself exchanged some sentences which I do not record, as I believe the fairies alone would be able to understand the language. 'I have got another plan for you,' said the professor; 'yes; this is the very thing.

A teacher of music here wishes to take his wife and child into the country, and one of our opera-voices, who also speaks Italian—which you do likewise—will go with them. They will join you, but as they must leave their affairs here, they expect you will pay the traveling expenses. They will bring their own provisions, because there are none to be got on the road. That is fair.'

" 'Very fair, indeed,' I answered ; 'the very thing.'

" 'I complain of you much !' murmured the fairy-hunter, looking at me compassionately.

" 'You must, then, take a carriage,' said the professor.

" 'It will be quite filled,' I replied. 'Four persons, with horse-cloaks, pipes, tobacco-pouches, provisions, and luggage !'

" 'And the child,' added the professor.

" 'Ah, I suppose I must take it on my knee.'

" 'You are very disagreeable,' said the fairy-hunter, with a look of commiseration at me ; but I thought, secretly, that others were still more disagreeable.

" 'But Mr. Murray's handbook says it is dangerous to take a heavy carriage over the hills of Norway, and certainly a roll down among such etceteras would not be pleasant,' I added. Herr Fairy-hunter moved uneasily on his chair, worked his hands together, shook his head disapprovingly, and said, 'You must be complained of !' "

Miss Bunbury at last succeeded in finding a guide and companion.

THE ORIGIN OF HOSPITALS.

For the origin of hospitals we must grope in the thick darkness of the most remote antiquity. Thirteen or fourteen centuries before the Christian era there lived a great healer of the sick, named Æsculapius. According to Homer's "Iliad" (Book II.), two of the sons of this physician were in the Grecian army that besieged Troy, and they, too, were physicians, endowed with superhuman skill by their "parent-god."

Æsculapius, then, was already regarded as the god of the healing art. Temples were ere long erected in his honor in Greece, and afterward in various parts of the Roman Empire. There was a famous one at Epidaurus, a city on the Greek coast, forty miles from Athens. This city enjoyed the profitable reputation of having been the birthplace of Æsculapius, and near it, in a secluded valley, was erected a temple to him. The ruins of this temple, which was of great extent and magnificence, still exist.

The Greeks called the building a temple, but it became a true hospital. It was thronged with invalids from all parts of Greece, and from more distant countries—even from Rome itself. The priests who served in this temple practiced medicine, performed surgical operations, and did all in their power to promote and hasten the cure of their pilgrims. Nor did they fail to advertise their success, for the walls were covered with tablets, describing the wonderful cures which the god had wrought, and the temple was richly decorated with the costly offerings presented to the god by grateful patients.

There was another not less famous temple of Æsculapius at Pergamus, in Asia Minor. The concourse of the sick to this temple was immense and incessant. Emperors and kings went on pilgrimage to it from Rome, and from the most distant regions of the earth, to invoke the god and take prescriptions of the priestly physicians.

Here we have every feature of a hospital excepting its charitable character. But that, too, was at length supplied. If the rich brought costly offerings to the god, the poor could not maintain themselves. For them, at length, benevolent souls erected buildings in which they could live while undergoing treatment, and this almost completed the resemblance to a modern hospital. The Roman Emperor, Antoninus Pius, mentions that he had built an edifice for the reception of sick people near the temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus.

During the first two Christian centuries, when Christians were a despised and persecuted sect, we know that they banded together in various ways, both for mutual benefit and for the relief of poorer brethren. The first authentic information of this latter fact is derived from an enemy of Christianity, the Emperor Julian, sometimes called the Apostate. He commanded one of the high priests in Galatia to establish a free tavern in every city, and he appropriated a fund for the maintenance of the same. The emperor gives this remarkable reason for founding these establishments : "For it is disgraceful," he says, "when there is not a beggar found among the Jews, and when the godless Galileans support our poor, as well as their own, that our people should be without our help."

These words were written about the year 360, and it was at this time that hospitals, such as we now know them, took their rise. While the Roman Empire was breaking up there was widespread suffering from want and disease, and then it was that the Fathers of the Church, aided by benevolent women, founded numerous hospitals, particularly in connection with monasteries.

During this period the tide of pilgrims no longer set toward the temples of the heathen deities, but toward Palestine, a country which yielded scanty supplies to the Christian pilgrims, many of whom perished there. For their relief St. Jerome founded a hospital at Bethlehem, the money for which was in great part supplied by rich and noble Roman ladies among his converts. When Rome was sacked by Alaric in 410, many of Jerome's old friends fled from the devastated city to the hospital at Bethlehem.

From that period almost every religious house had in connection with it some kind of infirmary, dispensary, alms-house, or hospital.

RIVALS.

Upon opposite corners of a London street, many years ago, were two restaurants between whose proprietors there existed a bitter spirit of rivalry which they took no pains to conceal. Into one of these the notorious Beau Brummell, in the days of his poverty, strolled one day, and, with a nonchalant air, walking up to the host, said :

"Well, landlord, I should like to have a dinner, a good dinner ; I presume I can have it for my money ?"

"Certainly," said the host. "What shall it be ?'

"Can't say. Where's your bill-of-fare ?"

The landlord handed him the needed document, and, after poring over it for a moment or two, Brummell gave his order, and gave it with all the liberality of a prince. Nothing among the viands would suit him unless of the best, nor would he have any wines but those of the choicest and most expensive brands. The dinner was a success, and Brummell, as he walked up to settle for it, was thoughtful enough to mention that fact, at the same time putting his hand into his pocket and pulling out a shilling, which he handed to the landlord.

"What is that for ?" asked the host.

"My dinner," replied Brummel.

"Your dinner, sir ! Why, here is the bill for that, which, you see, with the wines, amounts to three pounds ten ; and this you have handed me is only a shilling !"

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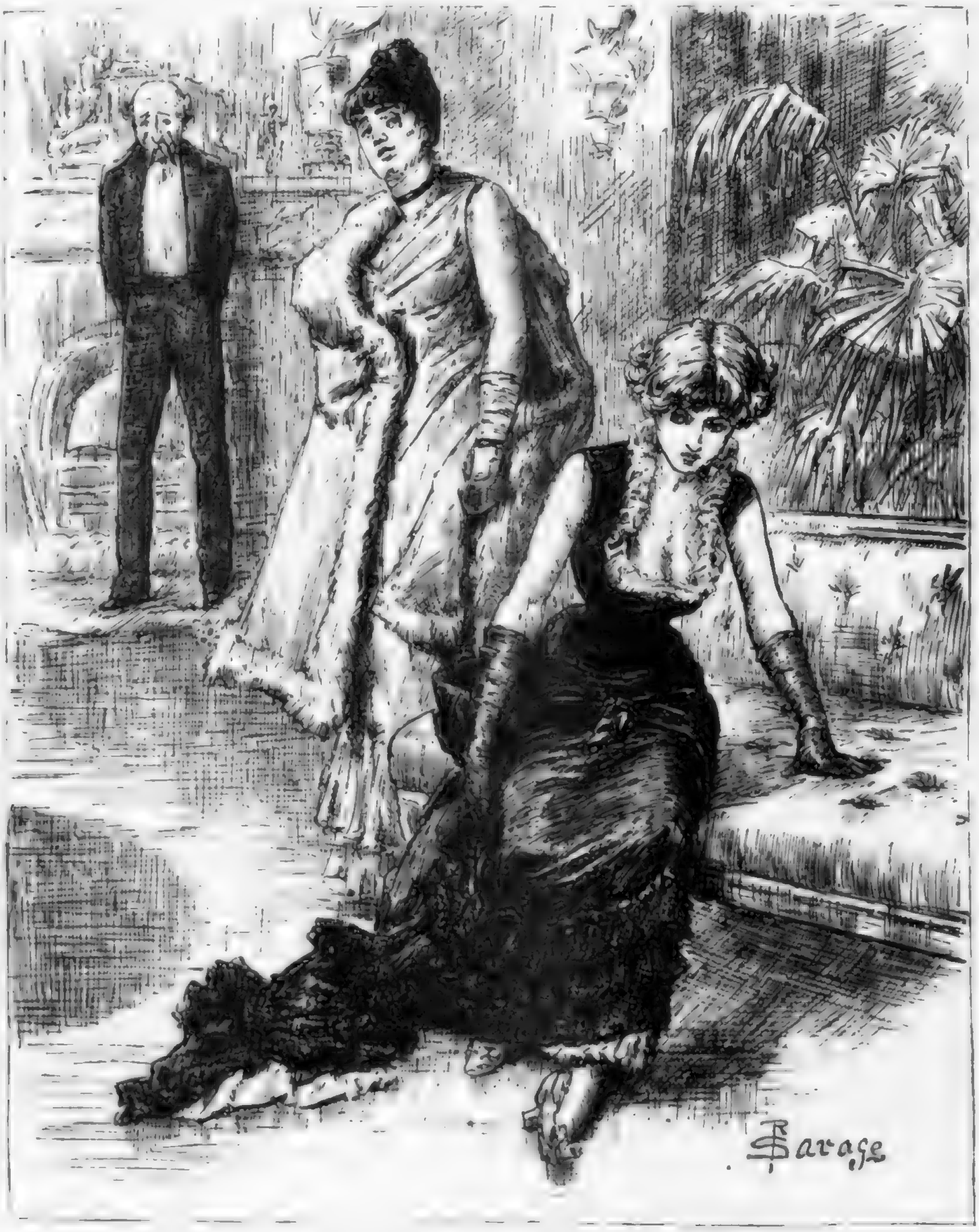
"Yes, I see it is only a shilling," said Brummell, looking curiously at the coin which the landlord held up to him between his thumb and finger; "but I can't help that. You told me I could have a dinner for my money, and I assure you, on the honor of a gentleman, that that little coin is all the money I possess. By some unaccountable accident it happens to be only a shilling; I wish, for your sake, it was something else."



RATHER ROUGH ON HER LORD AND MASTER.

Indignant Mother: "WHY ON EARTH HAVE YOU REFUSED MR. OLDCRANK?"
Obstinate Daughter: "IN THE FIRST PLACE, BECAUSE HE IS OLD AND UGLY."
Indignant Mother: "MY DEAR, DIDN'T I MARRY YOUR FATHER?"

A puzzled, angry look came over the face of the landlord for a moment, and then gave place to a broad grin.

"Well, I suppose this might be called a joke—eh?—one of the very good, if not very funny, sort. Your name is——"

"Brummell, sir—Beau Brummell, at your service."

"I thought so. Well, Mr. Brummell, I assure you that, while appreciating the joke, I am not so selfish as to want to monopolize the whole benefit of it. I'll tell you what I'll do;" and, with a chuckle, he took Brummell's arm, led him to the door, and pointed across the way to the house of his rival.

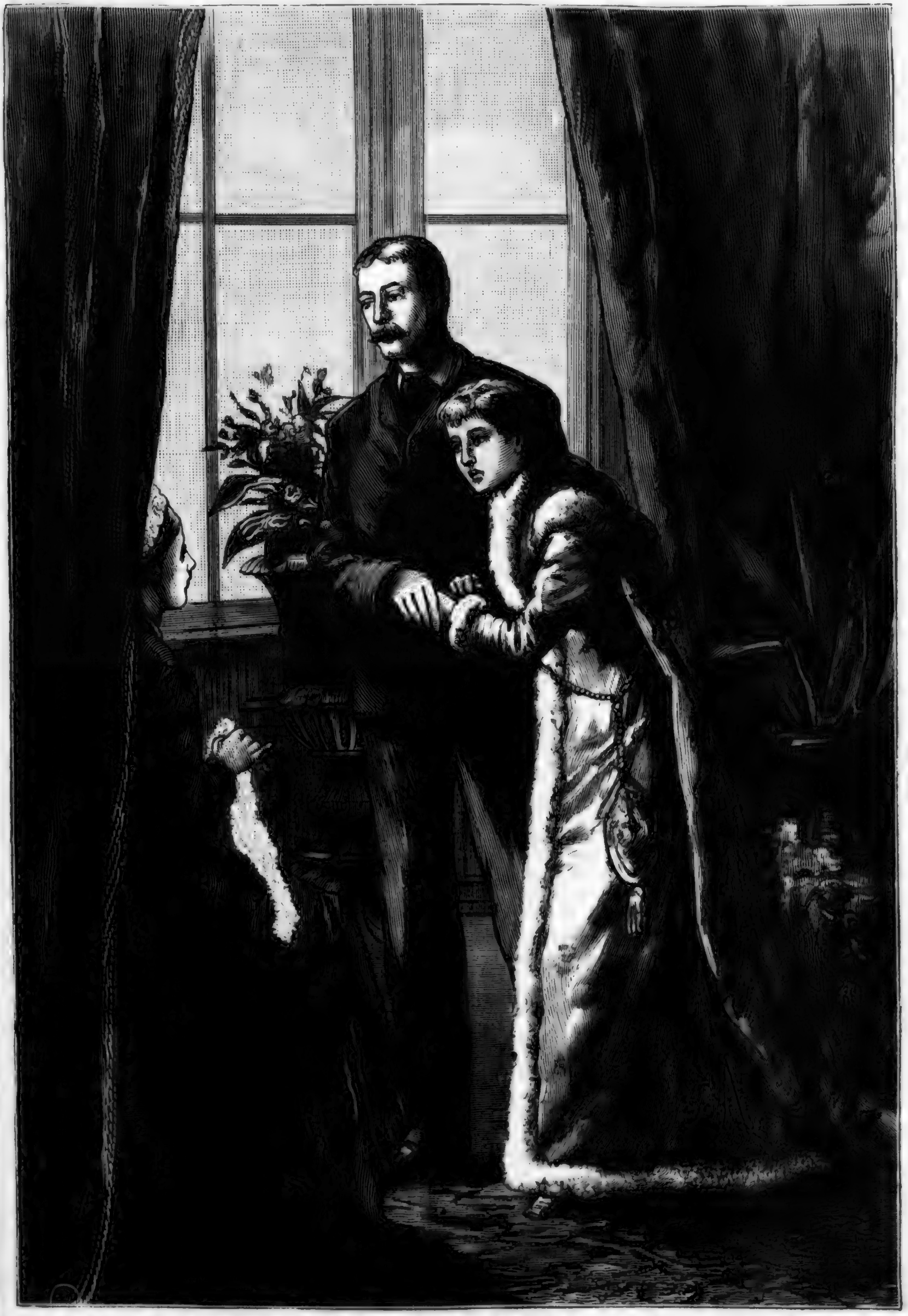
"Do you see that place at the corner there?"

"Quite plainly," said Brummell.

"Well, I will give you a receipt in full for the dinner you have had, provided you will go to-morrow and play the proprietor of that house the same trick."

Brummell paused a moment, as if in thought; then, drawing a card from his card-case and handing it to his host, he said:

"You're a good fellow, and I should like to oblige you. There is my card. If you will furnish me with a list of proper establishments, I will attend to them in their order; but with this fellow across the way I might have some difficulty. You see, I was there yesterday, and he sent me here!"



OF TWO EVILS.—"HER ACQUAINTANCE WITH HER SON-IN-LAW THAT WAS TO BE BEGAN VERY PLEASANTLY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a green fern-leaf, green and slender—
Veining delicate, and fibres tender
Waving, when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass, grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked along the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its sweet, wild way;
No one came to note it, day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain, and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres, clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART III.—THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

John Ampstead and Carrie Eustace were married on the evening of the last Tuesday in June, 1881.

It had been planned, at first, between the lovers, that they would join Mrs. Eustace in Europe, taking her with them for a somewhat extended tour which should last a year or more.

But Mrs. Eustace unexpectedly returned to America only about a week before the wedding. The friend with whom she had been traveling had died suddenly in Paris, and Mrs. Eustace accompanied the remains home.

Mrs. Eustace was pleased with the turn affairs had taken in her absence. Prudently enough, she made some inquiries about John Ampstead, and the answers were more than satisfactory. Her acquaintance with her son-in-law that was to be began very pleasantly, and a true and genuine liking sprang up between the two. It did seem, for once, as though the old-time adage were untrue—the course of true love seemed to run smooth.

So they were married.

Mrs. Bluff had insisted on retaining Carrie Eustace as her guest as long as there was any Carrie Eustace at all, and the wedding party went from her house to the church, and the reception, later, was at her home.

Mrs. Eustace, however, had secured the necessary servants upon her return, most of them persons who had been in her employ before, and had taken up her abode in her own house at once. She wished the newly married lovers to visit Europe as they had planned; she hoped that they would remain abroad for at least a year; but she insisted that she would never again cross the ocean herself. She would remain in her own home until their return. After that she consented to do as her daughter and John desired. If John thought it best to settle in Pleanton, she would live with them in the Braynor masion; if John concluded to remain in New York, they must live with her.

So Carrie Eustace was swept out of the shallow in the stream of life, where she had found shelter; swept out on the flood of love, and, with her life blended with that of the man of her choice, Carrie Ampstead—Carrie Eustace no longer—set her face toward the bright waters of the future, and the boundless, shoreless sea on which life and love are eternal.

* * * * * *

Most wedding tours begin at once. Perhaps that of Mr. and Mrs. Ampstead is the only known exception. But there were certain things which John Ampstead felt it his duty to do before going abroad. Reading the package which John Braynor had left him was one of these things. So the young couple went to Mrs. Eustace's residence after the wedding reception at Mrs. Bluff's, instead of driving down to the pier and taking the steamer for Liverpool as they would have been glad to do.

John had told Carrie the whole story, so far as he knew it, of the package, and of Barcase, and she fully approved his intended course. John had also told Mrs. Eustace something of the strange feature of the Braynor inheritance, and had interested that worthy lady greatly.

"I think," said John Ampstead, "that the importance of this document must be such as to demand something more than a hasty reading of it by myself. I believe it only right to give a formal recognition to that importance. I propose that the document be opened, then, only in the house which was so long the home of the man who left this package to me. I propose that it be read with as much solemnity and regard to form and ceremony as would be given to the reading of a will itself. I shall wish my wife and her mother present; I shall ask my parents to attend; I shall request good old Mrs. Johnson and my life-long friend, Dr. Pilleo, to be there. Bluff & Bragg will be invited to go up from New York, and Mrs. Bluff will be my guest on that occasion. If Seth Barcase is found before then, of course he will be there also."

And thus it was arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Ampstead were to make their home with Mrs. Eustace for the time, longer or shorter, as might be necessary, which elapsed before John Ampstead was able to obtain possession of the document. Bluff & Bragg had assured him that it would be possible, though it might be difficult, to obtain possession of it, unless some one could come forward with definite proof that Seth Barcase was no longer living.

When he had obtained it, Mrs. Eustace, Mr. and Mrs. Bluff, Mr. Bragg and Mr. and Mrs. Ampstead, would all go by the first convenient train to Pleanton. There the remaining witnesses would be invited, and an appropriate time set for the public investigation of the contents of the package.

So on Wednesday morning, John Ampstead kissed his wife "good-by," and took his way to the office of Bluff & Bragg. Bluff was waiting for him, and they went together to the bank where the package had been deposited.

All papers necessary for the peaceable obtaining of the package had been provided. If a suit at law should be necessary in order to secure it, of course the papers would be useless; they would have to trust their chances to a trial of the case. But both men had hopes that it would not be necessary to carry the matter into the courts.

These papers had been provided:

1. A sworn statement on the part of John Ampstead that the authorities of the bank had admitted the fact of the deposit of the package.
2. A certified copy of John Braynor's will, showing that the package was to become the property of John Ampstead under certain conditions which were specified.
3. Sworn proof that John Ampstead had been regularly admitted to the bar.
4. A copy of John Ampstead's marriage certificate, duly sworn to.
5. A statement regarding the absence of Seth Barcase, containing the assertions that detectives were still employed in searching for him; that the detectives had found no clew which warranted the opinion that he was no longer living, and that policies of insurance on his life had never been presented for payment, and that no legal attempt had ever been made to establish the fact of his death. All duly sworn to.
6. A formal demand by John Ampstead for the delivery of the package to him.
7. A receipt prepared to be given in place of the package if the bank authorities should consent to deliver the same.
8. A bond, ready for the insertion of any reasonable amount which might be demanded, and for Mr. Bluff's signature, to be given the authorities of the bank as security against any loss or damage which they might risk by the delivery of the package to John Ampstead instead of to Seth Barcase.

There were some weak points in this armament of legal manuscript, some very weak points; and some gaps in the continuity of the argument which Bluff and Ampstead were ready to make, which their ingenuity was unable to bridge over.

But, on the whole, the two men congratulated themselves on having done very well indeed in what they had prepared.

They came to the bank. They went in. A pleasant-appearing young gentleman stepped forward to serve them.

"I would like to see the cashier," said John Ampstead.

"I am the cashier."

"I expected to meet a gentleman whose acquaintance I made last September."

The cashier smiled.

"He is in Canada."

"Indeed? Why?"

"Because he was very smart."

"Ah."

"And thought himself smarter."

"Oh."

"And found out his mistake, one day——"

"I see."

"In Wall Street."

"And I shall not have the pleasure of meeting him, then?"

"No. He is not expected back."

John Ampstead laughed. His task seemed easy now. He half turned to his companion, though he spoke to the cashier.

"This is my friend, Mr. Bluff," he said; "I presume you have heard of him."

The cashier extended his hand to Mr. Bluff with great cordiality.

"I have not only heard of him," he said, "but I have long known him by sight. I have great pleasure, Mr. Bluff, in making your acquaintance."

Mr. Bluff expressed his pleasure in return, The cashier mentioned his own name. Mr. Bluff introduced John Ampstead.

"I know of you," said the cashier at once. "You are the gentleman in whose behalf the missing lawyer, Mr. Seth Barcase, deposited a certain package here, are you not?"

"I am."

"I have seen the package several times, and have actually found time, once, to read a portion of the remarkable will, a copy of which is with the package."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. And I remember learning of your admission to the bar some time since."

"Do you? You have been interested in this matter, then?"

"I have. And last evening you were married, were you not? Please accept my heartiest congratulations."

"Thank you."

"And I suppose the death of Mr. Barcase has not yet been proved?"

"No sir, it has not."

"Excuse me a moment," said the cashier. He went back to the great vault. In less than a minute he returned. He laid the coveted package in John Ampstead's hand. "This belongs to you of right," he said, "and I take great pleasure in returning it to you. Mr. Bluff will bear me witness that you have it if Mr. Barcase should come back some time and call for it. And now, I am particularly busy to-day. Call again, gentlemen, at any time when you find it convenient. Good-morning." And thereupon John Ampstead and Mr. Bluff took the polite hint and left the bank.

"Well," said John, drawing a long breath, as soon as they were on the sidewalk, "there seems to be two kinds of bank cashiers in this country, don't there?"

"I—I think so," said Mr. Bluff, speaking as though something had happened which had dazed him a little; "only it looks as though the *other kind* might be drifting toward Canada pretty constantly."

The two men went down to the office. The precious package was locked in the safe.

"I think we can go to Pleanton to-morrow, can we not?" asked Ampstead.

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"I think so," replied Bluff.

But Bragg looked up with a troubled expression on his face.

"There are new difficulties and complications in this strange affair," he said, slowly; "and it may be impossible for you to leave New York for days, or even weeks. It is generally understood, Mr. Ampstead, that in any legal affairs in which you are concerned we are your friends and advisers. A new and distracting matter has been brought to my notice this morning. In making it clear I shall have to repeat some things which you know already. Some of my statements will of course be new to you. Mr. Ward Dellerton married Annette, the cousin of Mr. John Braynor; she died in childbirth; her son, Mr. Mortimer Dellerton, lived. When John Braynor died he willed his property to you. A will made by John Braynor's grandfather, under which John Braynor inherited the property, contains certain conditions which leave it extremely doubtful whether the property could be legally left to you while the child of Annette lived. It will give a chance for a very pretty legal fight, and a long one; but I tell you frankly, to begin with, that I am seriously afraid you would lose in the end."

"I don't understand," said John Ampstead.

"Well," said Bragg, "the point is simply this: The Braynor inheritance could not legally be left to any one else while there was one of the Braynor blood still living."

"You mean that that is the claim made against me?"

"That is the claim."

"And who makes it?"

"Mortimer Dellerton does."

"And you think the claim a good one?"

"I fear it is."

"Had he suffered the penalty of his crime——"

Bragg raised his hand imploringly.

"If he had suffered for the murder he undoubtedly committed, there would be no one to question your rights under John Braynor's will. Were he to die now, the case against you would fall into nothingness, for there would be no heir of the Braynor blood. Even as it is, there is a possibility, a doubt, in your favor."

"You have examined the old will under which Dellerton makes his claim?"

"I have."

"And it appears genuine?"

"Yes."

"And regular?"

"I regret to say that it does."

Ampstead was silent for a little time, his head bowed upon his hands upon the table. After some minutes he looked up.

"May it not be that this package has something to tell of this matter?" he asked.

"It may have," replied Bragg.

"Let us be certain, before we decide what action to take in the matter of Dellerton's claims."

"I like the suggestion. It is wise. Let us act upon it at once."

Bluff rose and moved toward the safe.

"Wait!" cried Ampstead; "I did not mean that. I shall adhere to my idea of having that document read only in the former home of John Braynor in Pleanton. We can all go there to-morrow, which is Thursday; Friday can be given to the formal consideration of whatever message the dead may have left me; and on Saturday we can return here."

"Yes; that can be done."

"And, then, we may know what it is best to do. Meantime, I want nothing said of this new difficulty. My wife has made up her mind to go to Europe. I dread having to tell her the trip must be given up; I dread having to tell her that it must be postponed. It is possible that everything may be so arranged that she need not be disappointed. For that reason, and for others which I need not mention, let us keep this matter to ourselves."

"I agree to that, until we return from Pleanton," said Bragg.

"And I do too," said Bluff; "though I know your wife too well not to feel sure that she will be good and true, whatever happens."

"Indeed she will," cried Ampstead; "indeed she will. If we must give up the money which we had hoped to spend in Europe, she will only smile bravely, and try to comfort me."

"Yes," cried Bluff, "that is exactly what she will do."

"And I have my profession. We shall do very well after all, even though we do lose the Braynor inheritance—very well, indeed."

"But," said Bragg, "there are some things which you do not seem to have considered. There are some things of which you do not seem to have thought."

"I do not doubt it. This whole matter has come upon me like a sudden tempest. Please tell me what they are."

"First, that Mortimer Dellerton can hold all the Braynor property—or can hold none."

"Certainly; I understand that."

"And next, the money which you have been using so freely is all his, and must all be accounted for and replaced, or none of the Braynor estate is his."

John Ampstead's face was very, very grave.

"I see," he said, slowly and sadly, "I see. But, even if the case goes against me, I have done no conscious wrong; I am entitled to time in which to pay; surely the law will give me time."

"Doubtless, for the law does not require impossibilities. The money will be due when the suit is decided against you, if it is so decided, and Mortimer Dellerton will have it in his power to thwart and hinder you in your best efforts—for long, long years."

"Merciful Heaven!" groaned Ampstead, "and I have doomed the sweet woman I love to a life like this! It is more than I can bear!"

"Be brave! We will help you. We will help you with advice, credit, money," said Bluff, eagerly.

"Indeed we will," assented Bragg.

"Thank you!" said Ampstead, brokenly; "I will still hope that the need may never come, but I cannot thank you enough for the kindness which has prompted your offer. And now—do I know the worst?"

He rose as he spoke, and walked wearily to the window. Bragg rose in his turn, and, following Ampstead to where he stood, laid his hand kindly and tenderly on the young man's shoulder.

"I fear not. You have mortgaged the Braynor property."

"But you, my true and tried friends, hold the mortgage."

"We did. But we had business reverses; investments turned out badly. We were compelled to raise money. We assigned the mortgage!"

"Well, I have no fear it can be arranged. It was due one year from the time it was given, and that is not very far in the future. But the man to whom you assigned the mortgage will probably be willing to wait for his money. I see no reason why he should not."

"There is a question, even in his case, since he would have to release the security, and our business is in such a shape that we could not do what we would gladly do—give other security for you. But, unfortunately for even the little hope you might have with him, and he *is* a good man, the question is no longer one between him and you. He, in his turn, has sold the mortgage."

"And—and who holds it now?"

"Mortimer Dellerton."

There was silence in the great office for some minutes. One can scarcely imagine how much Ampstead was suffering. It was cruel—cruel—this awful blow which had fallen upon him! It was terrible, this gulf into which he must drag down the woman he loved—the

THE READING LESSON.

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woman who had not been a bride twenty-four hours yet! He shrank from the words which would be said in sneering tones about him; he felt that he had almost rather die than live to see his honor and good name trailed in the dust as it seemed they must be. And only a little while ago he had been so happy. Was it only an hour since that he got the package from the bank which he had so longed to possess? Was it only last night that he called the dearest and sweetest woman in all the world by the sacred name of wife?

He spoke at last.

"We—we will read this document first, at Pleanton—and—and then——"

He paused. He was thinking of the physician from ——— Hospital. He was thinking of the clothing of the nameless man who had died there—of the clothing he had never dared go to see. After a day at Pleanton—he might dare to go.

"And then—what?"

"And then we will see what can be done with this matter of the mortgage. It had best be settled if possible, I suppose, before the suit is decided?"

"Certainly it had, if it is possible. I was going to suggest that very thing. If the suit were likely to be decided in your favor, it would not only make no difference if you left the matter in abeyance, but the half-bravado of such an attitude toward your enemies might actually redound to your good. But the suit will not be decided in your favor; law is against it; evidence is against it; and, hard though it may be to say it, I fear that justice and equity are against it too. We can fight, fail, appeal; we shall fail in the end. We have no case whatever; no case whatever."

"I have the insurance policies on the life of Seth Barcase. That is twenty-five thousand dollars. I can pay all but the interest with that."

"*If* he is dead," said Bragg, quietly.

"I pray God he is not dead," said Ampstead; "whatever my fate may be I pray that he may come back. But he has been gone almost a year. Is it not likely he is dead? Is it not likely that these documents are worth, to-day, the twenty-five thousand dollars which I paid for them?"

He walked to the safe, opened it, took out the bundle of policies, and returned to his place by the window.

"*If* he is dead," said Bragg, in answer; "*if* he is dead; and *if you can prove it!*"

"But if he is dead it can be proven, can it not?" asked Ampstead. He was thinking of the physician's story again.

And Bragg quoted Ampstead's own words for an answer, a doubting and desponding one:

"But he has been gone almost a year."

"The policies will do to borrow money on at any rate, will they not?" asked John Ampstead; "if he is dead, or if he returns?"

"That depends on circumstances. If it appears that the death of the missing man cannot be proven, they are worthless."

"Yes," admitted Ampstead, "I see that."

"And——"

A sudden thought seemed to flash through Bragg's mind.

"Give me the policies," he cried, reaching eagerly for them. "I suppose you paid the premiums on them in December last, did you not?" he asked, sharply, a minute later.

"No, sir, I did not. I—I——"

"You believed him dead, did you?"

The question was sharp and harsh.

"Not exactly. I—I feared——"

"John Ampstead, these are tontine policies; the premiums were due in December, a grace of one month was all that was allowed you in which to make your payments; unless Seth Barcase is dead—unless he died before December—and unless his death can be proven—these are simply so much waste paper. Have you any secret reason for thinking Seth Barcase dead?"

John Ampstead made no answer. He looked at Bragg, but he did not seem to see him; at Bluff, but his glance was vacant. He turned his hot eyes toward the sunny sky outside and far away—so far away!

"*God!*" he said, in a hoarse whisper; "*merciful God! whatever happens to me, to-day, or ever, send Seth Barcase back alive!*"

Bluff came nearer Ampstead. He knew him so well. He loved him so well. He laid his arm along the young man's shoulders.

"In Heaven's name answer!" he pleaded.

Bragg came nearer too.

"Have you any secret reason for thinking Seth Barcase dead?" he asked again.

There was no answer. There was not a sound from John Ampstead. The two men turned to look at him. The young man's face was pale as death. And he was looking—looking with a fixity of gaze that they had never seen in his eyes before—looking far away into the crowd upon the opposite side of the street—looking at one man—at one man only—and following his every motion with his eyes. An old man, a bent and bowed man, a man with a shuffling step and a slouching gait—was the one he watched.

One moment thus. Then John Ampstead had caught his hat, had rushed down the stairs, and was following the man he had seen from the window.

Bluff and Bragg looked at each other amazed.

"Seth Barcase," said Bluff; "Seth Barcase *as surely as God lives!*"

"Seth Barcase; Seth Barcase *as I live!*" said Bragg.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WE must go back a little. Tuesday night, John Ampstead and Carrie Eustace pledged themselves to each other for ever, in the sight of God and of men.

We must go back to Tuesday night, but not to the scene of the wedding of the two true and noble ones whose fortunes we are following.

Tuesday evening—or, rather, almost Tuesday midnight. Mortimer Dellerton is sitting in the Dellerton mansion in New York, the mansion which came to him when Ward Dellerton died, and the law set him free. He is sitting, to-night, in the very room where he shot down a man in cold blood, and that man the one who had taught his baby lips to call him "Father!" One would have thought he would have chosen another room than this for his favorite place in which to read, write, smoke, talk, *or drink*. But tastes differ. Crime has a bravado all its own. You would scarcely think it possible for Martin Glugg to sleep peacefully every night in the very room in which Ward Dellerton died. But he does. That is, he does when night finds him time to sleep at all, and when New York has the honor of sheltering him.

Martin Glugg is sitting opposite Mortimer Dellerton to-night. Between them, on the table—the table on which the servants found Mortimer Dellerton leaning when they broke down the door one horrible night in the long ago—is a box of cigars and a decanter of fine brandy.

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Martin Glugg does not drink, even yet. Ward Dellerton's death has not made an end to the need for clear-headed depravity in his case, it seems. He has an iron will, or he could not do so well that which it is so hard to do. Both men are smoking. Mortimer Dellerton has already taken a great deal more brandy than is good for him ; but he shows no signs of ceasing to drink. He pours more and more of the fiery stuff down his parched and burning throat as the time goes by.

The two men are talking earnestly. Let us go in and sit in the shadows where they cannot see us, and listen to them, and watch them.

“I suppose John Ampstead and Carrie Eustace are married by this time ?” said Glugg, taking out a showy gold watch and looking at the time.

“Yes,” snarled Dellerton, “they were married long ago. The reception is over. The guests are gone. They must be at her home by this time.”

“At the house where we tried to capture her ?”

“Yes. At the place where that desperate fellow so nearly killed me, and where your promptness saved my life. I've never forgotten it of you, Glugg, never, and I never shall.”

“Thank you. Nor of him, I hope.”

“No, nor of him. I would do anything, not too risky, to be even, for once, with him and with her. The great danger is in his watchful friends. Bluff & Bragg are as keen as briars.”

“I should think so. They got you free.”

“What of that ?” sharply and a little sullenly.

“Nothing, except that it proves them sharp enough. You know, as well as I do, that you ought to have been hanged for that.”

Dellerton filled his glass with brandy again, and drank it off with seeming relish.

“Oh, yes, I suppose so,” he said, carelessly ; “but that is a matter of the past. The present and the future are enough for me to think about.”

“So you're beginning to have fears for your safety in another world, are you ?” sneered Glugg.

“Shut up ! Don't be more of a fool than you cannot conveniently help. You may be sure I don't mean anything of the sort. I am concerned solely with the matters of this world. I am interested in the future of Mr. John Ampstead, and—and—Mrs. Ampstead.”

“Yes, so am I.”

“Of course. Because I am.”

“Of course *not* for any such reason. Do you suppose I think only with your brain ? Do you believe I strike only with your hand ?”

“You are in my employ ?”

“Yes.”

“My money pays you ?”

“Yes.”

“You ought to think as I do, and strike where I do, then.”

“Perhaps so, perhaps not. I was not aware that I had sold my soul to you.”

“I should think not. You sold that long ago to—to another.”

Glugg laughed.

“Possibly you're right,” he said. “I take a personal and private interest in Mr. and Mrs. John Ampstead, all the same. Once I meant to keep peace and keep silence. Once I risked much for the sake of peace ; but I am deeply interested, fiercely interested, now.’

“Why ?”

“That's my secret.”

“It is, is it ?” Well, keep it so. I am satisfied with your services so far, and service is what I want ; I don't care at all for the motive. When the loyal service fails, it will be time to—to——”

“Let me see ?” said Glugg, reflectively and mockingly, pointing toward a corner of the room where the shadow showed darkest ; “they found Ward Dellerton there, didn't they, when they broke down the doors after you had murdered——?”

Dellerton held up his hand.

“Stop !” he cried ; “what do you mean ? What has that to do with our relations to each other ?”

“Not much, perhaps ; only when you kill *me*, it won't be as it was when you killed *him*. I am not in the habit of going unarmed. You won't shoot me down like a dog, Mr. Mortimer Dellerton, when you are displeased with me—or done with me. If you ever swear that you killed *me* in self-defense, it will be true, Mr. Mor——”

“But the authorities decided that it was done in self-defense.”

“The authorities are fools.”

“My servant swore to what passed between my father and myself.”

“Bah ! A bribed perjurer ! Ring the bell and ask him to bring me a cup of coffee, will you ? Perhaps he'd better bring more brandy for you at the same time.”

“And I explained——”

“Explained ? You ? *You* are a diabolical liar, Mr. Mortimer Dellerton.”

“Well, well. Let us not waste words over a trivial thing like that. We cannot afford to quarrel with one another.”

“You cannot afford to quarrel with me, you mean.”

“Have it so ; it doesn't matter. It takes two parties for every quarrel—we mustn't be two. I want to plan a matter or two to-night, with your help.”

“Very well. I have a plan or two of my own half matured, and it may be that you can assist me through to the end, unless your plans point in a different direction from what mine do. Whom do you mean shall suffer ?”

“Can you ask that ? John Ampstead, of course.”

“Good. I agree with you so far. What of the divine Carrie ?”

Dellerton sprang to his feet and tramped heavily up and down the room two or three times. He came back to the table ; he turned out another glass of brandy ; he drank it at a single gulp.

“What of her ?” he cried ; “what of her ? I adore her—worship her—crave a single smile or a kind word from her. I think of her all day ; I dream of her all night ; I—I——”

“*I hate her !*” interrupted Glugg.

Dellerton rose again, and took a step or two toward Glugg. He was a picture of the most awful passion one could imagine—white, quivering, almost speechless.

“Hate—you—you—you hate ?” he gasped.

Glugg leaned back in his chair and laughed.

“Yes, *hate !*” he shouted, “*hate !* And therefore, *I hope you may get her !*”

“Oh !” said Dellerton, sinking into his chair again.

“Yes,” hissed Glugg, “I do hope it, for if she could find a more awful fate than that this side of——”

“And I will have her yet,” said Dellerton, springing up again, and raging to and fro in the room like some wild beast in a cage ; “I will never give her up—never—never. I will have her ; I will ; I will ; I will !”

“But you've waited pretty well, haven't you ? Have you forgotten that she was married to-night ?”

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"No! But I'll kill——"

Glugg laid his hand on Dellerton's arm.

"There are better ways than killing," he said, sternly; "is it not better to see your enemy suffer, than——"

Dellerton shook off Glugg's restraining grasp. He started toward the door.

"Come, Glugg," he said. "Come."

"Where?"

"To the house of Mrs. Eustace."

"I won't."

"Coward! traitor! I will go alone!"

"You will not."

"I will. I will tear the shrieking bride from the arms of her husband; I——"

"You'll do no such thing. Sit down and talk sensibly."

"I will go. I will burn, I will——"

Glugg caught Dellerton by the shoulders and half-threw him into the chair he had been occupying.

"Sit there," he said, commandingly; "you are drunk. You know better than to act like this."

"You're a miserable traitor, Glugg," said the half-sobered man.

"I'm not, and you know it. I'm the best friend you have in the world, perhaps the only one. Wouldn't you be running an infinitely greater risk in doing as you started to do, than you did the night when John Ampstead foiled you before?"

"Perhaps so; but what is the risk? I'd risk anything—everything—for success, and——"

"Exactly, *for success!* But this would be a failure. Success lies in another direction. Break the woman's heart; estrange her from her husband; make life a burden to her; make her an outcast. And then, at last, when she has sunk so low that shame and sorrow can do nothing more for her—she *may* consent to come to you."

"You're right, Glugg, for once, and——"

"I'm usually right."

"Possibly. At any rate, you're right now. And I have begun something that will carry sorrow into the Ampstead family, I can tell you."

"Yes, I know what you've done. You've directed your lawyers to bring suit against John Ampstead for the possession of the Braynor property."

"How do you know? How did you find that out? My talk with my lawyer was private. Even Ampstead's lawyers, Bluff & Bragg, won't know until to-morrow. *How do you know?*"

"Never mind how I know. Did nature give me keen ears and light feet for nothing. You'd better ask me how I got that information which you use so readily and independently."

"There's no need of asking that. You're an expert thief, beyond a doubt."

"Thank you. Praise from you is praise indeed. I fancy that I am not a bungler; I flatter myself that when I undertake to do a thing, I do it—unless some wretched fool has done the very thing first. But see here, Dellerton, was it quite the thing to begin the suit in this way? Was it just and fair to use the information I furnished, and say nothing to me about it?"

"You gave it to me to use, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't know as much then as I do now about—about——"

"About what?"

"I didn't know Carrie Eustace at all, for one thing."

"No, nor I Ampstead. Curse him; why did he come in my way as he did? He might have kept the Braynor estates and welcome if he had never crossed my path."

"He might?"

"Yes, he might."

"Not if I could help it. I have told you that I hate that man with a deadly hatred. Had he never crossed your cruel, crooked road to perdition, you should still have forced him to disgorge that property. Once, for a little time, I dreamed of letting a certain man's death save those he left behind him. It was madness."

"You speak strongly."

"I feel so. I would have found a way to make you do my will. Never more, for John Ampstead, shall there be peace. That is certain."

"You forget that you are my servant, Martin Glugg, and that I am your master."

"I forget nothing. Accident and circumstance made you rich; they made me poor. But he is master who has most of knowledge and the power it bestows."

"And you boast of your knowledge?"

"I do. And justly so."

"What do you know?"

"No matter now. If you will be patient for a little I think I'll tell you."

"I'll try to cultivate patience, then. Where did you find what you know?"

"Not in schools. In musty church registers and court records, and in other ways."

"Indeed! And will you consent to shed the light of your greater intelligence and superior culture upon me?"

"Don't sneer. You are not so handsome when you sneer, Mr. Mortimer Montgomery Dellerton, and, when a man has nothing but beauty to recommend him, he should take the best of care of that. I will give you some good instruction. And, since a mind unused to such a thing must be dealt with as one would deal with the stomach of a starving man, I will give you something easy to understand, at first."

"Preach on, I listen."

"First, then, this: In grinding a man like John Ampstead, with a wife like Carrie—Carrie *Ampstead* (why do you wince so?)—in grinding them down into poverty you only bind them closer together. Do that, and let no one—no strong and sensible Glugg, for instance—stay your effort, and you will have lost the woman for ever."

"I—I hadn't thought of that. I half believe you are right."

"And the pressure you bring to bear upon Ampstead will bring out the genius in him. You will make his life a success, and his name immortal, unless you are careful."

"I fear that is true. What shall I do?"

"You do not know? I thought you didn't. I have been painfully picking up information and patiently putting my plans together while you have been drinking brandy in the gambling-dens. I know exactly what I am going to do, and exactly how I am going to do it. And you are going to help me——"

"Am I?"

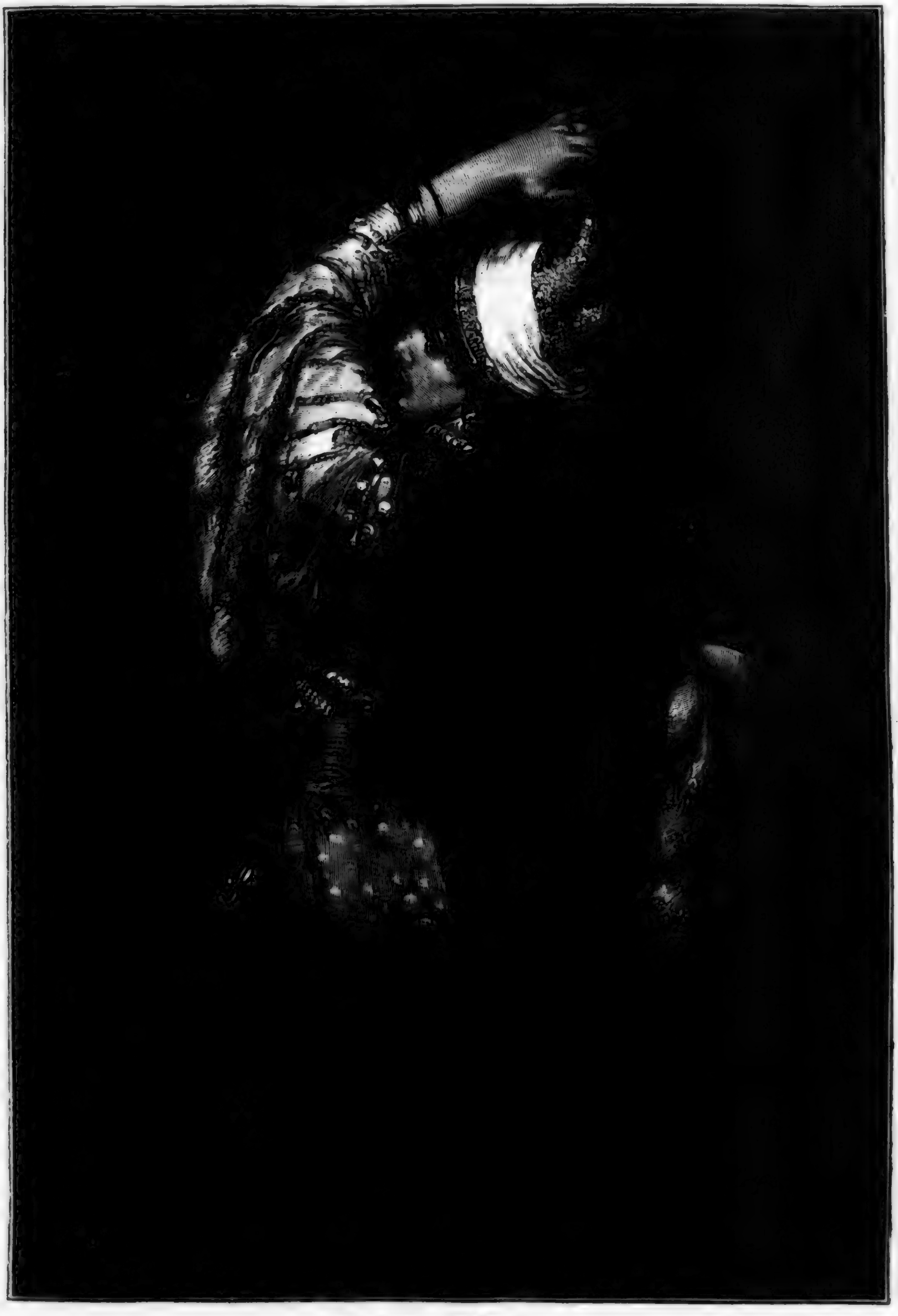
"Or you are going to do nothing."

"Why?"

"Because my plans will succeed. Knowledge is power. You may fight beside me and win; fight alone and lose, or sit still and do nothing."

"Thank you. Will you kindly enlighten me regarding the part in your plans which you wish me to take?"

"You're spoiling your good looks again. Don't do it. I will tell you presently. First, though, let me ask you



FATIMA OPENING THE FATAL DOOR.

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a question or two. Are you going to dare try to abduct Mrs. Ampstead ?"

"I—I don't know. I think not."

"Your case is hopeless, then, unless you can part her from her husband ?"

"I confess it looks so."

"The Braynor estate is a good one. Think well before you answer my question. Which would you rather have, the Braynor lands and houses and money, or your chance to lower the woman to your level when circumstances have made it impossible for her ever to look her husband in the face again ? Which will you give up, the certainty of the property, or the hope of the woman ?"

"There isn't any question. If such a choice were given me I would give away the property in a moment. I would give anything—everything——"

"Wait a moment. This is a handsome house. Ward Dellerton left a fine estate. Would you give that too ?"

"Yes. I would give all—all——"

"That won't be necessary. How much money have you that is your own, acquired by yourself, independent of the estate which came to you with the blood of a murdered man upon it ? In other words, how much of the money which you have stolen from swindled and ruined men at the gambling-table have you had the sense to save ?"

"I don't like your mean way of putting the matter, Glugg ; but I've saved about a hundred thousand dollars."

"Hm ! That represents lots of ruined men and lost lives, doesn't it ? And you would be willing to let all else go if by so doing you could tear asunder the bonds which unite John Ampstead and the woman he calls his wife, would you ?"

"Yes—yes. I would give all for vengeance."

"You shall have vengeance, never fear. I know now that we can work together. You must give up the Braynor inheritance and the Dellerton inheritance too. I am glad you will do it willingly. You would have been compelled to do it anyway."

"Give up ? Work with you ? Compelled ? What do you mean ?"

"I'll tell you what I mean, and all that I mean ; but you must let me do it in my own way. Do you remember the first time you ever saw me ? the first time you were conscious of it ?"

"Certainly. I looked in at a certain window, and frightened you most to death."

"Glugg scowled.

"I didn't mean just that. Do you remember our first interview ?"

"Perfectly. I shall never forget that horrible, slimy pool among the hills. I can shut my eyes and see it now, with the ghastly mist hanging over it like the shadow of death, and the trees stooping down about it like——"

"Don't ! Let us eschew poetry, and stick to plain, practical, vindictive prose. You told me what you came for ; I presume you spoke the truth ?"

"Certainly. I said that I'd heard that you came and lamented over my father when he was dead. I wanted to know why."

"My answer didn't quite satisfy you, I think ?"

"No, it didn't. You said that Ward Dellerton had done something once which made you interested in him. You wouldn't tell me what."

"I will to-night. When Ward Dellerton first knew me he was visiting in one of the Southern States. I had been a slave. I have enough negro blood in my veins for that, and enough to make me as savage as the African barbarians who were my ancestors on my mother's side ; but I was white enough to be shrewd and sharp. I had earned money enough to buy my freedom, and I had bought it. Then I had a quarrel with a man, and I killed him. I was in prison for my crime. Ward Dellerton visited the prison. I was pointed out to him as one of the most remarkable men confined there—a man who had had the power to rise above the conditions under which he was born, but weak enough to commit a crime which condemned him to pass the best years of his life in prison."

"I see ; and my father——"

"Be quiet. You see nothing. I was a remarkable man ; I proved it that very night. A human life stood between me and the freedom I had always longed for, and had had once. And I—I took freedom."

"And then ?"

"And then I hid myself in the far North. I thought myself safe until Ward Dellerton came courting Annette. I even thought then, though I knew that he knew me, that he would be merciful."

"And he—he was merciful ?"

"*He was not!* I had a quarrel with him one day. He taunted me with something of my past, and he struck me with his whip across my face. You can see the lines where his lash fell, sometimes when I am very angry and red in the face—sometimes when I am very pale. I had been drinking ; I was half insane with liquor. I tried to kill him—I failed."

"I thought you never drank."

"Since then I never have. Liquor shall never cross my lips again until I have had all the vengeance which I have promised myself. What do you suppose that fiend did ?"

"I cannot guess."

"He notified the authorities where I could be found. He buried me alive for twenty long, lingering years. Think of the days of your own imprisonment, Mortimer Dellerton, and guess, if you can, what twenty years would be."

"It would be terrible," said Dellerton, in a whisper.

"It was terrible ; but I lived them all out—lived them patiently. Then I came to see Ward Dellerton, and I found him dead ! dead ! dead !"

"And you were glad ?"

"Glad ? I could have given my life to have been earlier. He was dead. He was beyond my power, and I had not killed him with my own hand."

"And after that ?"

"After that, at first, I thought for a little time that his death was enough. But no. It was not long before I swore that his accursed blood should regret having been born ; that I would torture them and kill them, and——"

"Do you mean that you hate me like that—*me?*"

"Have you not guessed yet ? I am your friend, not your foe. I am your friend, *because you are not a Dellerton!* Two children, an Ampstead and a Dellerton, were changed in infancy ! You are an Ampstead ; your foe and mine is a Dellerton, and——"

"How do you know ?"

"No matter how I know—I do know. I can prove it, and——"

He bent across the table and whispered something in his comrade's ear.

"Is that the truth ?" gasped Dellerton.

"It is the truth—the devil's truth," said Glugg.

Dellerton grasped Glugg's hand and shook it as though he would never let it go.

"I am yours," he cried, "yours. You are master indeed. Let me be your follower and imitator. I am yours, body and——"

"Don't say it. It is not for you to dispose of that again."

Morning looked in upon them, and shone on no more wicked or dangerous men in all the world.

Chapter XXX.

When John Ampstead ran down from the office of Bluff & Bragg, he was as certain that he had found Seth Barcase at last—found him alive and found him well, as he was certain of his own existence. And he said to himself that he would follow him until he could overtake him and speak with him.

It is difficult to force one's way along a crowded sidewalk. At about noontime the sidewalks near Bluff & Bragg's were always crowded, as indeed they were in most parts of the city. But the fugitive went rapidly, and Ampstead fought his way after him.

John Ampstead was a gentleman. He never forgot the duties which a true gentleman should always perform toward his fellow men and women in the street or in crowded assemblies. He always remembered the magic effect of "I beg pardon" in healing torn clothing or tender toes; but to-day, while he remembered duty, he did not act upon it. He could not—he had not the time. Deliberately and unshrinkingly, for the time being, he laid aside his character as a gentleman and became a man of the mob. How swiftly he followed Seth Barcase! And swiftness was needed! Was the long-missing lawyer a mere man of the mob himself? or had he moved up and down in this eternal ebb and flow of human life until he knew how to take every advantage which circumstance offered to hurrying feet?

Or, was he an intangible something which would outstrip the swiftest, though the street were clear?

On Barcase hurried. Not far behind hurried Ampstead, too. Sometimes the pursuer lost sight of the pursued, once or twice he thought he had lost him altogether; but he was always wrong. He always found that stooped form, that slouched hat, and that swift, shambling gait again, ahead of him in the crowd.

Ampstead eagerly elbowed men; he pitilessly pushed women; he swung children so thoroughly out of his way that they stood at corners or in doorways, helplessly stranded, watching the current flow by, wondering, open-mouthed and open-eyed, just what had happened.

He paid no attention to the curses the men uttered, nor to those the women didn't. On he rushed, heedless of anything but the one object of his chase. What had these people, among whom he so rapidly rushed, to think of or hope for which was one-half so important as his mission? Was not he to fathom a mystery of life and death? Was not he not about to find where and why a man had been hidden from keen-eyed search for almost a year?

The chase ended at the door of a cheap restaurant, into which scores of men were crowding—a restaurant which made no great pretensions of style; a place where a man could buy a good cigar, a glass of beer, or get a decent meal for a moderate price. Ampstead had followed his man for a quarter of a mile at least.

John Ampstead went in with the crowd. The man he had followed had seated himself at a table some distance from the door. He had removed his hat; he was already giving the order for his dinner.

Was it Seth Barcase? Was John Ampstead right?

Certainly. The coat was getting old and shiny in places now, but it was the one which the lawyer had worn when John Ampstead left him standing on the steps of the bank building, so long ago. His hair had grown longer than it had formerly been—perhaps he had neither the time nor the money to devote to the proper care of it. There was a rough stubble of beard, a week old at least, on the face which had always been so smoothly shaven in the olden time. The months had bent his shoulders, weakened his step, taken something of firmness from his face. There was something on the forehead, high up, and half hidden by the long and unkempt hair, which looked like a scar, and Barcase had had none there. But the eyes, a little dimmer, perhaps, were the same; the smile, a little sadder, no doubt, was the same; the features, the posture, the gestures, the gait, all—all—in spite of the shadowy and intangible changes which time had wrought, were the same as they had been since John Ampstead's earliest memory of his lifelong friend.

John Ampstead did not hesitate. He walked down to the table where the man had seated himself, laid his hand upon his arm, and called him by name.

The man looked up at John, looked up with the eyes of Seth Barcase—looked long and searchingly. There was no trace of recognition in his glance; there was no smile upon his face; there was no joy upon brow or lips. In his eyes there was something—something vague and weary and watchful and wistful—which chilled John Ampstead's very heart to see there. It was as though life had not given light to the mind behind the eyes, as though there was some puzzling question for which experience had never found an answer. Not madness there nor mania, but rather something utterly lacking, something quenched, blotted out, gone! and half conscious sorrow standing in its place!

"You are mistaken, sir," said the man; "that is not my name. I never knew you."

He gave his attention to his dinner, then, evidently a little nervous and hurried.

Was it Seth Barcase? Was John Ampstead right?

Ampstead walked slowly down the room to where the cashier for the restaurant sat.

"You saw me speak to that man?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"What is his name?"

"I don't know.

"Do you know anything about him?"

"No."

"Did you ever see him before?"

The cashier looked at Ampstead suspiciously.

"Why do you want to know? Who are you? I cannot spend my time answering your questions."

Ampstead pushed a ten-dollar gold-piece across the counter toward the man.

"Give me a good cigar," he said, aloud; "I don't care for the change," he added, in a low tone.

The cashier looked longingly at the gold coin, then at Ampstead's face, then at the coin again.

"Detective, I suppose?" he said, without looking up. Then he suddenly gazed full in Ampstead's face, and finished: "We keep an orderly place here; if you'll promise not to make an arrest or any disturbance here, I'll——"

"I promise that," said Ampstead, eagerly; "now tell me all you know about the man."

"I will," he answered, putting the money in his pocket,

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"though it isn't much. I don't know his name; I don't know his business; I don't know his residence. But I have seen him before, very many times. He has taken his meals here, three times every day—morning, noon and night—for almost a year."

John Ampstead started. This was wonderful information indeed.

"Almost a year is a little indefinite," he said, trying to control his agitation; "will you try to remember when he first came here."

"That is rather a hard thing to do, especially when you remember that a man may be here several times before we notice him very much. But I should say that—that—that this man has been here regularly since as long ago as the middle of last September, and was possibly here before that."

"Possibly how much before? There was a time, if I understand you, when he had attracted your notice to such an extent that you are sure he has eaten his meals here since; you give the middle of last September as that time. Before that, there was a time, longer or shorter, during which he may have been here, or may not; you cannot say. Is that correct?"

"It is."

"Well, then, before that, if we go back far enough, there was a time when you know he had never been here. How far must we go back for that?"

"Not further than some time in August last."

"You feel sure of that."

"I do."

They conversed, then, for a little time, on ordinary topics. The subject of their conversation finished his dinner; he came down to the cashier's desk and paid his bill; he gave Ampstead a sidelong glance of puzzled distrust; then he went out.

And John Ampstead followed him.

Back again, over the same route which they had gone before, the pursuer and the pursued went. There were the same scenes of hurry and rush and crush; the same scenes of trivial personal injury or discomfort, and the same useless anger following; the same scenes—with a new audience of hindering spectators—that had characterized the former journey.

Back again, up the street down which he had followed him; back again, in full sight of the windows of Bluff & Bragg, in front of which this missing fugitive had passed six times every day since before John Ampstead knew him to be missing at all; back to the corner just beyond the staircase leading to Bluff & Bragg's office, John Ampstead followed Seth Barcase.

And then—Mr. Barcase entered the first door beyond the corner, the door of a huge mercantile establishment, employing many men in many capacities, and, going back to the rear of the room, perched himself upon a high stool before a long desk, and was soon busy with a pile of ponderous books. There were many other clerks there who were also busy with the great books, but Seth Barcase seemed most oblivious of the world about him, and most forgetful of anything but the tedious array of accounts, of them all.

(*To be continued.*)

Logic is a large drawer, containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous. But a wise man will look into it for two purposes: to avail himself of those instruments that are really useful, and to admire the ingenuity with which those that are not so are assorted and arranged.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE SUN.

The study of all things relating to our great central luminary has always been, and must always be, an intensely interesting one. Worshiped at one time as a god, and long regarded with awe and reverence, it is now recognized as the source of all our energy. Where, indeed, can man find a more fitting study than the great ruler of our planetary system, the prime origin of our light and lives, without which this earth would wander through space, a cold, black, uninhabited and uninhabitable globe?

In all advancement of knowledge, it is interesting, and indeed expedient, occasionally to take one's stand and to survey the labor of the past years, asking one's self what has been already done, and what yet remains for future generations to do. What do we know? and what do we want to know? The last quarter of a century has been a fruitful one in all branches of natural, and especially physical, science; few, indeed, are the departments of research which cannot show some great advance or some important point gained; and this advance has been greatly characteristic of the science of physical astronomy, especially in relation to solar phenomena. In view of the brilliant discoveries made in electricity and the kindred sciences, we are apt to lose sight of the importance of pure science. The former, by ministering to the everyday wants of man, appeals to his less refined nature; while the latter, appealing only to the mind, and not to the body, takes root with more difficulty.

Now, let us turn our attention to the sun. What do we know about it, first, as regards its place in the universe; second, its physical and chemical constitution; and third, its relation to our earth? The first of these questions may, in the present state of our knowledge, be almost completely and satisfactorily answered, and it is not now necessary to pass in review all the results which have been achieved. We know, of course, that the sun is an enormous globe, distant some ninety-four millions of miles from our earth, and round which our earth revolves. Its diameter is about eight hundred and fifty-two thousand miles; and, as far as can be detected by the most delicate measurements, it is perfectly spherical, and, unlike the planets, there is no difference between its equatorial and polar diameter. We must not, however, jump to the conclusion that the laws of nature are canceled in the solar regions, and that centrifugal force has no effect; but we must remember that measurements where the true body of the sun can never be seen, are at the best exceedingly difficult and untrustworthy. According to Laplace's nebular theory, which in a modified form is nowadays accepted by most astronomers, the sun once extended over the whole space now occupied by the planets, and by its gradual contraction has given birth to the solar system, with its countless array of planets, asteroids, and satellites. The contraction of bulk is supposed by many to be still going on, and to be the source of all the sun's heat.

Other theories have been, from time to time, advanced to account for the origin of the immense amount of energy, in the form of heat, hourly radiated away from the sun's surface, among which we may mention the meteoric theory, which supposes the heat to be generated by an incessant shower of meteorites, which, falling with great velocity on the sun's surface, raise it to an intensely high temperature. There seems, however, to be no reason for going far afield to search for the source of the sun's energy, and the simple theory of contraction has been mathematically shown by Helmholtz to be amply suffi-

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cient to account for the vast amount of energy radiated into space, and, with the exception of a very small portion of it, lost.

Following almost immediately upon the discovery of the telescope was the discovery of the most remarkable physical phenomena observed on the surface of the sun—the solar spots. It is not well known who first observed them, nor, indeed, is it very important. Their discovery follows as a necessary consequence on the invention of the telescope, and no particular credit is due to their first observer. The appearance of a sun-spot is familiar to most people, yet there is scarcely a more striking object in the whole realms of astronomy. When viewed with a powerful telescope, its appearance is indeed beautiful—the dark black nucleus or central portion surrounded by the penumbra, which has something of the appearance of an interlaced and entangled mass of silver threads, but with a general tendency in direction toward the centre of the spot; sometimes projecting into the centre, forming promontories, islands, and capes of silvery white in a dead black sea. The size of the spots is enormous. Herschel observed one fifty thousand miles in diameter, or more than six times the diameter of the earth. Sometimes clusters of innumerable small ones are observed; and it is seldom that the surface of the sun is entirely free from them.

PUTTING UP THE CHRISTMAS WREATHS.

The first important result that followed the observation of sun-spots was the determination of the sun's period of rotation, which has been approximately fixed at twenty-seven and one-third days. But here a very curious fact meets our notice, which is this—that the rate of rotation of all portions of the sun's surface is not the same; there seems to be some retarding action at work, which, acting on the equatorial regions, causes them to lag behind. We must, however, remember that nobody has, in all probability, ever seen the solid body of the sun, and that all the results are based on measurements made upon a gaseous, or, at all events, liquid envelope. The spots, too, have generally some proper motion of their own, more or less irregular; and although we can rely on such observations for obtaining roughly the general rate of rotation on the sun's surface, we cannot rely on them for delicate and accurate measurements. The formation of a spot is a slow process, and has often been observed; their disappearance, too, generally takes some time. They have, however, on one or two occasions, been observed to explode and absolutely disappear almost in a minute or two; which, when we consider their enormous size, is an astounding phenomenon.

Various theories have from time to time been proposed to account for their formation, the one which now meets with most general acceptance being that proposed by Faye. According to his hypothesis, the spots are formed of huge masses of vapor, which, having been cooled and partly condensed in the upper regions of the sun's atmosphere, sink into the fiery sea, which goes by the name of the photosphere or light-giving portion of the sun. The action may be compared to that of an immense snowflake, which, falling into water, is gradually melted. This theory seems to agree best with all the observed phenomena, and, in default of a better one, we must for the present accept it. Fresh light is, however, being thrown on the subject year by year, and we may look forward to the time when we shall possess such data as shall enable us to form a complete and satisfactory theory of sunspots.

We now come to another and not the least remarkable thing connected with the spots—their period of maximum and minimum. To Schwabe of Dessau we owe the discovery of this remarkable law, which may be thus stated: The average number of spots on the sun's surface is maximum at intervals of about eleven years. After a period of maximum, the average slowly decreases till it reaches its minimum in five and a half years. It then as slowly increases again, till it reaches the next maximum period—thus continually and regularly fluctuating. The reason of this strange law we cannot, in the present state of our knowledge, conjecture. Various attempts have been made to connect it with the periods, or conjunctions, of different planets; but, until more exact knowledge of the precise length of the sun-spot period is obtained, we cannot admit any such explanation. One thing is, however, certain—that the periods of sun-spot maximum are coincident with the periods of maximum magnetic disturbance on the earth, and with the appearance of the aurora borealis.

The next point that attracts our attention is the phenomenon of the *prominences* or red flames seen during a total eclipse. These remarkable objects have lately been completely studied by means of the spectroscope. The special arrangements that are employed we cannot here enter into; it must suffice to mention that, by means of a particular method of employing the spectroscope, we can now see and study these prominences any day that the sun is shining, and are no longer compelled to wait for the brief moments of a total eclipse. It has thus been found out that they consist of huge clouds of incandescent hydrogen, mixed in some cases with different metallic vapors, and situated at some considerable height above the surface of the photosphere. Their movements are sometimes extremely rapid, and they have been observed to appear or disappear in the course of a few minutes. On one occasion, Professor Young saw one of these prominences erupted to a height of 200,000 miles in an hour or two. There are in the main two classes of prominences—first, the cloudy or nebulous sort, which almost exactly resemble clouds in our own atmosphere, except that they are red; and secondly, the metallic sort, which are much more brilliant, and have more the appearance of sharp tongues of flame. These latter do not generally rise to any great height, and are distinguished in the spectroscope by containing vapors of metals, such as magnesium, in addition to the hydrogen.

Prominences generally occur round a spot, or where a spot is going to break out. When seen on the body of the sun, they appear as *faculæ* or bright spots. During a total eclipse, there is another sight which attracts the attention of the observer, and that is the *corona*, which appears in the form of a silvery white light for some distance round the sun. Its outline is very irregular, and though its appearance seems to remain substantially the same during the same eclipse, it varies much from one eclipse to another. It was at first thought that this phenomenon might be due to refraction in our atmosphere; but this was disproved, and it is now generally believed to be an emanation from the sun itself. Our whole knowledge on the subject is, however, very slight; but we may look forward shortly to the solution of this difficult problem. The light given out by the corona is luckily that sort of light which has most effect on a sensitive photographic plate, and this fact early gave rise to the hope that it might be possible to photograph the corona without the aid of an eclipse. This has, indeed, been done by Dr. Huggins, who has lately obtained photographs which, in the opinion of those best capable of forming a judgment, truly represent the solar corona. The results are, however, not yet given to the world; but it is to be hoped that they soon will be, when we shall be in possession of data that will enable us to form some conjecture as to the true nature of this beautiful and remarkable phenomenon.

Photography has given valuable assistance in the study of solar physics. We have just mentioned the successful attempt to photograph the corona without the aid of an eclipse. At the time of the last few total eclipses, indeed, the corona was satisfactorily photographed. The view thus obtained, together with the hand sketches of observers, have given us useful information as regards its shape and extent. For observations whose object is to determine the amount of the sun's surface covered at any time by spots, photography is most valuable; and at many observatories, a view is taken of the sun every day that it is visible. This was formerly done at Kew, but has now, to the discredit of British science, been discontinued.

The prominences, emitting, as they do, almost entirely red light, are less amenable to this method of observation, and though they have been photographed during an eclipse, without that aid no satisfactory views have been obtained. Many attempts have, however, been made, and we may hope that they will soon be crowned with success. In making astronomical observations with a large telescope, it is necessary that the instrument be so adjusted as to keep the object steadily in view for periods of greater or less duration; else the earth's rotation would carry the object beyond the field of observation. To achieve this, the telescope is moved by clockwork at a rate which shall counteract the earth's rotatory speed.

Any slight failure in the driving clock shows itself by resulting in a hopelessly blurred image.

It is a common thing, on the other hand, for the possessors of small telescopes to think that it is impossible they should ever make anything in the form of a discovery and therefore that it is absurd to try ; and they are content to let their instrument remain a mere toy. This is a mistake. A great deal of good work can be done with a very small instrument, if the observer does not lack perseverance. Continuous observations, especially if the results are carefully noted down, are the most valuable of all ; and for observations to determine such a thing as the periods of sun-spot maximum and minimum, high telescopic power is not requisite. Those more fortunate observers who are blessed with the possession of a good equatorial instrument have plenty of scope for their energies in the observation of the prominences with the solar spectroscope ; and as this method of observing them has only comparatively recently been discovered, there are still a great many difficult points to be solved about them.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Probably the largest chemical mechanical experiment ever thought of was successfully performed lately in New York Harbor by the removal of thé obstruction known as Hell Gate, or Flood Rock, a considerable-sized island, as stated by the papers, about nine acres in extent, in Long Island Sound. The agent employed for this immense engineering work is a preparation, or preparations, of nitro-glycerine, and there is no doubt that this is the only explosive compound which could have been used for the purpose on account of the very enormous quantity required and the peculiar nature of the explosion of this substance. Twenty-four galleries were driven through this island, some of them 1,200 feet long, and these were intersected by some 46 others. These tunnels were about 10 feet high and 8 feet wide, and the roof of rock above them varied from 10 to 25 feet in thickness. The quantity of rock to be removed by the explosive was about 275,000 cubic yards, the quantity removed by tunneling being about 80,000 cubic yards. The holes to be charged were about 9 feet in length and 2½ inches in diameter. The holes were charged first with the blasting gelatine or rackarock and filled to the ends with a dynamite cartridge, to which the detonator and electric wire were attached. In all 14,000 cartridges of a total weight of 14 tons were employed. Near observers describe the explosion as being accompanied by a dull roar, but with only the slightest shaking of the ground, even at a moderate distance. An immense quantity of water was bodily raised up to heights estimated variously at 150 to 200 feet. The results, as far as can be ascertained, are very satisfactory, the rock having been very thoroughly broken up, so that it can easily be dredged away. Had gunpowder been the only explosive available, at least five times the quantity by weight of the nitro-glycerine preparations used in this experiment, would have been necessary and the results would not have been by any means so local or perhaps so satisfactory.

A New Kettle.—A kettle has been invented which is entirely different in construction from the ordinary utensil, but it possesses one prominent feature. While the kettle is practically similar in shape to the article we are so familiar with, it needs but to be inverted to find that it is hollowed out, and that the metal plate is shaped so as to form a diagonal flue, which, starting with the same circumference as the kettle itself, tapers to a small opening immediately below the handle. Thus the capacity of the vessel for carrying water is reduced by about one-third, the advantage gained being that the fire, passing through the body of the kettle, causes a quick draught, and the water is raised to the boiling-point in from four to six minutes. The heat, being to a certain extent confined, of course attains considerably more intensity than if, as is usually the case, it merely played upon the bottom of the kettle and passed off on all sides without any restraint.

To Preserve Cut Flowers.—A very important rule, though seldom or never regarded, says *Popular Science News*, is to avoid cramming the vases with flowers. Many will last some time if they have a large mass of water in the vase, and not too many stalks to feed on the water and pollute it. Vases that can hold a large quantity of water are to be preferred to the spindle-shaped trumpets that are often used. Flat dishes filled with wet sand are also useful for short-stalked or heavy-headed flowers ; even partially withered blooms will revive when placed on this cool, moist substance. Moss, though far prettier than sand, is to be avoided, as it so soon smells disagreeably, and always interferes with the scent of the flower placed in it for preservation. In the case of flowers that grow only in a cool temperature, and suffer when they get into warm and dry air, all that we can do is to hasten evaporation as much as possible, and when such flowers have hairy stems and leaves, to submerge them for a minute, so that by capillary attraction they may continue to keep themselves moist and cool ; but this is dangerous to table-cloths or polished surfaces, unless care be taken that the points of the leaves do not hang down, to prevent dripping. Another means of preventing delicate and sweet-scented flowers from flagging is to cut them with several leaves on the stem, and when the flower-head is placed in water, to allow only this head to remain above the water, while the leaves are entirely submerged. By this means the leaves seem to help to support the flower, which will then last for three days in a fairly cool room. Frequent cutting of the stem is of great use; but with all flowers, by far the best plan is to put them outside, exposed to dew or rain, during the night, when they will regain strength enough to last for days. Wilted flowers will revive, if they are placed in water after burning the end of the stem.

A traveler in Palestine records his observation that the Arabs of the Syrian Desert are extraordinarily susceptible to narcotics. American tobacco they could not smoke at all. A few whiffs made them giddy, and gave them a headache ; even a cigarette was too much for them. They use for smoking the dried leaves of a common plant belonging to the genus *Hyoscyamus*, and called by the Arabs "Sekharan," which has fleshy leaves and purple flowers. The smoking of the dried leaves produces a kind of intoxication or delirium. It is nearly allied to the mandragora or mandrake, a medicine having magic virtues in the opinion of the old herbalists, and which is itself common in the southern part of Judæa.

In a private letter to an American friend, Louis Pasteur, the eminent French zoölogist, says that he shall present at the next session of the French Academy an account of a new prophylactic treatment of hydrophobia, applicable after the bite, in which he has great faith. He has as yet made but one trial—a severe case, which, after sixty-four days (up to the date of the letter) had shown a continuance of good health. Professor Pasteur thinks his preventive will be efficaceous even when several weeks have elapsed between the biting and its application.

The excessive dampness and cold of the Southern Hemisphere, as compared with the Northern, is illustrated by some recent studies of mountains in Australasia. On the highest mountain in Australia, Kosciusko, patches of never-melted snow are found in lat. 37° S., 1,500 feet lower than in the Alps of Europe, in lat. 47° N., and at about the same level as the European snow-line for lat. 52°. Everywhere in antarctic lands snow and ice are much more extensive than in the Northern Hemisphere at similar latitudes.

Dr. D. G. Brinton announces that he has recently come into possession of a voluminous manuscript in Nahuatl, the language of the ancient Mexicans, which is apparently undescribed. It has 373 leaves, octavo, closely written on both sides in a small but beautifully clear hand. The contents are sermons exclusively. It once belonged to the library of the celebrated bibliographer Beristan, and paper and handwriting are of the seventeenth century.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

It is easy enough to have a temper of one's own; the great thing is to keep it.

"No," **said** a druggist, "it is not all profit in selling a glass of soda-water. You see, the wear and tear on the glass amounts to something."

A bachelor statesman says it would be quite easy to pay the national debt by imposing a tax on beauty, because there isn't a woman living in the country who would not demand to be assessed.

A traveler stopping over night with a farmer whose estate was miles and miles in extent said: "You must have begun life very early to accumulate such an estate as this." "Yes," replied the farmer, "I began life when I was a mere baby."

"**Why** do you wink at me, sir ?" said a beautiful young lady, angrily, to a stranger, at a party an evening or two since. "I beg your pardon, madam," replied the wit. "I winked as men do when looking at the sun; your splendor dazzled my eyes."

"**Mamma**," said Master Harry, "how fat Amelia has grown !" "Yes," replied his mamma ; "but don't say 'fat,' dear—say 'stout.'" At the dinner-table on the following day, Harry was asked if he would take any fat. "No, thank you," said Harry ; "I'll take some stout."

"**You** have mentioned several times during the evening," observed one of the audience to a lecturer, "the word 'periphrasis.' would you kindly inform me of its precise meaning ?" "Certainly," said he; "it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic circle of oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity."

The following admonitory notice was recently published by a French editor in his newspaper: "The wine-merchant who last week sold me a bottle of lemonade flavored with vitriol for a bottle of champagne is requested to send me within twenty-four hours a bottle of genuine champagne, failing which, his name and address will be made public." The result was that he received forthwith almost unlimited contributions of first-class wine.

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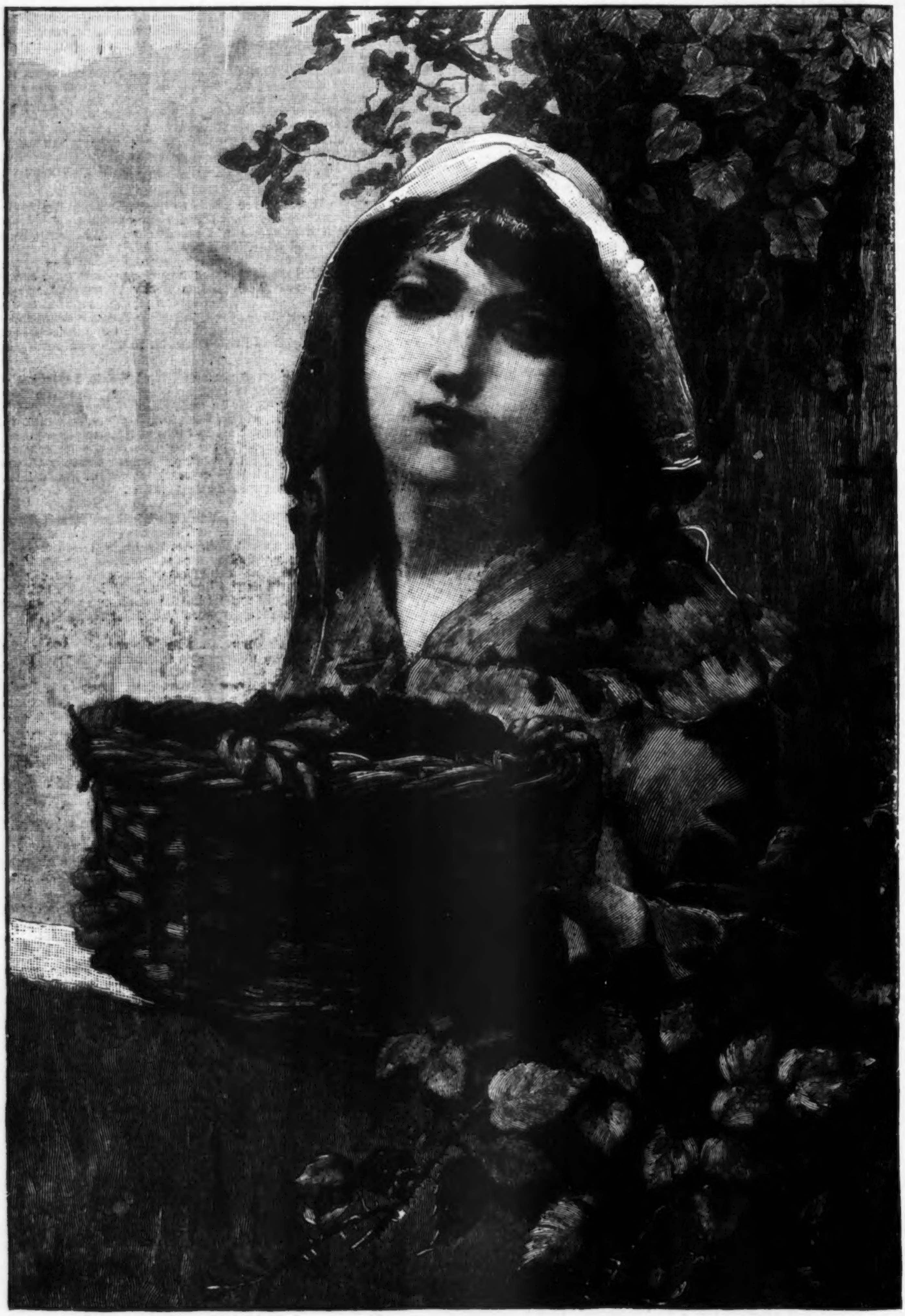

BLACKBERRIES.